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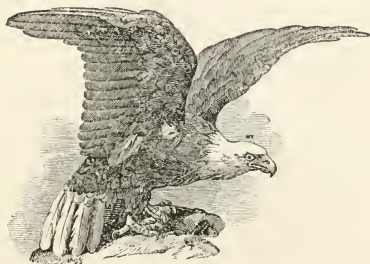


A. H. BROWN,
Lient. Col. 96th O. V. I.

SERVICES

OF THE

NINETY-SIXTH



OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

By J. T. WOODS, M. D.,

Late Surgeon 99th Ohio Vols.

TOLEDO, OHIO:

BLADE PRINTING AND PAPER CO.

1874.



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TO THE
OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

OF THE

Ninety-Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry,

*Who did themselves honor in doing their country service, this
effort to make their deeds historic is respectfully*

DEDICATED.



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EXPLANATORY.

“Issue three days rations” was an order so familiar to me during my service as Commissary Sergeant of the gallant 96th, that I involuntarily called for a Consolidated Morning Report and with “Requisition” was off to obey.

When at Camp Chase, on the 28th of July, 1865, the day previous to our discharge from service, I issued “Hard Tack and Coffee” for the last time to the command, I thought my duties ended. At the Ninth Annual Reunion, held at Cardington, Ohio, January 13th, 1874, a resolution was passed requesting me to complete what I had partially undertaken, viz: The publication of a History of the 96th O. V. I.

This was a call for supplies not mentioned in “Army Regulations,” and yet something that the events of 1862 to 1865 seemed to demand. I had *been out foraging* and obtained of Sergt. I. B. ARNOLD notes and Company Records collected during service, and had secured the assistance of one whose experience in the army was large and varied, and whose keen appreciation of, and happy tact in writing up military incidents, rendered success certain in this, my last effort to “obey orders.” Out of friendship to myself, and hoping only to receive a “soldier’s thank you” and kindly recollection of his efforts, he has labored for weeks, both day and night, to prepare for publication such facts and general history of the Regiment as I might furnish, and I take pleasure in introducing as the writer of this work my friend, Surgeon J. T. WOODS.

Except in few instances, special mention of officers or privates for gallant conduct has been omitted, because of all who partici-

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pated in the bloody scenes of Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads and other hard-fought battles, there were few whose conduct was not *heroic*. The name of each officer and private, with brief mention of service, is given in regular order.

Few regiments suffered as ours from exposure and disease, while our losses incident to battle were large. We may point with pride to the services of our Regiment and the high estimation in which it was held by Brigade and Division Commanders, as indicated by complimentary orders, some of which are published in this work.

To those who mourn the loss of husbands, fathers or brothers, this record of the events in which they participated, it is hoped, will be a source of gratification, while to the gallant war-worn little band, whose services, by reason of the surrender of rebel forces in the Department of the Gulf and elsewhere, were no longer required, and who were discharged July 29th, 1865, this work presents a record of which each may justly be proud.

Trusting that our three years' service, to more fully establish Free Government, may not have been in vain, let us meet together from time to time and bring to our midst the old tattered flag—our flag—around which cluster memories of the "dark days" which tried men's souls, and at the last "roll call over the river," may all happily answer—*here*.

Respectfully, &c.,

H. S. BUNKER.

P R E F A C E .

The object in preparing this unpretentious volume is to place a sketch of the History of the 96th Ohio Volunteers in permanent form, chiefly for the benefit of the survivors of that command and the friends of those who gave their lives to their country while serving under its banner.

As the events of the great WAR OF THE REBELLION become dimmed in the shadows of receding years, increased interest will attach to them and the pages in which they are recorded become valuable, with all their omissions and imperfections; for our posterity cannot fail to refer with just pride to those who offered their lives for the preservation of REPUBLICAN LIBERTY, as we do to those who, in the dark days of SEVENTY-SIX, won its blessings for the world, bequeathing all to our care and keeping.

The task of preparation was, on my part, reluctantly undertaken at the urgent solicitation of my friend, Mr. H. S. BUNKER, who, as Commissary Sergeant, served in this command, and to whose zeal and energy his comrades are indebted for whatever they may find either pleasing, interesting or valuable in its pages, as he has not only spent much time and labor, in various ways, in relation to it, but assumed the responsibilities attendant upon its publication.

The basis on which this history is written is a series of notes of events kept by Sergeant I. B. ARNOLD, of Co. G. Being a record made day by day of incidents as they transpired, they not only afford data that is accurate and reliable, but the view taken of occurrences by an observing private in the ranks. Many valuable details have been added from the notes and recollections

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of Mr. BUNKER and Lieut.-Col. A. H. BROWN, both of whom served with the Regiment from the beginning to the close of its career. The sources of his information are such that the writer feels warranted in affirming his belief, that in all particulars that which is presented is fact deserving in justice to find a place in History.

The diary, notes and recollections referred to would, almost of necessity, give this sketch the narrative form, and suggest, as its plan, an effort to present in the order of their occurrence, such an account of their pleasures, privations and perils, that, as a whole, would make it a fair picture of their actual duties in the field, from the first bugle call to "fall in," to the last "taps" before returning home.

Its incompleteness is both acknowledged and regretted, and results entirely from the fact that it has not been possible to obtain accurate knowledge of a multitude of important events and incidents—but an earnest effort has been made to avoid, so far as possible, errors of omission as well as "sins of commission."

Following these data, it will be found, that in some particulars, the account herein given varies from that by others, and that certain descriptions and details of incidents have been entered into that have not heretofore been furnished to the public.

As to the manner of the recital, the writer has only to observe, that he has suffered not a little trepidation, being conscious that there must be in it a multiplicity of imperfections. He has, however, endeavored to be as painstaking as was the California parson, who observed solemnly that, "whether he *prayed* or *played*, he tried to do his *level best*."

J. T. W.

FIRST YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

FROM CAMP DELAWARE TO LEAVING COVINGTON, KY.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two! How many yet live who remember well its thrilling incidents and scenes. The North as a people had just come to feel that all they held dear was endangered by the persistent wickedness of their "misguided Southern brethren," and to comprehend the duty devolving upon them. All along the lines from the Atlantic to the "far West," the few soldiers in the field sent up the cry for help—overpowered we perish—and grandly was the response made by prompt enlistment, and hurried movement to the front. News of disasters only hastened the work. Thrilled with the accounts of unexpected perils, it only required, at most, a recital of the startling facts and men vied with each other in their haste to be enrolled. There was quick sundering of other ties, and cleaving to the one great impulse of patriotism.

Those were times that equally tried the souls of those who went and those left behind. Hearts beat high with hope, inspired by duty and the pomp of war. The cheeks of others were flushed with just pride of their fathers, sons and brothers; but their hearts beat sadly, as through tears they saw them go—alas! to many never to return. All the wide country was dotted with camps of rendezvou, and everywhere the sublime, sad drama was the same. It is gratifying to call to mind how large was found to be the proportion of those who instantly sunk all political differences out of sight, and in common pledged for their country's safety, their honor, their strength and their lives, and of those who did not go how few there were who sought at home to aid the cause of treason, that their friends and neighbors were periling their all to crush.

Camp Delaware was located near the City of Delaware, Ohio, and there, on August 19th, 1862, was mustered, into the service of the United States,

THE 96TH OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

The men comprising this regiment were hastily gathered from the counties of Delaware, Knox, Logan, Union, Marion and Morrow, every branch of the industries of this cultivated region being represented on its rolls.

There was nothing in the gathering together of this command that was not common to it with others. Its career was such as war with a foe both powerful and desperate created for an army of a million men, and in which all shared in privation and peril, victory and defeat, as well as in the glory of ultimate success over the enemies of their common country. Its history can only be a plain statement of events in which their comrades shared, and from whose brow or tomb no garland leaf shall be taken away.

Gathered from the study, the counter, the workshop and the field, transplanted from homes filled with comforts and many luxuries, into a camp that afforded only the earth beneath and sky overhead, these practical men lost no time in building barracks, at which they worked with right good will, meanwhile, with as much cheeriness as possible, cultivating an acquaintance with hard tack and bacon, and the severe restraints and restrictions that are indispensable to the duties of the soldier.

Nor were they forgotten by their friends in the country about them. Troops of visitors, from tottering men to prattling babes, enlivened the camp during the day. To the greetings of loved ones was added the cheerfulness of general society, and an evidence of the deep interest attaching to them and the cause for which they forsook home for the camp and field. The distastefulness of the rations was modified by dainties contributed by ladies, who often lingered until after dress parade. During the brief stay of the regiment, they were complimented by a visit from Governor Todd and several other officers of State, the Governor delivering to the command an eloquent and stirring address, filled with the patriotic ardor that actuated him throughout the war.



Sunday, the 31st, was particularly bright and cheerful. A man that has a soul within him will instinctively feel proud when decked in the martial dress of his country. Our uniforms were bright and new, our arms burnished to glittering perfection, which enabled us, on dress parade, to vie with the dress and beauty of our numerous and both interesting and interested visitors. This glimpse of military romance and vanity was suddenly dissipated by the reading of orders to be ready to move for the front on the following morning by railroad train, at exactly six o'clock.

Then came the tearful, swift good-byes, the tender blessings that linger still in many a memory and garland many a grave. It had been but twelve days since we were mustered into the service, and our duties as soldiers were necessarily almost a mystery, as it requires many months to discipline and drill raw recruits. The regiment was fortunately composed of not only cultivated but earnest men, and responding to the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Brown in command, astonished all concerned in their transportation, by being, on their first movement from camp, ready at exactly the appointed time. The few moments we waited there were strangely thrilling. Our transition from peaceful scenes to those of war and strife, had actually begun. We were now leaving the tenderest of friends to face murderous enemies, leaving homes that some of us should never see again. The locomotive's whistle in very kindness broke the thread of painful revery, and we were whirling on our way.

The rebel general, Kirby Smith, was hovering around Cincinnati, through which we passed in the evening to Covington, which was then the front. We were south of Mason and Dixon's line, in the land of slavery, in the State of haughty, defiant, neutral Kentucky, but were courteously received by the loyal citizens, who treated us to a splendid and welcome supper at the armory. The forces at this point were commanded by Gen. A. J. Smith, U. S. A., and Col. Vance, 96th Ohio, although inexperienced, was out of necessity placed in command of a brigade, the command of the regiment devolving on Lieut.-Col. Brown. The various companies were posted at different points in and about the city, each charged with important duties, the bustle and deep concern grat-

ing harshly on the nerves of the clerk and plowboy soldiers. This concern was not only deep but earnest. The country was aroused and Ohio not only sent her volunteers, but poured out a vast horde of "Squirrel Hunters," for the protection of her city and her honor as a State.

Kirby Smith, with a vast army of rebel veterans, was swooping down upon them, cool, wary and self-possessed, his men all transformed into that strange being, the disciplined soldier, while to oppose him came raw regiments that knew nothing of discipline, drill or maneuver, and who, sustained by pride only, would stand up and fight, and if need be, die, but could not be moved in action, as in so doing they would inevitably go to pieces. The coolness with which they faced the impending peril was something remarkable.

The war cloud to the South was little less disquieting than the absolute terror among the citizens, who saw in fancy their loved homes riddled with shot, contending armies sweeping the streets and they fleeing with their families for shelter. Nothing that apparently could add to the excitement was absent. Rebels conveyed information through the lines and came back to spread the most appalling news. Not without the best of reasons, the most watchful care was exercised to avoid surprise. Nervous anxiety, and entire want of familiarity with the duty, led to frequent alarms. Troops turned out to the thrilling long-roll, marched quickly to the supposed point of danger amid the ringing of alarms on the city bells, expecting to take a hand in the clash of arms and to witness actual bloodshed. All the regiments present had about the same experience, and few escaped some incident such as befell companies C and B. The former had been sent out to Fort Mitchell, for the double purpose of serving as an out-post and to aid in mounting some heavy guns in the Fort.

About noon one day they noticed down the road in the direction of danger, an ominous cloud of dust, rising continually, and coming nearer and nearer. Such a cloud could only be made by a moving cavalry command, and such it *must* be. Company C quickly formed, for the first time to meet the foe, and for the first time accept challenge to battle. But no one faltered, and

Corporal Scott, afterward Chaplain, expressed his feelings on the subject in hand, by observing, "Boys, trust in the Lord, keep your powder dry, and shoot straight when they come." Company B had been sent for, and by a forced march, in the hot sun, their knapsacks heavily loaded with all sorts of wares brought from home, arrived in a breathless condition, and formed in line with their comrades, just in time to join in the discovery that the enemy was an approaching drove of mules!

We look back now, with a smile, on what were then most serious matters, and wonder that Kirby Smith did not carry out his plans, by descending on our undisciplined masses, running over our trifling rifle-pits and earthworks, constructed with toil, in rain, mud and often with the ditch on the wrong side. But perhaps he was deterred by the horde of "Squirrel Hunters," who, each filled to the brim with patriotism, made this invasion a personal matter, to be settled by the unerring squirrel rifle. He certainly would have been filled with fear, had he appreciated the nonchalance with which they made their camps "lively" with song and story, while they shot at mark, just to keep their hands in, until the invaders should become *targets*? All joined in genuine exultation, when it was known that Kirby had retired, especially our "Squirrel Hunters," who glided quietly home, while we prepared at once to look elsewhere for laurels.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL AT MEMPHIS.

Breaking camp on the 8th of October, we took our line of march for Falmouth, Kentucky. The exciting scenes and exacting toils through which we had passed, seemed to us, to be about all we could endure and live. Our course now lay through a very rough and broken country, it being often necessary to aid the teams in moving the wagon trains up the hills, water being very scarce, the sun pouring down upon us with scorching heat, our heavily-laden knapsacks and accoutrements adding their weight to our weariness, we toiled through our first rehearsal of *real* soldiering. Among the incidents of the march, all will remember, how amid, what then seemed terrible pains and privations, we met the remnants of the 95th Ohio, that had been scattered into fragments at Richmond, Ky. Their doleful looks and sad condition; their account of battle, defeat and disorganized retreat, would have shocked any men on earth. We are proud that it only shocked, without wilting us, or deterring our movement to the front, while they with all haste sought the rear.

Halting at Falmouth nine days, we arrived at Cynthiana on the 20th, without further incident worthy of remark, save the continual impression on the minds of both officers and soldiers, that the war was being conducted on peace principles, at least, so far as Kentucky was concerned. No possible precaution to save our bitterest enemies from molestation, either in property or person, was omitted. This volunteer command was in earnest, and desired to begin to do some hurt to traitors, and failed to see merit in the orders that forbade the least foraging, or even the use of rails or any other convenient means of securing comfort to the famished, starved, weary, footsore soldiers, who followed, for pure purposes, the country's flag. Of these restrictions, the climax was reached at Cynthiana, where an order was published, prohibiting any one, officer or private, from leaving his

command without going with a squad, in charge of a non-commissioned officer, and then for the sole purpose of bringing in wood and water.

This order seemed *immensely rigid*. It not only prevented foraging from the rebels, to supply pressing need in the Union camps, but to their minds, it restricted the rights and privileges of loyal citizen soldiers, well earned, in the "frightful" march and privations just undergone! It was just a little too much; and led to a practical protest, on the part of about a dozen of the officers of the 96th. Forming of themselves a squad, they easily obtained a corporal to conduct them out of the lines, when after loitering about a while, and what was much more to their purpose, shown their appreciation of the order, they picked up a few sticks, in mockery, and returned within the lines, well pleased with the trick they had played and protest made. But it did not so well please Lieut.-Col. Brown, who with commendable promptness placed them in arrest. This was an unexpected turn to their nice little joke, and rendered all the more painful, when they found they were to be sent to the quarters of Gen. A. J. Smith, commanding the division. From a regular officer, they knew they had no reason to expect mercy. Besides, the order trifled with, was issued by him. If they did not, they should have blushed from shame. The General, however, received them with unexpected soldierly urbanity, gave them fatherly advice and a laconic reprimand. He rehearsed the crime of which they were guilty. He stated the reasons for the order. It was in accordance with the instructions he had received from his superiors, and not an act of his arbitrary will. To him, and through him to them, it was a necessity which they had ignored. They had not only trifled with him, but with his superiors and the country. He bade them notice the example, they, as officers in command, had set to the men they commanded, an example of disobedience! He concluded by a personal allusion: "Gentlemen," said he, "I have been a long time in the regular service of my country. I have never been in arrest, and have never been reprimanded. The reason is that I started out with the fixed purpose of obeying orders, given me by any one entitled to do so. It is not for me,

or any officer, to question why the order is given, or what its object may be. It is enough for me to know that I have a command from my superiors. If orders were thus given to me, to go to hell, I should at once ask for transportation, and be off! Gentlemen, good-day!"

On the 23d, we marched to Paris, receiving further instructions in the "school of the soldier." It had grown cool and damp, and on the night of the 24th, a snow storm was added to our cup of bitterness. O for the parlors and bed-rooms, even the kitchens, of our far-away homes! Maledictions on rebels, inhospitable Kentucky and rigorous soldiering. Morning came, and unwelcome reveille summoned us out into the snow, for roll-call, and to shiver until breakfast. But who could get breakfast? Any wood we dare burn was wet and covered with snow. The trees drooped like mourning willows over us, as if we were doomed. Tents are cheerless in such a time, without fire, but we had no stoves, and were forbidden to touch anything. In this extremity, we tried again the exercise of rights supposed to attach to an American citizen soldier. From an adjacent stone fence, the material was obtained, with which furnaces and the necessary chimneys, were with all speed, constructed in each tent. We had just got this done, when down come upon us the inexorable reference to *orders*. We had no right to touch the stones: they must be at once returned. We conceded that we had contracted to be shot, but not to freeze. The officers of companies directed to see that each company returned the stones taken by it, refused, and in arrest delivered their swords. This was mutiny, both in spirit and fact! Report of the matter was made to General Smith, who generously delayed action until the 28th, when orders came to march, and the officers were relieved from arrest; we, in the meantime, having reveled in hot passion and warm tents.

Halting a few days at Sutton's Pond, men, mules, geese, etc., were compelled to drink water from the same stagnant and filthy pool. On November 2d we arrived near Nicholasville, here, all felt, that we had found a place of rest. It was bleak, cold winter, and who ever heard of a winter campaign, save that of Valley Forge and Moscow? We constructed quarters, bought

stoves and settled down to comfort, some of the officers sending for their wives; those that had none indulging in sighs. "On what a slender thread hangs" all a soldier's hopes. It was late at night, and silence reigned among the happy sleepers, when, arousing the men from their dreams, a stern voice passed from tent to tent. It was the Adjutant, rehearsing the hated orders, "march at daylight, with three days rations." Responses to this were prompt and universal, all having a perceptible odor of sulphur. Proceeding to Louisville by way of Frankfort, we saw at the latter place the grave and monument of the celebrated pioneer, Daniel Boone, and gathered there a little consolation, as he had seen as much grief as we were experiencing. Arriving at our destination on the 15th, we exchanged our Austrian muskets, purchased by Fremont, for the Belgian rifle, an incident of much moment, as thus far our guns would, in action, have been practically valueless. Rain and snow made our stay of five days so uncomfortable, that, fancying no change could be for the worse, we were really delighted when ordered on board the steamers *Lady Franklin* and *Ida May*. Steaming down the river, all parties enjoyed the listless leisure. We queried but little as to where we were going, or what awaited our arrival, as to us, it was becoming apparent, that the first great duty of a soldier was to be content, do what he is bid, and await the next command. Six days of this dreamy luxury brought us to Memphis.

CHAPTER III.

FROM MEMPHIS TO YOUNG'S POINT.

At this point we went into camp, and in a short time were reviewed by General Sherman, who did not allow rain to interfere with the imposing military display. Our rather pleasant stay was terminated on the 21st, by taking passage on the steamer Hiawathan, and moving down the river, our objective point being Vicksburg, for the purpose of joining in the combined attack of Grant and Sherman on that stronghold. Starting out in blissful ignorance of the severe service awaiting us in this campaign, we were soon brought to a realization of circumstances, that every participant must look back upon with horror. The whole regiment, and its outfit of wagons, teams, etc., together with the 17th Ohio Battery, with its guns, horses and mules, were packed into this small craft; the stock being placed on deck, their heads tied on either side, forming between them a narrow aisle. The Commissary at Memphis could furnish only partial rations of hard bread and roasted coffee, the only resort being flour and green coffee, that required cooking and roasting. It may have been an oversight, it may have been a necessity, but certainly it was a bitter fatality, that the only facility for cooking, on board, was one small stove situated on the after deck, and to reach which, it was necessary to run the gauntlet of two hundred pairs of treacherous heels, and the filth of such a stable. At first the coffee and meat were there cooked, and eaten with the hard bread, but the supply of the latter being quickly exhausted, we were all forced to mix our flour with water and bake it on the same stove. With the best effort possible, it often was two o'clock before all had their breakfast of the half-cooked material. As if this was not all that flesh and blood could endure, a cold rain continually drenched all who were not under cover, and for sheer want of room, many were forced to remain on the hurricane deck, famishing with hunger and tortured with sleeplessness. All day and all night the stove

was occupied by men preparing the unhealthy rations that, while they saved from immediate starvation, were not slow in connection with the other causes, in developing diseases that were equally fatal to those who were exposed and those who were packed close in the ill-ventilated, and over-crowded apartments. Everywhere before us was sunken eyes, thin cheeks and tottering steps. Our medical officers, strive as they might, were powerless. Diarrhœa, typhoid and erysipelas were masters, everything rendering them aid. Death done a frightful work, and very many of the survivors were but mere wrecks of their former selves.

Apparently predestined to drink only of the cup of bitterness, we were disembarked, on our way, at Milliken's Bend, where a command, of which the 96th was part, was ordered to proceed to Dallas, distant twenty-eight miles, a march that will live long in the memory of those who participated. They will call to mind the narrow road which, cut through the dense cypress forest and thickly covered with long trailing moss, added to our destitution and suffering a funeral gloom; the stretches of corduroy road, and the thick intervening mud of the low marshes, the burning depot and warehouse, with their contents of cotton, the many miles of railroad destroyed, the immediate return march, made in a pelting storm of ice-cold rain, the intense darkness of the night and our utterly disheartened condition on arrival in camp, having performed all this labor and marched fifty-six miles in less than forty hours. After the privations on board the boat, the addition of this arduous work, was terribly painful and disastrous. On the return march, the rebels, like vultures, hovered thick on our flanks and rear, and into their cruel hands, fell that day, scores of good and true soldiers, whose exhaustion was so complete, that they halted in a half delirious, blank despair. Neither the efforts of the rear-guard, nor dread of starvation and death in rebel prisons, could spur them on, and man after man, becoming unable to move, fell down, while others moved almost unconsciously. For miles before reaching camp, the narrow road was so thickly strewn with fatigued soldiers, that Col. Brown, who had command of the rear-guard, was compelled to dismount and lead his horse in order to avoid injury to the sleepers, who heeded neither danger nor death. He often lifted

men from the ground, and helped them to walk out of the way, who afterward declared they knew nothing of having ever lain down in the road at all. It was a night of intensest suffering, from which very many passed through the still darker night of *prison* life, and in mercy, from there to the *grave*.

At once re-embarking, we proceeded to the mouth of the Yazoo, a river that, running south-westerly, passes not far to the north of Vicksburg, to empty into the Mississippi. We steamed up this river to Johnson's Landing, learning by severe experience, an important lesson on the way. The waters of the Mississippi, on which we had been sailing, were so muddy as to be forbidding, and it was used by the command with reluctance amounting to aversion. In contrast, the waters of the Yazoo were most temptingly bright, clear and sparkling. The officers of the boat, with great care and kindness, warned us not to drink it on any account, as they never do so under any circumstances whatever, not even as a diluent for *any other liquid*, with which they might desire to moisten their lips. With the heedlessness that characterizes the soldier, combined with a desire to test the truth of this statement, but largely from the same cause which led our common forefather to remark, in sorrow, "*Thou did'st tempt me,*" with great uniformity we disobeyed the injunction. Clear, sweet, cold, sparkling and *forbidden*, the draft was most delicious to our lips—but alas for the bright delusion—we soon learned the value of the advice we had scouted. In the hundreds of men becoming suddenly and very seriously ill was demonstrated that insidious poison may lurk in sparkling sweets, and that in truth the bright stream is correctly named Yazoo—"River of Death."

Our ranks thinned by sickness and disaster, the sunken-eyed and thin-cheeked command, together with the other troops disembarked, starting after dark on a dreary march of seven miles, to Chickesaw Bayou, which would place us in front of the rebel line defending Vicksburg on the north. The darkness threw around us a sable mantle, as sick and sad, we moved along the narrow roads, heavy with mud, interspersed here and there with still worse old corduroy. The lands were low and marshy, over which the water every year overflowed, leaving its marks on the dense forest

of cypress trees, whose branches, laden with trailing moss, seemed to beckon us gloomily on to our burial. We had moved but a little distance when the tedium was broken by the crack of the skirmish rifle, the spectral flash and the hissing bullet, affording us, in this double gloom of night and cypress forest, a thrilling introduction to skirmish fighting, and the enemy with which we were to match prowess and valor. As they fell slowly back, we at last reached the narrow bayou, and halting, lay on our arms, without fire, many of the men in mud and water, the enemy at five in the morning giving us a new experience, by opening on us with artillery. The morning came at last and revealed the fact that we were in front of massive works, with only a narrow sheet of water intervening, and our position rendered precarious by the fact that the ground we occupied was often submerged, the marks on the trees showing that frequently the waters were at least ten feet deep. For about four days, skirmishing was general along the line, with no advantage to the Union forces. To raw troops, in a muddy cypress swamp, with no fire but that of musket and cannon, no food, save that cooked at Johnson's Landing, seven miles away, and brought in boxes and barrels to the line of battle, and there distributed, there could be no severer ordeal, and well may our action there be held a matter of pride by every member of the regiment.

In due time the grand effort was made. While we engaged the enemy in our front, our comrades on the left made a most gallant charge. Under a galling fire, they threw a rude pontoon across the deep bayou and over it rushed onto their works, in the face of a tornado of musketry, grape and canister. The very air seemed rent into splinters by the fierce, sharp volley they delivered, and in an instant after rose, the strange, wild, half-maniac yell, that drowned the rattle of our musketry. We knew that with fixed bayonets they were rushing forward into perils that appall stout hearts, that their ranks were being mowed down with the scythe of death, and every instant we redoubled our efforts to render aid. But it was of no avail; our comrades had only proved their valor where success was impossible, and shattered, tattered and bleeding, they fell back, save a few regiments that, in the desperate endeavor, had reached a point from which, either to advance or retreat, was impos-

sible. Around them thickly lay their silent dead. Their ears were rent with cries of anguish and calls for water, while they could only hug the ground. Close over them through the long, frightful hours, hissed the swift-flying lead and iron. To rise up was to be riddled with bullets, and the death-scattering shells exploded above and among them. The living could not move from beside his comrade if he was dead, or staunch the wound from which he saw his life-blood flow away. At last night enfolded both friend and foe in her sable mantle, under cover of which, the remnant of those reckless braves rejoined their comrades.

Nothing was left but to evacuate a position so painful and precarious. This was effected under cover of the night, our orders being, that no man should speak above his breath, or allow his arms or accoutrements to make the least noise. Gladly did we march in solemn silence to the landing, and work hard the remainder of the night to load up our stores, not feeling safe until again on board the very boats on which we had experienced so much suffering. This feeling was well founded, for scarcely had we left the shore, when the foe appeared in force, just in time to see us wave our adieus to the gloomy cypress swamp and its infesting gray-back traitors.

Having steamed down the Yazoo and up the Mississippi, we anchored at the mouth of White River on the 8th, where the command was reorganized under General McClelland. On the 9th, passing up White River, and crossing through the "cut-off," to Arkansas River, we disembarked on the 10th, and encamped. We were now becoming familiar with hardships and peril, our experience being attested by a list of three hundred men unfit for duty, and many moving forward from pure pride and determination. On the following morning the Fifteenth Corps took their position on the right, the Thirteenth forming on the left, the 96th Ohio being on the left of the second line of the latter corps. The careful disposition of troops showed clearly that desperate work was intended, and that we were now to face, for the first time, the fierce ordeal of actual battle. To observe the calm, steady movements, the evident care in arrangements for the struggle, with nothing to disturb the reflections, is a severe test for human nerves.

The click of the gun-lock, the ring of the rammer, everything showed plainly that blows were to be given and received, that wounds and death were awaiting many. Pity 'tis for him that inquires, who?

The painful monotony was, for us, partially broken, by the firing from our gunboats on a line of rebel rifle pits that were within range, from which the enemy were dislodged, the command passing over these works during the night, under the artillery fire of the enemy. We listened with deep interest to the skirmishing as it became more brisk, and at last, general. About half past twelve o'clock on the 11th, all forms of anxiety were dispelled by the command, "forward." In thirty minutes our first tremor had passed, we having exchanged shots and were in the fierce volcano of battle. The position of the enemy was strong, and gallantly did they assail the invaders with minie bullet, shot and shell. The hiss and shriek of missiles sent and received, deaden both the sensibilities to the suffering of others and fear of personal injury, and in common peril, officers and men alike, did their duty well. The rear line fired over the front line, as it lay on the ground; but at last the 83d found the position too desperate and began to fall back, when we advanced into the dense leaden hail. We mingled with the part of the line that remained, and the gallant Major of the 83d rallied his retreating soldiers, who came back with a will, too proud to leave their comrades, and with them now ready to die. Wavering hung the scale for three long hours; dark lowered the battle cloud through which our banner glimmered above the living and the dead, when no longer able to withstand the onsets, the white flag on the fort brought to us the proudest joy that ever lighted a hero's heart.

Our prize was over seven thousand prisoners, with all their artillery, small arms, ammunition and accoutrements, won only by dauntless heroism, and at fearful cost, as is shown in our list of casualties. Unsheltered, we camped on the field, beneath the stars, to mourn our lost comrades and think of our far-away friends. The following day wore away in the performance of various military duties, and in the evening a cold rain, followed by sleet and snow, rendered our situation more dreadful than the battle. So

pitiable was our state that our commander hastened to use the only available means of protection by placing the troops on board of the steamers on the night of the 12th, the 96th being assigned to the Louisiana, the fleet steaming down the Arkansas on the morning of the 13th. But here began another painful experience. The cabins were so crowded with sick and wounded that the air was thick with nauseous vapors, that poisoned the very men thus protected from the keen winds, sleet and snow, in which two companies almost perished on the hurricane deck, the whole presenting a scene of ghastly misery that beggars description. Under these circumstances there is little occasion for wonder at the alarming increase of sickness, and that of the many who, on the 22d, were started to hospital at St. Louis, few lived to reach their destination. Hope, only, sustained those who, on that day, landed at Young's Point.

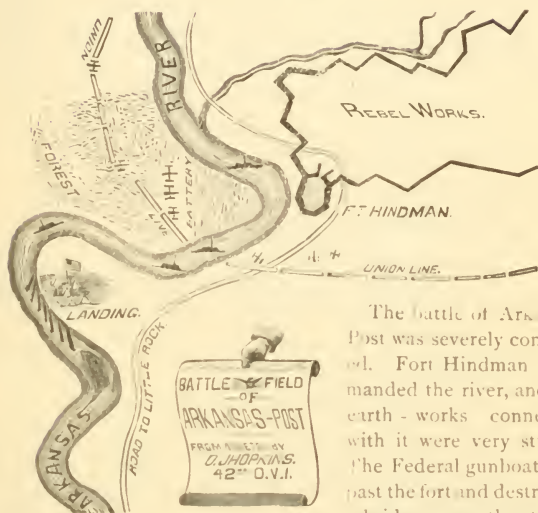
Our reference to these eventful circumstances cannot be better concluded than by the presentation of the following official documents, one of which, it will be observed, especially compliments the 96th Ohio Volunteers, in connection with the 83d Ohio Infantry and 17th Ohio Battery :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI. }
POST ARKANSAS, January 12, 1863. }

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI! I congratulate you! Within seven days you have sailed two hundred and fifty miles from Vicksburg to this Post, borne upon numerous transports, from time to time furnished with fuel cut by you from the forest. With ranks thinned by former battles and disease, you have waded and cut your way through miles of swamps and timber in advancing to the attack. You have stormed the defences of the enemy's position, which both nature and art had combined to render extraordinarily strong, capturing, after three and a half hours hard fighting, the whole hostile force opposed to you, numbering seven thousand men, together with eight thousand stand of arms, twenty cannon, and a large amount of commissary, quartermaster and ordnance stores.

A success so complete in itself has not hitherto been achieved during the war. It is an important step towards the restoration of our national jurisdiction and unity over the territory on the right bank of the Mississippi river. It reflects honor upon your cour-

BATTLE-FIELD OF ARKANSAS POST.



The battle of Arkansas Post was severely contested. Fort Hindman commanded the river, and the earth-works connected with it were very strong. The Federal gunboats ran past the fort and destroyed a bridge across the stream

which prevented escape. Our infantry were twice repulsed. In the third attack some of our troops entered the fort and the rebels ran up the white flag. We moved on to take possession, and when gathered close before them the dastards pulled down their token of surrender and opened on us with terrible volleys of musketry and grape and cannister. Embittered by this treachery and murder, our men dashed down into the ditch and actually climbed on each other's backs into the works. The shouts of the charging troops were deafening, and the bayonet did its work. The white flag was again displayed, and five thousand prisoners with war munitions, fell into our hands.



age and patriotism. It will challenge the grateful acclaim of your country. Your and my only cause of regret is the loss of the brave men who have fallen or been wounded in the defense of a just and sacred cause. *All honor to them!* Their names and their memory will be cherished in the hearts of their countrymen!

Soldiers! Let this triumph be but the precursor of still more important achievements. Win for the "Army of the Mississippi" an imperishable renown. Surmount all obstacles, and, relying on the god of battles, wrest from destiny and danger the homage of still more expressive acknowledgments of your unconquerable constancy and valor.

By order of

JOHN A. MCCLERNAND,
Maj. Gen. Commanding Army of Miss.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE, 10TH DIVISION, }
13TH ARMY CORPS, }
BEFORE VICKSBURG, Feb. 28, 1863. }

COLONEL: With pleasure and gratification I herewith hand you a copy of Gov. Tod's letter commendatory of the bravery of your command at the battle of Arkansas Post.

S. G. BURBRIDGE,
Brig. Gen'l.

[Copy.]

THE STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
COLUMBUS, Feb. 1, 1863. }

BRIG. GEN'L S. G. BURBRIDGE, *Fort Arkansas Post, Ark.:*

Dear Sir: I have to thank you for the favor of the 15th ult., so complimentary to the 83d and 96th Ohio Volunteer Regiments and the 17th Ohio Battery. Please say to these brave officers and men that their gallant conduct is duly appreciated by the people of the State they love so much.

The Legislature, now in session, having placed at my disposal the means necessary to provide for the sick and wounded, I at once dispatched a suitable corps of surgeons and nurses for their relief and removal. Appreciating the hardships our gallant soldiers in the field have to encounter, the good people of Ohio take pleasure in doing all in their power to alleviate their distress, and also in providing for the dear ones they have left at home. Please make this known to the gallant men under your command.

Very truly yours,

DAVID TOD,
Governor.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG AND JACKSON.

The simple instinct of self-preservation led us to feel that the regiment must halt and rest under the best advantages for recuperation, and that to continue as we had done was but a march to the grave, and that march almost ended. Alas, how that self-apparent necessity, and the hope engrafted upon it, gave keen edge to despair as, in a cold rain, we went into camp in a low cotton field, which was protected from over-flow by the levee along the stream, and in which the waters everywhere stood in long pools between the cotton rows, while we were forced to eke out a miserable existence in our low tents on the muddy ground between.

Our privations on steamers and in cypress swamps had well fitted us as victims to the noxious vapors and miasms of this charnel-house. No relief was afforded by sanitary vegetables, sick and well alike finding their only nourishment in the coffee, hard bread and side meat of the army ration. Nothing was left us but to look back upon appalling exposures and into a future, cheerless as the grave to which we were hastening, as scurvy, erysipelas, typhoid fever and pneumonia seemed to stand as ghastly sentinels in every tent.

The hospital rapidly filled up. Its location could be no better than that of our tents. Our medical officers were utterly powerless, as by no possible sanitary measures could the cause of our sufferings be removed, the medical supplies being exhausted, and, above all, no vegetables were attainable. The hospital could be, then, little else than a halting place on the way to the dead-house, and a grave, on the levee!

On the 14th the regiment fell in, with seven days' rations, bound for Greenville, Mississippi. The strength, energy and pride of every man was brought to the test. We had, twenty-three days before, sent our sick to St. Louis, and now there were 234 men unable to embark on the "Ohio Belle" for a brief foray. For

those who were able to go it proved a rather pleasant venture, affording some hard marching on shore, and resulting in the finding, by much strategy, of a rebel field-battery or two that were *not* captured and preventing the burning of a bridge across Deer Creek; also in encamping on the plantations of Widow Buckner on the 16th, and that of Judge Dixon on the 23d, where beef, pork, chickens, turkeys and vegetables in abundance gave rise to "sounds of revelry by night" that alike on ear and palate linger still.

Meanwhile the horrors of camp at Young's Point intensified. No abatement of the rain, no abatement of the diseases that did their fearful work; our hearts sank within us as we saw our feeble comrades bearing the uncoffined dead to their graves. The row of little mounds on the levee day by day became longer; our numbers, day by day, less; eyes more sunken, steps more feeble, souls more spiritless. The bravest and best of us merely tottered. Our condition, which he had no power to change, touched the heart of the grand old hero, Gen. A. J. Smith, who came in person to our camp to sign official papers, and to render such service as was within his power.

We hailed the return of our comrades on the 26th with a sort of ghastly pleasure. Fortunately they brought with them some additions to our rations and relieved us of much of the labor that had so severely tasked the tottering men. It also fell to their lot to aid in the digging of the celebrated "cut-off," by which it was hoped to straighten the course of the "Father of Waters" and leave Vicksburg far inland to her fate.

Our dreary, painful stay was terminated on the 12th of March, when we were transported by steamers to Milliken's Bend, leaving one hundred and ninety-six of the 96th Regiment in their graves on the levee.

This proved to be our long looked for haven of rest and recuperation. Under the advantages here afforded, thirty days produced such wonderful changes that when, on the 12th of April, we marched again for the field at Vicksburg, though few in numbers, we had the pride and pluck that makes the soldier.

Proceeding slowly westward through the cypress swamps, in

about forty miles we reached a swift running bayou, formed from the breaking of a levee above. The water thus set free ploughed its way through the lowest grooves in the dense cypress forest, forming a passage way through which the Empire City had succeeded in reaching this point, to bear us down its swift, tortuous, temporary channel to the Mississippi. Nothing could be more novel than gliding along between the thick-set forest trees that rose like columns in the waters, and the effort to turn sharp angles with the clumsy old boat, that in the whirlpools and eddies was sure to take the wrong direction, running on to roots and logs, against trees, and into thickets of brush and drift-wood. The trunks of the column-like trees far above spread out their arches in branches intertwining across our arcadian pathway; silvery moss fretted the columns and arches and hung in glorious festoons and tendrils that would have been dreamily beautiful had they not knocked our smoke-stack down, and in everyway tended to make our effort at boating overland a practical failure. But in due time we tied up at a point about five miles below Carthage, on the Mississippi, encamping on the plantation of Mr. Perkins, who, no doubt, *remembers* the circumstance.

This being a base from which supplies must be forwarded, the 96th Ohio was selected to remain there for that purpose, owing to the fact that it was found that the ordnance officer of the corps had failed to supply himself with the ammunition that was fitted for our Belgian muskets. On him the complete soldier's vocabulary was promptly expended; but, it being folly to go forward without ammunition, nothing was left but to remain until it could be supplied.

We succeeded in rejoining our comrades on the 29th of May, to again participate directly in the effort to capture Vicksburg. This city and its defenses, situated at a very sharp bend in the river, was a very important position. This arose from the fact that the Mississippi River, a little above and some miles to the west of this point, bends almost directly to the east, and turning sharply on itself forms a long, narrow letter U, the western or open portion of which is less than three miles across. On the eastern shore of the stream and exactly opposite the base of the U the lands are

high and broken into bluffs and ridges by deep and irregular ravines. The celebrated city perches upon them, and frowning everywhere were her rebel forts, earthworks and rifle pits. Thus situated at the base of the U, a vessel approaching, passing and leaving could not avoid being under artillery fire mile after mile; besides which the space was lined with batteries far up and down the course of the stream. Thus was the navigation of the river as perfectly commanded as could be done by the most advantageous natural position and the most powerful mortars and cannon.

Various efforts had been made against this point, all of which had proved fruitless, as the difficulties were almost insurmountable. An effort had been made to cut a canal across the open end of the U, and through this carry the water of the river straight forward instead of taking this circuitous route—the effect of which would be to render Vicksburg and all its military appointments entirely valueless to the rebels and harmless to us. By a strange mischance, probably for want of practical common sense on the part of the engineer, this canal was cut at exactly the point where the impetus of the current *would not* force its way through the artificial channel. Consequently the river chose its own course, and the grand enterprise proved a failure.

A fleet of boats had sublimely dared to run the gauntlet of all these batteries, and astonished the country, the enemy and the world by their success. This placed a number of boats at the service of General Grant, both for defense and transportation of supplies, and thus enabled him to establish his base of operations below the city. Of course, everything must be carried by land across the space intervening between the points above and below the rebel works to which the boats dare approach. But the difficulties, great as they were, did not prove insurmountable.

From this point, marching circuitously to the rear of this stronghold, the Federal troops environed them from shore to shore, and the gunboats sternly held the river line. Thus surrounding them, they twice attempted to carry the works by assault. Unexampled bravery in attack and a like heroism in defense, resulted in failure in both attempts, after which the reduction of the place by siege was prosecuted with the utmost vigor; pressing as close to

the rebel defences as man could do, and building there a line of works that could only be shortened and the enemy made to suffer unendurable pressure by constructing others beyond this and immediately under their deadly fire. But every conceivable device was used to effect this end. "Saps," or baskets, about the size of but much longer than a barrel, constructed out of withes and filled with cotton, were rolled over the works. Men lying down pushed these "saps" before them as a protection until reaching the desired spot, then they instantly began securing themselves by throwing over them earth enough to make a bullet and cannon shot proof embankment.

Roads were slowly cut deep into the face of the hills, proceeding in a zig-zag course, but always presenting a side of the ditch or cut to the enemy, and then turning at an angle present the other side. Through these all supplies were carried forward to the advanced positions; through them the artillery was brought forward, and the men went to and from their camps in the rear to their perilous duty. By day and night incessantly toiled the besiegers. With fierce desperation everywhere the besieged struggled against destiny. In cellars and caves the citizens huddled together in fear of the Federal shot and shell. The immediate rear of the rebel line of earthworks was found to be honeycombed with caves of safety dug into the ground and covered with rails and dirt. It was for this reason that when the charges upon them were made they formed their line of battle on top of their earthworks, in full view of and an easy mark for their enemies. For no single moment did safety exist anywhere. The least exposure of the person brought a death messenger, and at forty rods these veteran marksmen were terribly accurate.

This was the condition of things on the 29th of May when the 96th moved into a broad ravine that led directly to the Federal front line, but which, in turn, lay fully open to the view of three rebel forts. Instantly they opened their guns upon us and plowed that narrow gorge with shot and shell. It was a fearful avenue in which to walk unflinchingly forward, and became soon so dangerous that the regiment was halted under a slight protection and marched into their camp by single company.

To men fresh from scenes of peace and its pleasures, that camp would have been far from pleasant, as in the immediate vicinity of three rebel forts, not eighty rods away, lying before a line of massive rifle-pits, all filled and lined with the most sleepless and vigilant of men, not a moment passed in which the hiss and crash of death-shot did not flash around and among us. But, so long inured to danger, it was really a matter of little concern to us further than to observe the plainest precautions by avoiding unnecessary exposure.

Soldiers are gradually schooled by their many escapes from positions in which it would seem utterly impossible, that they involuntarily seem to believe in the protection of Providence. They do not, however, as a usual thing, feel warranted in carrying this belief so far as to wantonly allow themselves to be exposed unnecessarily and without orders, or allow others, by their actions, to draw the enemy's fire into their immediate vicinity without protest, as was shown in the following incident :

The headquarters of the officers chief in command were some distance in the rear, and in such position as to tolerably well protect them. These gentlemen would frequently visit the front, and as they always rode must attract the attention of the enemy. Among these, Gen. A. J. Smith had a fixed habit, from which nothing deterred him. At nine o'clock every morning, in full view of the three forts, and through the same broad ravine through which the 96th had marched to their position, he might be seen riding the same black pacer, at lightning speed. At that hour the rebel artillerists stood to their pieces, well knowing that they would have a chance to shoot at the "old white hat," which he always wore. Nothing deterred the General from making a thorough investigation of every thing in and before his Division, and, in consequence, the boys expected a battle shower precisely at 9 A. M. Gen. Grant too made his investigations. at first coolly, riding about with his staff, seeming to pay no attention whatever to consequences, individual or collective. At last he seemed to have discovered that his appearing with so many attendants caused an unnecessary exposure of his men, and at the next regular hour came alone. This did not, however, cause any

abatement in attention to the distinguished individual who had formerly rode the field with a retinue. To, if possible, abate this nuisance, the General again appeared without insignia of rank and mounted on a mule. He halted in rear of the 96th Ohio, surveyed the position in open view of the enemy, and intent on losing no item, coolly drew his field-glass, took a steady survey, without, apparently, noticing the well-aimed shot and shell that whizzed past or exploded above and around him.

This play of fire-works over the soldiers in the trenches was a little trying to their nerves, and one of the men becoming indignant, shouted at the top of his voice to the distinguished observer, who was only a few rods distant, "See here, you d—d old fool, if you don't get off that mule you'll get shot!" Some one who chanced to know who it was, told the friendly adviser, and received as a reply, "I don't care who it is; what's he foolin' 'round here for, any way? We're shot at enough without taking any chances with him."

Thus, day after day, mingled comedy with tragedy, and day and night the foilers plied their guns and spades.

On a commanding elevation within the rebel lines stood the most terrible of the rebel forts. The men who experienced its ministrations named it "Fort Hill." Seeming to be, in a measure, the key of the rebel line of defences, and otherwise perfectly impregnable, an attempt to reduce it by strategy was resolved upon. In the side of the hill on which it stood, and within the Federal lines, a tunnel was opened, and by careful engineering and the utmost caution in prosecuting the work, it was extended to a point immediately beneath the rebel fortress, where a large amount of powder was so stored that its explosion would create a volcano above and an earthquake about it. This undertaking was prosecuted with great care, for should the sounds of the workmen reach the ears of the rebels sleeping above, or should they notice the fresh earth that must be removed, the gigantic plot of a fearful tragedy would be destroyed. But at last all was perfected, the fuse laid and the hour of execution designated. With few exceptions the Federal spectators knew as little of what was to

transpire as did their "misguided brethren." The morning dawned bright and clear upon friend and foe. Men noticed that all the infantry had been brought forward and crowded into the trenches; artillerists stood to their pieces, and the gunboats on the river had taken the best possible position to deliver effective fire. Presently the dread silence was broken by the signal gun, and instantly seven hundred cannons and mortars from their iron throats pour death-shot on the rebel lines; every musket flashed out its spiteful minie-ball, and a crashing hurricane swept far and wide. From all our ten miles of tortuous line, as it hugged close around the rebel stronghold, the thunder sound, the forward, flashing blaze, and above all the thin white smoke that from the first volley rose toward the calm, blue skies, would have been glorious as a dream—if it had been nothing more.

Without an instant's cessation the fearful duel continued. The air was filled with startling sounds and stifling vapors; swift death at random plied his vindictive scythe. Nothing daunted, the beleagured men defiantly replied from every fort and rifle-pit, feeling that if nothing else was secure, the earth beneath them at least was steadfast. But an earthquake shudder ran through the hills, and a vast chasm opened beneath massive and impregnable Fort Hill! Between its yawning jaws poured a vast column of dense smoke; the thick-ribbed earth broke into fragments that were hurled high in air, with the unsuspecting victims, who reached the earth bruised, black, dead; or in fragments lay scattered around, sad wrecks of mangled, mad humanity. A vast cloud of earth was thrown upon the line of Federal troops that lay ready to charge into the open breach. They were thus delayed, and with unexampled courage the rebel soldiers, seeing disaster upon them, instantly sprung on top of their works, on either side, and in open view, close before the belching musket and cannon, ran in and filled the gap made by the frightful explosion. But quickly the Federal soldiers advanced to the charge. It was muzzle to muzzle, steel to steel. They were mowed down by the brave men who had rushed into the "imminently deadly breach." A few reached and entered the fort, and hand to hand fought for possession. Rebel artillery in the rear of the fort poured its shot into it, among friend

and foe alike. It was a boiling maelstrom, in which the Federal troops were washed to the shore.

In connection with this event an incident, attested to me by several eye-witnesses, occurred. In Fort Hill, at the time of the explosion, was a black man, acting as cook or steward. This man, carried up by the explosion, made his flight high through the air, and came down as good as new, within the Federal lines, more than forty rods distant. He did not suffer even a serious concussion or bruise, and went about his business thereafter in total unconsciousness of having been a "party of the first part" in a miracle.

Thus day by day passed by, the country watching in painful anxiety, while we, in a strange sort of calm indifference, toiled on with mortar, cannon, musket and spade, resolutely content with our hard-tack and the unceasing chorus of arms.

The rebels maintained their position with the greatest determination, defending every point with the utmost gallantry, but a cordon of destruction enfolded them, as inflexible as fate and unflinching as death. Nothing beneath the skies could avert the doom that hung like a pall above, around and about them. They finally read aright the lesson of fate, and on the 3d of July two rebel officers bore the white flag of peace to our picket line. On the instant that it rose above the rebel works, the solemn silence of awe respected the regrets of brave men. Gen. Bowen and Col. Montgomery, presenting themselves, under its protection, to Capt. Leonard, 96th Ohio, were conducted by him to the headquarters of Gen. A. J. Smith.

Of course, we knew little of the actual condition of the enemy, but noticed, with deep curiosity, these not now over-haughty "Southrons" as they passed by us, and conjectured that all was not well "*over there*." This conjecture was verified on the following day, when the hosts that had battled with such stubborn bravery stacked their arms, prisoners of war, and Gen. Grant presented Vicksburg and its traitors a "4th-of-July gift" to the country.

They know little of joy who have not reveled in the ecstasy of a battle-field victory. Like it there is no other intoxication. We

forgot our losses, our sufferings and our sorrows, and all that vast army—

*“ In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a foolish man
Drunken with wine.”*

From this delicious frenzy we were awakened on the following morning by orders to march for Jackson, Mississippi. This proved a brief campaign, in alternating rain and scorching heat, with occasional rough encounters with the enemy, resulting in the evacuation of the place on the 16th, they having, themselves, applied the torch that destroyed much of the city.

A return march brought us to Vicksburg on the 23d, and on the 30th many of “the boys,” with light hearts, started home on furlough. Those that were not thus fortunate went into camp immediately below the city, on the bank of the river. The duties were not severe, and all in preparation for further service. The only incident worthy of note was the explosion of the steamer City of Madison. This vessel was loaded with ammunition, the value of which was over one million dollars, designed for campaigning on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. A detail from the 96th was engaged in loading the steamer with wood, and had just been relieved; a part of them had laid down on the deck to rest and sleep, when, by some mishap, probably the dropping of a box of fixed ammunition, a combined earthquake and volcano sent a thrill of terror far and wide. The boat, with all her valuable treasure, was for an instant, a lurid blaze, enshrouded in black, with every form of fragment flying in the air. Of all on board, consisting of the detail referred to, as well as quite a number from other regiments, not one escaped. Several bodies were found in an adjacent street, having been carried there over a block of lofty building.

Regrets for lost comrades, however deep and earnest, fades away in camp as in battle. It is not the business of the soldier to corrode his soul with regrets. Giving an occasional thought to those who, at home on furlough, were whiling the hours away with loved and loving ones, we sought to make our stay in camp as

SECOND YEAR.

CHAPTER V.

CARRION CROW BAYOU.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three was dark with battle-smoke and dread uncertainty. The attention of the nation was riveted on the condition of things along the lines. There every community, almost every family, had its representative. Vast multitudes had gone to the front, where the ranks were frightfully thinned by toil, exposure, disease and battle. Comfort or consolation could be found only in the fact that others were ready to fill the vacant places, and that those remaining were iron-hearted men, who had learned to dare and endure.

A campaign was before us. On August 23d we embarked on the "Laura Hill," and steamed for New-Orleans, landing at Carrollton, a suburb of the Crescent City, on the 25th. Here we loitered for further preparation. Our situation and surroundings were most delightful. In the balmy air, flowers in profusion smiled at bayonets and cannon.

The 29th was made notable by a grand review of the 13th Corps by Generals Grant and Banks, the Corps having been placed under the command of the latter officer. All hearts were light, and the day bright and cheerful. A beautiful plain, bearing the fanciful name of "*Champ de Mars*," was selected as the scene of the military display. Reviews are usually regarded by soldiers with indifference, if not aversion, but this occasion was much enjoyed. It seemed to be mutually felt that it was no display of holiday soldiers, but of men who had faced the enemy, and who pointed to their banners, soiled in weary marches and rent in battle, as evidence that where the sternest duty called they had not faltered.

The delicious languor of our stay was broken on the 25th of September. In company with the 16th Indiana Mounted Infantry, we embarked on the steamer "Empress," to go in search of a squad of guerillas, who were reported to be near Donaldsonville. Their depredations had become quite annoying. They had attacked telegraph stations, captured operators, cut wires, and had at length captured and plundered a steamboat. Landing at Manning's Plantation, we began a night march of no ordinary character. The road was good, but narrow, and cut through what seemed an unending cane-brake. The canes, twelve to fifteen feet high and thick set, made a complete cover for such a lurking foe as we were then in search of. Every moment we expected a blaze of musket-flashes, and to receive a tornado of bullets from muzzles not ten feet away. With "ready-arms" we marched on undisturbed for a distance of twelve miles, and were really surprised when, in safety, we encamped near New River, on the plantation of an old Frenchman, observing the strictest care not to injure, much less destroy, anything. Fortunately for us, some one ascertained that, in an out-building, large quantities of mess pork, clothing, etc., were stored, which, on examination, proved to belong to the United States Government. In an instant all was clear. This smooth-tongued citizen, whose property we were guarding, had taken an interest in the robbing of the boat, and we instantly proceeded to demonstrate to his understanding the nature of the wrong he had committed, by appropriating everything that a soldier could use. The building in which the stolen goods were stored was burned to the ground. When we left, he probably found his plantation interesting—as a *desert*.

The mounted infantry having scoured the country far and wide, and finding nothing, we started to return to our boat, at 9 o'clock on the 26th, but losing our way, a citizen was made to do service by piloting us to the river at the nearest point, which proved to be, by the tortuous stream, about seventeen miles above Donaldsonville. Halting and waiting for a messenger to make his way across the bend to request the boat to come to this place, we in due time embarked and run down to Manning's plantation, where we waited until the following morning for some of our

scouts to return. Arriving at our camp at Carrollton on the 28th, we fared sumptuously through all the lovely September days.

Ease and luxury, like toil and privation, at last become irksome. With delight we left camp on the 2d, arriving, by rail, on the 4th, at Brashear City, on beautiful Berwick Bay, from which point we marched on the 7th, reaching Vermillion on the 10th. At this point we fought a bloodless battle. By well-directed *balls* we aided in the defeat of Valandigham, the leader of our enemies at home, just as we were determined to do to our enemies in front by *bullets*.

On the 15th we heard the artillery of the rebels, and prepared to march immediately to the support of the Nineteenth Corps, encamped on Carrion Crow Bayou. The artillery duel which followed resulted in the repulse of the enemy. The 1st Brigade of the Thirteenth Army Corps now came up, passing the Nineteenth in camp, and advanced to Bayou Borbeau, where it halted soon after. On the 21st we were again on the march, and, meeting the enemy, were surprised that, after the loss of a few killed, wounded and prisoners, they should fall back from so strong a position and permit us to pass, without further trouble, to Barnes' Landing. Halting here for a few days, we exercised our enterprise and forethought by gathering together a vast supply of sugar, molasses and corn, hoping that we might have an opportunity to use it. The final result was, that the Corps had a brief but luxurious feasting, closing with a magnificent bonfire, as we marched away, most opportunely, on November 1st. We afterwards learned that a large rebel force were ready to take us under their tender care on the following day. A march of twelve miles brought us to our camp at Bayou Borbeau, where the enemy, seeming to infest every point, gave us a skirmish on the 2d. This marching and skirmishing we well knew to be only the prelude to a battle, which was probably precipitated by the information given by six men of the 2d Louisiana Cavalry, who shamelessly deserted their picket post in the night and went over to the enemy. Whether it was owing to fate or folly, our position here was very extraordinary. On the shore of Carrion Crow Bayou lay the Thirteenth Corps, in command of Gen. Washburn.

A level prairie spread out before this camp, that, at the distance of four miles in the immediate front, was crossed by a very deep and miry ravine, the banks of which were skirted by timber. To the right, a dense and extensive forest formed the prairie boundary, from which this long, narrow, wooded ravine extended in front to the left. Marching straight across this prairie, beyond the deep ravine and its timbered borders, we halted on the edge of a prairie that stretched far and wide before us. From this position the dense forest on the right receded and swept around the prairie to the front at a distance of about four miles. At this point Gen. Burbridge encamped his command, consisting of 1,500 infantry, with the 17th Ohio Battery, and one company of the 6th Missouri Cavalry. Day after day passed by, large bodies of the enemy continually hovering around his front and infesting the forest on his right. So complete was his isolation, that the enemy were permitted to wander across the prairie in the rear and in front of Washburn's camp, almost at will. A good wagon road, extending from somewhere in the west, passed through this dense forest and entered the prairie about four miles to the right of this isolated camp. For some distance, skirting the timber, this road again cut into the forest and across the base of the ravine alluded to, toward the village of Grand Coteau, that lay to the right of the camp of the corps on the bayou. This would afford an excellent means of approach for infantry from that direction, and for which the almost omnipresent rebel cavalrymen seemed waiting.

The single company of the 6th Missouri cavalry, commanded by Capt. Breese, were necessarily on almost continuous duty at the outposts. This service was very perilous, especially during the night, as in many places the enemy could, under cover of tall grass, obtain a position in which their aim at the unprotected cavalrymen would be almost certain.

In the distance, all day they sat, like equestrian statues, until darkness shut them from our view; but the morning light would show here and there a horse grazing with an empty saddle. Braver and truer men never drew sabre or sat in saddle.

As a mass, the volunteer soldiers of the north were both observing and thinking men. It was not an uncommon thing for the

privates to have a very clear understanding of a movement, all direct information in regard to which had been kept profoundly secret. The necessary preparations, together with their positions in relation to the enemy, afforded data from which they made deductions that often were wonderfully accurate. Noting facts that could not be concealed, it was apparent to the private soldiers of this little command that their position was one of great exposure and danger. They clearly understood that the enemy could swoop down upon and destroy them before reinforcements could possibly arrive. They saw that they had no cover, either in front, flank or rear, while the enemy had an open field in which to maneuver and attack them.

General Burbridge felt, with deep concern and pain, the position occupied by him and his little command. He read aright all the conditions of the immediate surroundings, and, in addition, knew that a large force was actually advancing from the west, on the road through the forest, and that their first effort would be to crush his isolated command. He had repeatedly asked Gen. Washburn for reinforcements, setting forth the facts as he had gathered them, and received at last, in reply, a refusal, concluding with a laconic sarcasm, to the effect that apprehensions of danger arose from nothing but "a scare." No alternative was left but to calmly await the onset and "die like Romans."

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 3d, Col. Brown, of the 96th, received a request from Gen. Burbridge to call immediately at his headquarters. The General, at that late hour, was busily engaged in writing. This interview was private and confidential, in which he notified the Colonel that there was not the least doubt but that early in the day the command would be attacked by overwhelming numbers. He explained fully all the details, and notified him as to what he should expect of his Regiment. Very early in the morning a council was held, in which all the commanding officers of regiments were present. The General explained to them the expected attack, and directed them to adopt every precaution in their separate commands to secure their entire strength and efficiency in the coming struggle. Filled with a sense of their responsibility, and pondering on the probable events that the day would bring

forth, these officers returned to their posts of duty. Col. Brown immediately proceeded in person to give certain orders to his officers. In doing so, he chanced to observe a sweet-faced young boy, whose manliness of bearing, and gentle, pure, and christian character, had not only been observed, but had endeared him to all. He was sitting by his tent, earnestly engaged in reading his Bible. To the salutation, "are you ready?" Charley Stanfield replied, calmly, with his open book before him: "Yes, Colonel, I am always ready!" The sun had that day scarcely passed "high noon," when a rebel bullet sent his pure soul to God.

Then followed quickly the sounds of busy preparation. Everywhere was heard the click, click, of the rising hammer, and then the sharp explosion of the cap, by which it was known that the tube was open; and the clear ring of the rammer, as it was dropped into the barrel, satisfied its owner that he could rely upon his musket to do faithful execution in the moment of need. Cartridge boxes were carefully packed with 40 rounds, and canteens filled with water, that might quench the thirst of a dying comrade.

It was scarcely 10 o'clock, when the sharp picket-firing in the distance confirmed our expectations; and at 12, our retreating cavalry gave notice that "the Philistines were upon us." The thrilling long-roll called every man to arms. In calm, calculating haste, each donned his battle trappings, and with clock-work precision fell into line.

The officer who happened to be engaged in paying off the 23d Wisconsin, found his labor suddenly checked as the men rushed for their guns. Bundling his greenbacks promiscuously into his iron box, he tumbled it into a ready ambulance, that, at breakneck speed, dashed into the road and across the bayou bridge for the rear, a squad of greedy rebel cavalry at his very heels.

Marching directly on the road that turned to the left, close to the right of our camp, the rebel infantry advanced in force, while clouds of cavalry emerged from the woods and deployed on the flanks of their infantry, scattering like wild Comanches, and enveloping our camp.

The battle-ground is in outline again before us. Let us follow the

colors in the fray, describing the tragic events as then we saw them.

Time is as precious as every hope the heart holds dear, and not an instant is lost in preparation. Our line of battle faces the woods on the right, close to and at right angles with our camp. The 67th Indiana, in open prairie on the left, supports two guns of the 17th Ohio Battery. The 96th Ohio and 60th Indiana, with the remaining guns, form the centre. The 23d Wisconsin, a little delayed in reaching their position, form the right of our line. This disposition of our little command is scarcely completed, when we are face to face with more than 8,000 men, and instantly begins

THE BATTLE OF GRAND COTEAU.

A part of the 60th Indiana deploy as skirmishers, and promptly advance into the infested woods. Gallantry is unavailing against the frightful odds, and the whole regiment advance to their support. They are few in numbers, and against them is hurled massed lines of battle. The quick crack of the skirmish rifle is followed by the sharp, rattling volley. Undismayed by terrible loss, they fall steadily back, leaving not an inch of ground uncontested.

Vindictive fight rages along the entire front. "Forward, 96th Ohio," sends them to meet the solid lines of gray, and full in each others faces the deadly volleys are exchanged. It is a host against which a handful of stout-hearted men are battling, and which it is impossible for them to withstand. Defiantly, both the 96th and 60th fall back, fighting just as bravely as if there was a hope of victory.

A cloud of cavalry are swooping down on the 67th and the two pieces of artillery on the prairie, to our left. The regiment quickly forms a hollow square to receive the cavalry. In doing so, a gap is left in our line, and they are entirely detached from support. A command to reform and move to the right, to fill the gap, is instantly sent by Gen. Burbridge. In attempting to execute this maneuver under fire, they become confused, and from confusion are quickly panic-stricken. The fierce cavalry sweep like a whirlwind among them with gleaming sabres. The swift

riders enfold them, and, almost without resistance, march them away captive before our eyes.

The 23d Wisconsin, on our extreme right, are enveloped in smoke, but here, as everywhere, maintain their well-deserved fame. It is only by sheer weight of numbers that they are forced slowly back. Unflinching they keep their faces to the front. Their intrepid Colonel stands staunch and firm in the thickest of the fight, and, wounded, falls into the hands of the enemy.

Twice have the 96th been repulsed, and, rallying, returned to the hopeless charge. The three regiments still maintain an irregular line. The rebels are plainly enveloping our flanks. The 23d Wisconsin are almost muzzle to muzzle with the enemy, who, on their right, overlap them, and pour in a deadly enfilading fire. Nothing can save them, or even prolong the contest, but to fall quickly back and so form their line, at an angle, as to face the foe on both their front and right. The 60th Indiana maintain a position on the right of the 96th, but their left is driven far back, and a fatal gap thus formed between the regiments. All are under a most galling fire, and writhe as if in a final death struggle. The 96th make an attempt to close the gap, and refuse their right in the effort to effect a junction with the left of the 60th, each being now almost in a semi-circle. It is a fruitless effort. The gallant 60th cannot for another moment endure the storm of balls that beats upon them; they break, and a portion in falling back rush through the right of our line.

While this furious struggle—'mid shrieks and shouts—is raging before us, our rear presents a most singular sight. At the summons of the long-roll, the stores of the brigade had been promptly loaded, and started pell-mell for the rear. In mad haste some dashed into the deep ravine, to find their wagons instantly mired. Others, with more coolness took their places, rapidly flew over the bridge, and, with lavish whip and spur, escaped. Haste was never more demanded, as both the camp they left and the woods through which they must pass, are already full of roving rebel cavalymen, who, unexpectedly and for some strange reason, made little effort to prevent the escape of their legitimate prize and booty. They must be raw recruits, and without discipline or am-

bition. A Federal officer rode through the woods unmolested, although they were thick around him. He noticed a stolid German artilleryman, stoically marching to the rear, carrying his swab-stick on his shoulder. A cavalryman suddenly rode up beside him, brandishing a revolver, and shouted: "Halt! halt! you Yankee vagabond." The insulted and indignant gunner turned quickly on his heel, at the same instant replying, "You go to hell," and furiously swinging his swab-stick, with it smashed the head of his would-be captor into a jelly. Instantly "shouldering arms," he marched on, unconcerned as before, for Carrion Crow Bayou.

Along the line, hours of common life are crowded into moments, as, with varied features of death and wounds, capture and escape, regiments are being absolutely crushed.

The artillery has been, by dint of both valor and fortune, removed from the field—the piece last passing through the woods being temporarily captured by a half dozen or more resolute rebel cavalymen shooting down the artillery horses.

There is nowhere a trace of terror. Men fall in promiscuously, maintaining the semblance of a line, and move back, delivering their fire, defiantly to the last. The pall of battle-smoke settles thickly around, as if to hide our dead and our chagrin at yielding even to overpowering numbers. Vainly do we face the rebel sea that beats against us, wave on wave, mid death-shots, crash and thunder. We know we are doomed, but only press closer and closer together. Lieut.-Col. Brown inspires by both word and deed the men who kept their eyes on him as their star of hope, moving only as he directs, and contesting every inch of ground.

The ghastliness of the battle-slaughter every moment thickens. Heroic desperation sustains us in the endeavor to maintain our defense until help from some unlooked-for source may by chance arrive—for none is really expected. The gallant Burbridge rides up and down the tattered fragments of his brigade, directing and encouraging men who every instant prove themselves hero-hearted, ready to do all that may be done by mortals. But no aid comes, and stumbling to certain death over comrades dead and dying, even the most dauntless spirit must falter. The moment is

more than sublime, as each, without a murmur of the lip, asks his own soul, in agony, can we stay? must we go?

Impulses are like avalanches, and, as if to spur souls that have never faltered, the heroic Burbridge seizes the battle-flag of a regiment, and, waving it above him in this yawning battle-hell, in the face of defeat and death, in full defiant tones begins himself to sing that grand old Battle Hymn:

*“ Rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again ;”*

and amid the crash, roar and minie-bullet “thud!” a hundred voices mingle in the chorus:

*“ Rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.”*

Now comes the appalling shout of the rebel horde, followed by a bullet-storm and an advancing line of gray thickly fringed with glittering steel. The 96th gather closer around their commander, and at his word deliver their fire. By the retiring volley they are shivered to pieces as by a thunderbolt. They are completely routed, but undaunted, they, as if by instinct, gather in squads and fall back, firing wherever a foe presents; for everywhere they turn—to right, to left, or rear—roving rebel cavalymen are using pistol and sabre.

Sergt. Fobes, of Co. B., being wounded, had early in the engagement requested color-Sergeant Isaac Ivins, as he could no longer use his gun, to exchange with him, and, with one mangled hand, he bore the banner safely through the desperate fray, while the Sergeant as bravely used his gun.

Falling back toward the edge of the wood near the camp, Col. Brown notices a boy in the act of raising his gun to fire, when a bullet whistles through his breast. Running to him and raising his head, he sees his lips move, and putting close his ear, hears the whispered word, “mother”—and Charley Stanfield is dead. Close before him rides three rebel cavalymen, one of whom has shot the boy. The Colonel instantly picks up the gun the boy had dropped with the hammer already raised, fires, and the middle one of the three brave Texan Rangers rolls from his saddle.

The bearer of the colors has planted the staff in the ground, that he may use a musket, when he is whirled away, and, in the méele, the flag is pushed over. The colors on the ground, shocks the soldierly pride of Sanderson, Orderly of Col. Brown, and calling the Colonel's attention to it, asks if he shall get it, receiving for a reply: "It is a terrible place to go, but bring the colors if you can." Gallantly he rushes among the reeling, swaying combatants, and bears it in safety away through the camp to the rear.

Not an organized command remains, and Col. Brown mounts his horse; soldiers in squads around him deliver their desultory fire into the teeth of the troop of cavalry that are close down upon them. The Colonel says: "Brave boys, to stay is death; fall back, as best you can, to the other side of the woods: we will rally there;" and empties his revolver into the advancing rebel cavalry. The return fire luckily inflicts a slight wound on his horse. In mad frenzy the animal dashes away, far to our left and rear, and with one desperate leap clears the ravine. The rebel horsemen are sufficient in number to capture every man, but are strangely inefficient. In squads we battle our way through them, as with a mob, to the rear of the wood. The voice of Col. Brown, whose horse had saved him by running away from the sabre points of the enemy, is heard, and at his word the brave men halt in the teeth of the exultant foe. No sign of the hoped-for aid is visible, and yet with wonderful eagerness they fall into line. It is stubborn rashness, for masses of rebel infantry are surging along our front, and a cloud of cavalry deploying from right to left across our rear. They are no mounted mob, but proud knights of the sabre, whose lines are swiftly enfolding us. They ride rapidly on, when, as if by magic, there rises from the thick grass a line of men, till this moment unseen, who, with level muskets, pour into their ranks a volley that sends them reeling back with many an empty saddle. To our delight and surprise, it is the 46th Indiana, whose Colonel, hearing the roar of battle, instantly formed his command, and waiting for no orders, with the instincts of a true soldier, had marched at double quick, and, halting for a moment to take breath, found this opportunity to save us from utter anni-

hilation. Whatever emotion sweeps our heartstrings, there is none of fear. Our very blood is frozen with determination as we join our brave comrades and charge upon the victorious line of lead and steel and gray. They feel our bullets and our steel at the instant the charging cheer breaks from our lips, and, after a short, sharp struggle, at our very bayonet points, they flee through our camp so swiftly that they find neither time nor leisure to disturb scarcely anything. For two long miles we pursue them in their flight, and at every step "strange horror seizes them, and pangs unfelt before." Both humiliated by defeat and exultant by victory, we return to our camp, twice swept by the storm of battle. All are there, save many of our comrades—the bravest and the best—who, wounded or dead, lie all around us in ghastly pools of blood. The wounded are sent to the rear for medical attention, and the dead—a fearful number—are gathered together for burial. Those of the 96th we place in a row in our camp, and, with hearts bowed down in sorrow, the living gaze upon their loved comrades

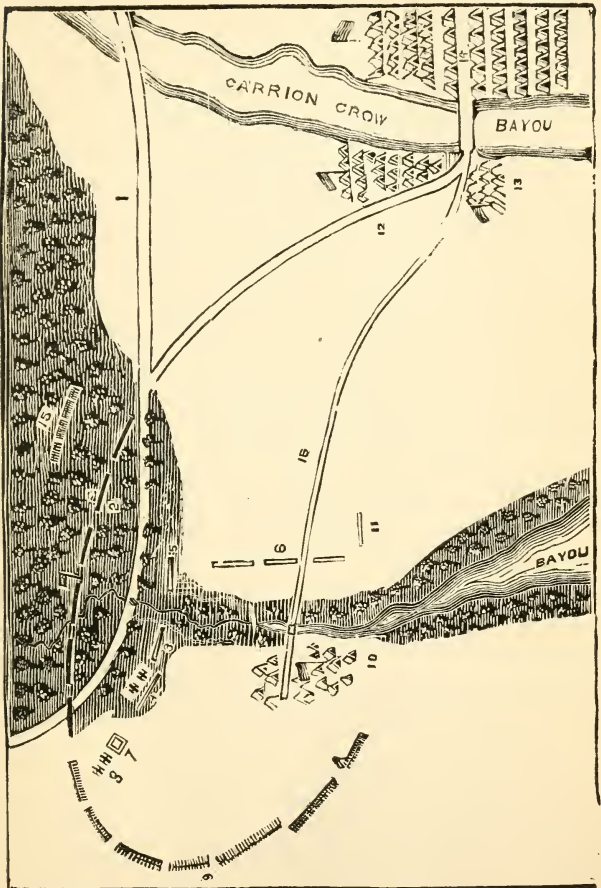
*"With the red rents in their bosoms,
And their young eyes closed on life."*

Boon companions in camp, on the march, and in the battle, are here—living and dead! What wonder, then, that eyes are weeping when hearts are breaking. In the glimmering twilight we take a last look at the little yellow mounds above them, as we march away for Carrion Crow Bayou. On that bloody field were cemented friendships that have never changed, and none more firmly than those of the 96th Ohio for the 23d Wisconsin and 60th Indiana volunteers, who there, as on many other fields, stood with them shoulder to shoulder, appalled by no danger and shrinking from no sacrifice.

Being absent on a foraging expedition, the 83d Ohio took no part in this action, a circumstance for which regrets were mutual, as their aid was needed; and had they been present, the enemy would have heard their *music*.

Our wounded being exchanged on the 4th, we moved for New Iberia, arriving on the 8th, when Col. Vance, after an absence of several months, was joyfully greeted by the regiment. Here we

BATTLE-FIELD OF GRAND COTEAU, LA.



- | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Road to Grand Coteau. | 6. 2nd Union Line. | 12. Union Camp "Washburn." |
| 2. Rebel line of Infantry. | 7. 67th Ind., hollow square | 13. Camp 46th Ind. |
| 3. 60th Ind. Vols. | 8. Artillery. | 14. Union Camp. |
| 4. 96th O. V. I. | 9. Rebel Cavalry. | 15. Rebel Cavalry. |
| 5. 23d Wisconsin. | 10. Union Camp. | 16. Military Roads. |
| | 11. 46th Ind. in line. | |

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fortified our position, forcing citizens to the uncongenial task of aiding us in that labor—on the principle that if they were loyal, they could do no less, and if they were rebels, they should be required to expiate their sins. In this realm of loveliness we loitered, without incident worthy of note, until the 7th of December, when we proceeded through Franklin to Berwick, thence crossing the bay to Brashear City, and then by cars to Algiers, Louisiana, at which point the Division embarked for a brief campaign in Texas.

CHAPTER VI.

TEXAS.

The only perceptible object in this movement was to occupy the attention of the enemy, and divert them from another enterprise that is, for many reasons, worthy a conspicuous place in history. Whatever may have been the purpose, after three days sail we arrived on Matagorda Peninsula, which is formed of sand washed up from the Bay and Gulf—a mere tongue of *terra firma*, about one mile wide and fifteen miles long, projecting into the waters, and covered with everglades of various shrubs and prickly cactus, the latter growing to an enormous size. The rippling waters sighing along either shore, gave the location a kind of romantic character, which was counterbalanced by frequent ice-cold winds, that lashed the same shores with angry surges, and sent us to cover, pining for scenes less romantic and more agreeable. Storms were not infrequent, often preventing the boats from landing our stores, in consequence of which our rations were sometimes insufficient. Once we took advanced lessons in starvation, being forced to live for five days on very small allowances of rice alone. If any Grahamite fancies that rice is not light diet, he can obtain valuable information by inquiring of any member of the 96th Ohio who participated in this experiment. Col. De Crow owned this peninsula, and lived at the extreme point, which bears his name. His wealth was said to consist largely in 30,000 sheep, which, if it were true when we arrived, was *hardly correct* when we left!

On January 19th, the 4th Division, to which the 96th then belonged, was ordered to be ready to move on the morrow. This proved to be a bootless march to within thirteen miles of a rebel fort, from which we returned and encamped on the same peninsula, seven miles from De Crow's Point. At this place the 96th proceeded to construct a fort for protection, that, in honor of their beloved Colonel, they named *Fort Vance*.

Being undisturbed by the enemy, we loitered along the shores

catching fish and gathering specimens of marine shells, many of which were of great beauty. On the 25th, we were placed in motion, marching to De Crow's Point, and on the 27th and 28th the peninsula was abandoned, the troops having crossed to Matagorda Island, where we embarked on the steamer St. Mary. None were to be left behind, and many of the sick were carried on board, among whom many will remember George Case, of Co. G. He had been for months suffering from a disease against which he had battled bravely, but in vain. Earnest in the performance of his duties as a soldier, he chose to remain with his comrades and share their perils rather than go to the hospital. We had learned to love him, because of his many noble qualities, and had often noticed the calm resolution with which he met every privation and danger. The same calm courage sustained him still. He seemed to regard death as a bright angel, for whose guiding hand he waited. Being entirely helpless, we carried him on board on a stretcher, from which he could not rise. There were many of his comrades who withdrew from the bustle and din of embarkation to stand close beside him and note the faltering pulse and halting breath, that told too plainly that the sands of life were nearly run out. His voice grew weaker as he said his good-bye; his face was pallid and his hands were icy-cold as we pressed them, to tell him of our love. Above us, illuminating the banner with its stripes and stars, the golden sun, sinking beneath the sea, poured a flood of loveliness over the face of our dying comrade, who, just as the light dissolved into shadows, cast upon us a last, wistful look, gasped, and was dead.

Landing on the 3d of March at Algiers, we proceeded by rail to Brashear City, and crossed thence to Berwick, where, going into camp, preparations were commenced for future campaigning.

CHAPTER VII.

RED RIVER.

Turning over all our tents and everything with which we could possibly dispense, the preparations for a rapid movement were complete on the 7th of March, 1864, at which time the various columns were put in motion for scenes of defeat and disaster to our arms, and varied fortunes to the cotton speculators. We marched again through the beautiful valley of the Teche—the land of perpetual summer, made famous by Longfellow, whose gentle Evangeline wandered here alone, seeking for her unhappy lover—in strange contrast with our search, with bayonet, sabre and cannon, for an implacable enemy. Never did love revel in more arcadian realm.

“ *Faint was the air with the odor of magnolia blossoms.*”

Groves of the orange and citron, beautiful as delicious, delicious as beautiful, whether in bloom or fruit, were flanked here and there by lakes and streams, on the borders of which, and on the sleeping islands,

“— *the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress,
Met in dusky arches, and trailing mosses, in mid air,
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.*”

Stern discipline, and still sterner duty, did not blind us to these delicious beauties, as, from day to day, we wandered on through this fittest land of dreams

On the 19th, encamping near the battle-ground of Grand Co-teau, delight was turned into sorrow as, in the evening twilight and morning dawn, we wandered among the graves of our lost comrades,

“ *Whose proud forms in battle gashed
Are freed from anguish now* ”

Turning from this spot, dear to our memories as the silent

sleepers to our hearts, we wandered on in fairy land. Marching proudly through Opelousas and Alexandria and crossing Cane River, on the 31st a brief halt was made for rest at Natchitoches. There we were visited by that grand old soldier, Gen. A. J. Smith, in company with Gen. Banks. The regiment, voluntarily and with wildest enthusiasm, fell into line, and for our former commander made the welkin ring with cheers. He knew this was no empty compliment, and, riding forward, made a soldier's speech—blunt, brief, and tender. Recognizing us as a part of his old Division in a most genial and complimentary manner, and cheering us with words of comfort and kindness, he passed on, while we shouted our devotion and good-by.

That every good has its corresponding ill, every sweet its bitter, is an oft-repeated statement, of which we then experienced a forcible illustration. The country changed in every aspect, the dreamy sweets of that behind us being suddenly supplanted by sandy undulations, covered with a dense growth of towering trees. Through these lone, dark and apparently endless groves lay a narrow winding road, along which we marched in cheerless isolation. We were so far on the frontier of Southern civilization, that scarcely a trace of even the rudest efforts at agriculture or enterprise, in any form, were to be seen for many miles. As darkness settled down upon this land of gloom, we went into camp, the winds whispering among the boughs above us a chilling welcome.

Long before morning light, the heavy tramp of our column resounded along the narrow, tortuous path. The cavalry, under General Lee, in the advance, was followed by the Thirteenth Corps, the Nineteenth bringing up the rear. We had proceeded but a short distance, when the sharp crack of the carbine gave us ample notice that, however negligent the few residents might be in peaceful pursuits, there were those in these dark forests who were enterprising in treason. This thrilling music gradually intensified as we advanced, the enemy gradually but slowly receding. Presently, through the woods came the ringing rattle of volley on volley. The skirmish had become a battle, toward which we were hastening with utmost speed. The enemy had

fallen back, fighting, to an open ravine that stretched across our narrow line of march, forming on either side an open space, very densely bordered with timber and underbrush, on the further side of which they lay in ambush. Our column, pressing into this, suddenly received a fierce discharge from the hidden muskets and carbines. Emptied saddles attested the deliberation of their aim; but quickly deploying, as best he could, each man, measurably commanding himself, groped through the brambles forward on the foe. It was feeling an uncertain way against the muzzles of a hidden enemy, at the cost of many killed, wounded and prisoners—among the latter being two entire companies of New York cavalry. But Lee, steadily pushing forward, at whatever cost, at last the rebels, yielding slowly and sullenly, broke into beautiful disorder, when the pistol and the sabre of the pursuers made ample amends for the losses they had sustained.

A hurried march failing to enable the infantry to reach the field in time to participate in the action, they, in due time, went into camp near the ragged and forbidding Southern village of Pleasant Hill.

The cavalry, following up their advantage by continued skirmish and battle, at last halted ten miles beyond the village, at Carroll's Mills, in front of a strong position, where they bivouacked on the field, laying all night on their arms. Their situation there was so precarious, that at 3 o'clock in the morning the 2d Brigade of the 4th Division, Thirteenth Corps, moved to their support. Col. Vance, 96th Ohio, commander of the brigade, being so seriously ill as to force him to accept an ambulance, Col. Landrum, of the 19th Kentucky, in command of the division, fully comprehending the difficulty and importance of the duty, temporarily took his place and led it forward. Reporting about daylight to Gen. Lee, no time was lost in putting the troops in motion. The enemy made the most determined resistance from every available point, the combined and unceasing efforts of Lee and Landrum forcing them slowly back, at the rate of about half a mile an hour, until near 12 o'clock.

Thus stubbornly they yielded the road to Mansfield, every inch of which was wrested from them by force of arms. As a tiger,

with bared teeth, in his lair, turns defiantly on his pursuers, so they, selecting a favorable field within three miles of Mansfield, on which to offer us desperate battle, await our approach.

With a few exceptional spots, the same dark and forbidding forest had continued, through which wound the narrow wagon road that here merged into a cleared space, nearly a mile in extent in either direction. Immediately beyond the edge of the woods a slight ridge ran parallel with it, the ground sloping gradually downward into a ravine, through which meandered a shallow brook. Gradually rising from this rivulet, and about half a mile distant from it, another sharp ridge lay almost directly across the road. The top of this ridge was covered by a narrow belt of timber that terminated about 100 yards to the left of the road, in cleared slopes and small, naked hills—a fence extending along the elevation, forming the boundary between two intensely ragged plantations.

This position was immediately occupied by General Lee, the Infantry Brigade of Colonel Landrum, consisting of the 130th Ill., 48th Ohio, 96th Ohio, 60th Indiana, and 83d Ohio, being posted in the woods on the right of the road, immediately behind the plantation fence. These men, from their continued and severe exertion, had become so utterly exhausted that Col. Landrum had forwarded a statement of the fact to headquarters, with a request that other infantry troops be sent to relieve them.

The 1st Brigade of Landrum's Division, in command of Col. Emerson, 67th Indiana, had been dispatched with all possible haste; and so deep was the concern of General Ransom in regard to the situation, that he accompanied it in person, and, on his arrival, at once took command of the infantry on the field. Declining to relieve the 2d Brigade, as was both his orders and intention, with all possible despatch Emerson's newly arrived troops were placed in position, immediately to the left of the road—Nim's Battery occupying a bald hill, supported by the 23d Wisconsin on its left and the 67th Indiana on the right.

A glance at the field had so impressed the mind of the gallant Ransom, that he not only determined to use all the infantry present, comprising but two small Brigades, in all less than 2,000 men,

but also sent orders to Col. Brown, who had been detailed with his regiment as guard to the ammunition train, to hasten forward with the 96th Ohio. This regiment promptly started to the front, and were met on the way by a member of Ransom's staff, who privately notified the Colonel that danger was imminent and time exceedingly precious, giving him the General's instructions to abandon everything and hasten forward.

Arriving on the field, General Ransom greeted Colonel Brown with a hearty "Thank God, you are here," immediately conducting him to his position in the line of battle. The men piled their knapsacks in the rear of the belt of timber, in preparation for a most desperate fight. Seeing the troops prepared for battle, and everything indicating a severe struggle, was more than the nerves of Colonel Vance could bear. Disregarding the wishes of his staff and the advice of his surgeon, he abandoned the ambulance, and, although unable to mount his horse without assistance, assumed command of his Brigade, relieving Colonel Landrum, who took immediate command of the infantry line.

The cavalry and mounted infantry of General Lee, posted on either flank, completed the preparation for attack or defense. Dark mysteries lie hidden in a near approaching hour. Warily, and with painful expectations all await the beginning of the drama.

Before the curtain rises, a glance at the surrounding conditions will better enable us to comprehend the events that follow:—

Being on the crest of the hill with the line of battle, and turning to the rear, before us lies the cleared ground, bordered by the dense forest, less than a mile distant. Close behind the cavalry, on either flank, are gathered a cloud of attendants, of all colors and conditions, mounted and dismounted, with a strange but vast collection of all the beasts of burthen that could be gathered upon the march. To the left of the road, and about half way from where we stand to the ravine, is a cluster of houses from which floats the yellow hospital flag, while further on, and near the edge of the forest, is a small building used by Gen. Banks as his headquarters—his occupancy being brief, from circumstances which he *failed* to control. That forest of towering pines, rendered dense by undergrowth, rises like a wall before us, and is penetrated by the road

that from our feet crosses the open fields to enter the narrow, winding canal that has been hewn through it. Passing into this colossal forest canal, we shall find, close to the edge of the open field, the head of a column of army wagons, that pack it full for not less than three miles, where listless drivers await orders or fright, and half-sleeping mules demurely expect the sulphurous word and whip. Passing on, we shall find the dense wood, here and there only, broken by comparatively open spaces, but no where a cross road, scarcely any where a point in the road wide enough for wagons to pass, and so far from affording facilities for cavalry to maneuver in battle, infantry can with difficulty and very slowly make their way. Continuing our observations, we shall find, at *two o'clock*, the 3d Division of the Thirteenth Corps, under Gen. Cameron, ordered forward by Gen. Banks, who had arrived about one o'clock on the field, marching past the Nineteenth Corps *in camp* killing beeves, in the utmost serenity and unconcern—cooking their rations *ten miles* from the point of danger.

Every officer and soldier had all that and the previous day been convinced that they were in the presence of the enemy in force, who would give battle on a field of their own choosing, and upon which they would be likely to come unexpectedly. It would seem to a soldier of average sense equally plain that the road to their rear, and especially between them and the remainder of the army, should be kept clear for the passage of fighting men, so that in an emergency they could be moved with all possible speed to the support of those engaged, as well as to afford facilities for successful retreat in case of disaster—a provision never overlooked by a prudent and capable commander. To meet these plain emergencies of the hour, the wearied cavalry and two small brigades of infantry, one of which is utterly exhausted, stood face to face with an enemy that had, from early light, stubbornly contested every inch of ground, and at twelve o'clock shown plainly that they had chosen their field. In our rear is an unbroken forest and the narrow road, which, for three miles, was completely chocked by teams; and, at two P. M., those that should have been ready and within easy reach were calmly luxuriat-

ing in camp far in the rear. Rarely has any military commander demonstrated his incapacity by such sublime stupidity; and never were brave soldiers more wantonly exposed to unnecessary and certain slaughter.

Turning now to the front: Before the hill to the left of the road, on which Nim's black bloodhounds are waiting and watching, we discover, for a small distance, open fields, while on our right a narrow, level but broken plateau lies in front of the clump of trees in which Vance's brigade is posted. This narrow plateau, at its further border, breaks sharply into a slope, the base of which is bordered by timber, less than a half-mile distant on the right, sweeping irregularly to the left, where its distance is less than three-fourths of a mile.

Gen. Ransom, having viewed the ground from the skirmish line, reports that he can see two batteries and a large force of infantry in line of battle in the edge of that timber, and also considerable bodies of infantry moving down the road toward our right and rear. Adjutant Mitchell, 96th Ohio, climbing a tree on the crest of the hill, observes a cloud of dust continually rising, far to the left and extending to our centre and right. This is evidently caused by troops marching along the Sabine road, that crosses the one we occupy at a little distance beyond the belt of wood in which the rebels are massing their men. These, certainly, are reinforcements, for which the enemy have anxiously waited, their previous fighting having been for the purpose of gaining time for their arrival.

We are in the presence of a brave and defiant enemy elated with reinforcements, with the infinite advantage of a field of their own choosing, and in numbers three to our one. A dense forest is behind us, its only narrow road for three miles completely blocked with wagons and teams, with our only support so far in the rear that the storm that is evidently approaching must sweep us away as though we were merely chaff. *The situation is absolutely appalling.* With the evident anxiety of officers is mingled the deep concern of the soldiers. But no impulse enters their souls, no expression escapes their lips, save those of stout determination to give blow for blow, naked steel for steel. Men

who are only brave may falter, but these are both brave and proud. Their hearts are steeled in the school of fierce experience. They have listened to the musketry of the busy skirmishers through long hours while they rested on their arms in battle line.

Generals, Aids and Orderlies have been riding to and fro in the haste such duty inspires. The flags, banners and guidons of infantry, cavalry and artillery, float along that crest over saddled horses, frowning cannon, and long rows of stacked muskets.

It is four o'clock, and along the line passes the most thrilling words that were ever uttered: "Fall in! fall in!"—thrilling, because each man understands the challenge to mortal combat has been given; that this is its acceptance, and that quickly the ground will be spotted with dead, and streaked and splashed by blood. Promptly the infantry respond, "take arms," form almost involuntarily into line and "right dress." Artillerists stand to their guns, and cavalymen spring into their saddles. The half-mile distant wood is pulsating with moving men. Suddenly, far to our right and left, appear groves of glistening muskets, and then, with proud, martial bearing, "steady and solemn," move two lines of battle directly toward us up the slope. With flash and boom opens the deep-mouthed artillery. Huge missiles, like fierce demons shrieking, pass each other in mid-air. With plunge of solid shot and crash of bursting shell, suspense has ended in bloody battle, just begun. With firm, undaunted step moves forward the glittering lines of brown and gray. Shots plow gaps through them, shells burst in their midst and form caverns in the mass of living men. But the gap and cavern alike are instantly effaced, as others, taking the places of their dead comrades, march rapidly on.

Lee's cavalry, on our flanks, that have so long been waiting, now move in battle line swift and straight on the advancing foe. They empty their carbines, and sabres glimmer through the hazy smoke. The line of brown and gray is rock-ribbed adamant, from which recoils a scattered mass of cavalry riding madly, and frantic horses riderless. The horde of servants and camp followers, mounted and dismounted, note the disaster. Flight seizes them

with ghastly grip; a vast wave, in which is mingled armed horsemen, rolls wildly back. Fragments of the command rally, and, for a brief time, find protection in the rear of the infantry, that now are hotly engaged. That double line of battle has not for an instant faltered, but, marching straight up the slope, heed neither the blasts of grape and canister, nor the storm of whistling minie-balls with which we greet them. The voice of the gallant Ransom is heard along his line. Every officer and soldier stands firmly to his place, knowing full well the duty they have both the pride and courage to perform. To the battle's din and roar is added the screech and yell of the attacking lines, that, bleeding at every pore, seem rooted to the earth close before us. To right, to left, the fierce volleys roll, and rattle, and crash. Dead and wounded strew thickly the ground. Braver men never defied danger than those standing, falling there, who in the iron-sleet can not advance, and are determined never to retreat. But to stern fate they yield at last. It is a brief-time victory, only won by stern determination.

The Chicago Mercantile and 1st Indiana Batteries have just arrived, and galloping into position down the slope near the ravine, send their hissing shot over our heads into the reformed and reinforced lines that now, in a crushing mass, come with demon shout and yell over the ground they had just failed to hold. It is frightful to see men, gashed and tattered, tumbling to the earth. "Alas! their mothers shall never see them again!" Heedless of everything, they hesitate not an instant until within 200 yards, where, halting, many lie down and return our fire. It is a giant's death-grapple, and both friend and foe prove themselves heroes. Men carry their fallen comrades to the rear and return to their places in the fight. A tremor runs through the 96th Ohio. Firing in hot haste, their 40 rounds are almost exhausted. Springing into his saddle, Adjutant Mitchell hurries to the ammunition train in the woods at the rear. Quartermaster-Sergeant Kirk, on duty there, forsakes his official place of safety, volunteering to aid the Adjutant, and each, taking a box of precious cartridges before him, gallops through the shot and shell to the rear of the battle-line, and there distribute them. In their

front, charge the brave New-Orleans Crescent City Guards, only seventeen of whom, in the repulse that follows, reel from the bloody field. But the fierce struggle has engulfed the left; the 23d Wisconsin has melted as in a furnace heat. The gunners of Nim's Battery pour their last charge of grape into the glittering eyes of the captors before they seek safety in flight—their captain being a prisoner. The hill is covered with "butternuts," who, the Federal cannon in their hands, are pouring shot and shell into the flank of our troops.

The Batteries on the right are ordered to fall back, and take position near the woods. Colonel Landrum, commanding the Division, and Colonels Vance and Emerson, of the Brigade, have been conspicuous and present at every point of duty and danger—the latter now wounded and a prisoner.

The heavy masses that have been hurled against our right have crushed it into fragments, and the rebel horde, pouring down the valley, sweep around the end of the ridge into the open field immediately in our rear. General Ransom, seeing the fiery coil rapidly enfolding us, sends his Adjutant to direct Colonel Landrum to withdraw his troops. The gallant Captain Dickey gallops forward to obey the order, but, unobserved, falls senseless and mortally wounded. Dense smoke rolls over the field in cloud on cloud. The crash of volleys mingles with shouts and yells. The right and left have melted entirely away, unknown to those who fight in the center—some being cut off by the enemy in their rear, of which they had no knowledge. The death of Captain Dickey has consigned them to a bitter fate.

The 96th have never left the fence by which their line was formed, and see before them no enemy but the swath of the dead, when Colonel Brown receives an order to retreat. So utterly oblivious is he of defeat, that, though obeying, he protests against the order, as no enemy can be seen in his front. Looking along the line to the right, can plainly be seen a column of troops moving toward his position on the same side of the fence, but, supposing it to be the troops of the line on his right moving to the left to close up a gap, he 'bout faced his men, and marched leisurely to the rear, halting for the purpose of picking up the

knapsacks they had piled up before going into position. Receiving a volley from the rear, the surprised 96th instantly 'bout face and deliver their fire. An officer gallops up, in breathless haste, to present the compliments of General Ransom and say that the enemy have the field, and he must instantly "double quick," or be lost. Confused with the idea of leaving a field without an enemy before him, and knowing nothing of the fate of the flanks, the stolid Brown marches his men down the slope, as if on dress parade, until, arriving at a favorable spot, when the truth flashes upon him. In massive lines the enemy, to right, to left, are rapidly closing upon his command. To their volley the 96th again returned their fire, and in double quick seek safety with their comrades—every one of those who escaped having gone before. In the meantime, the Chicago and Indiana Batteries have been delivering their fire, and Brown has received orders to support them, but before they can be reached by even the double quick, they both have limbered pieces, and in wild gallop rush from the maelstrom of death behind to join their friends before. It is a half mile up that slope—a frightful half mile—where their comrades every instant are falling wounded or dead. Close in the rear, and rapidly closing in on either flank, the glittering arms, and the line of fire with its thin white smoke, defines the border of the exultant hosts, before whom, in wild terror, are fleeing officers and soldiers, infantry, cavalry and artillery, like autumn leaves whirled in a tempest. Seeing the rebels approach the hospital, situated down the slope from the wooded crest, Surgeon Hess and Hospital Steward Green, both of the 96th, bravely determine to be captured rather than abandon their wounded comrades, and are in an instant surrounded by the raving mob, who thrust their muskets through the door, heaping vile oaths and epithets on the helpless victims of their own wickedness. The arrival of a rebel officer saves the hospital, and the would-be butchers are swept away in the torrent that rolls down the slope.

Colonel Vance, having failed to find even his regiment in the rout, gallops toward the rear across the road, and being halted by three rebels, who spring out of a clump of bushes, with reckless

bravery defies them by riding on. Three leveled guns then quickly flash, and his riderless horse dashes away. Colonel Brown, with only one man of his command, hurries toward the point where the road enters the wood and has nearly reached it, when Charley Kendall stumbles forward and falls dead at his feet. General Ransom and Colonel Landrum have made an effort to rally the fugitives at the edge of the wood, but the former officer had received a severe wound, and the rallied men flee in terror.

General Cameron, having arrived with the remainder of the Thirteenth Corps, is just now forming it on the right of the road, at the edge of the wood. Many of the 96th Ohio, with other fugitives, fall in with this command, and offer battle to the bitter last.

Colonel Brown had just reached the edge of the wood, now utterly alone, and dismounted, when he met General Banks and his staff serenely looking out upon the field covered with dead and wounded, and surging with crowds of rebel troops. The darkness of the battle-smoke and of night renders all obscure to him. He has evidently *been absent*, as he halts the Colonel to ask him some question about the troops, to which he receives the astounding information that he is at the extreme front, without a man between him and the near approaching foe. Of this fact he has sudden warning, as a cannon-ball strikes one of his staff, passing through his horse and cutting off both of his legs. Requesting the Colonel to form a command of the fugitives, and, if possible, to check the enemy until the arrival of the advancing Nineteenth Corps, the General and staff rides away. It is a desperate place in which to recruit fighting men. The brave veterans, however, are not conquered; neither is their pride and courage crushed. This made a rally possible, and, at the command, "Fall in, men—fall in," over two hundred, including several officers, quickly formed a line in the wood, and, with loaded muskets, resolutely waited for further orders. The troops of General Cameron, that had marched in breathless haste to the aid of their comrades, together with the gallant fugitives who had with them met the enemy, have been like chaff swept into the tide of retreat.

The two hundred men, now unknown, with coolness and courage that challenges history for a parallel, still turn their faces to the foe. Their skirmishers move cautiously forward, while the line is ordered to hold their fire until the word is given. They have advanced but a few steps until they receive a fearful volley from muskets almost at their breasts, and those who do not drop wounded, instantly reply, and before they can load again, receive into their faces a second volley that flesh and blood cannot withstand. Delay is death, either instantly or by the slow tortures of prison, and these brave men follow those who are groping to the rear.

The fight is done, and the last ray of hope gone out in darkness, defeat and cruel disaster. Every stimulus gone, Col. Brown finds his exhaustion complete. Without a horse, unable to walk, the end to him has come. He sat down beside a tree, conquered in body and soul, to await death or capture. Quartermaster-Sergeant J. E. Kirk, chancing to pass, recognizes him, and, being informed of his condition, at the peril of his life finds a horse, and returning with it and helping his commander to mount, they move away together. The forest and the darkness is rendered appalling by the thickly-strewn wrecks of battle along their path, by their dead and wounded comrades left behind, and by the shrieks of the exultant foe who swarm in eager pursuit.

Here had been enacted a strange part of this shameful tragedy: The first movement of the enemy had sent the cloud of cavalry hangers-on to the rear in hot haste. From the ranks of the discomfited cavalry, on either flank, a mass of mounted men rode wildly to overtake and mingle with them. The enemy, rolling in irresistible force against the remaining front and flanks, and overlapping into their rear, the infantry and artillery then were glad to escape death or capture. When the final blow smashed the last remnant of the battle-line into fragments, its fugitives, mingled with artillery and caissons, were added to the surging throng that converged to the point where the narrow road offered their only chance of escape. In an instant that highway becomes a whirlpool of writhing humanity, in which all distinc-

tions are lost. The adjacent wood also swarms with men who have groped through the thickets and are pressing into it at every point. It is a rout of brave men, who, crushed but unterrified, carry their arms with them. Down the road, through which pours this living tide, it is but half a mile to the head of the column of wagons that obstruct it for three long and fatal miles. To the teamsters and hangers-on, the stragglers sounded the note of alarm—"The line is broken—all is lost!" Wild shouts and yells that resounded with cannon and musket, confirmed the frightful news, and gave admonition they were quick to heed. In a moment the whole train is in motion—wagons turning around; wagons turning over; wagons slashed against trees; tongues broken; traces cut; and teamsters and mules, with and without wagons; artillery and caissons, and artillery horses and artillery men without artillery or caissons, mingle with horse and foot in the wild, seething struggle through that dark forest, enshrouded in sulphur-smoke, with the shouts of the enemy close in the rear. For a mile this road is literally filled with the wrecks of battle and retreat—286 wagons, 800 mules, and 20 pieces of artillery, being a part of what we leave behind.

Wading through this sea of fugitives, Gen. Cameron and his gallant troops had pressed to the front, in vain hope to save the day, adding now their numbers to the rushing throng that block the way of the hoped-for Nineteenth Corps. Brave Emory had at the first summons started to our relief from his camp far in the rear. Marching with great rapidity, he had soon met the crowd of fleeing stragglers, cavalry, artillery, etc., as above stated, retreating in the wildest disorder.

An ambulance with the wounded Gen. Ransom passed by him, followed by the terror-stricken crowd that hung on the rear. It was plain that the most crushing disaster had occurred, and that he only could retrieve the loss by the most prompt and energetic action. By force only could the advancing column resist the tide of retreat. His officers bent their swords in battling their way onward. Quickening the march to the utmost speed, the men were ordered to fix bayonets without halting. As best they could, the bands played their most inspiring airs, to dispel the fright of

the retreating men, who only shouted: "Turn back! turn back! all is lost at the front!" as they eagerly pushed on. Not a man in that heroic command for an instant faltered or hesitated, but with quick step pressed along this path of retreat to the scene of disaster and death. In sixty minutes they had marched fully five miles and began to feel the bullets as a man dropped here and there.

Without halting, the 161st New-York deployed as skirmishers, quickly forming a line in a comparatively open wood called

PEACH ORCHARD GROVE.

A brigade on either side of the road, a little in reserve, with the 2d Brigade across and at right angles with it, waited for the advancing enemy, with whom the skirmishers were already hotly engaged. The brigade in the road lay on their faces, with an open space through which a stream of stragglers steadily passed. Col. Brown had made a dreary ride along the road strewn with wrecks and filled with soldiers struggling onward. Passing many of those who fell into the hands of the enemy, who were at his very heels, he escapes the fire they open on Emory's skirmishers almost on the instant that he gains their rear. Hastening on through the gap in the brigade across the road, and through which he is the last to escape, it quickly closes after him with the precision of clock-work. Some of the defeated troops from the front, thrilled with admiration for their comrades who had with such gallantry and soldierly bearing come to their relief, rally and form a line in their immediate rear. The woods before them resound with shouts and musket volleys. The darkness is every where flecked with spectral rifle-flashes. It is a weird scene, in which those gallant men calmly wait, as if it were a bright morning holiday. The full brass band of the Nineteenth Corps stands close by the road and pour into the darkness and the ears of the advancing rebels the exhilarating notes of "Hail Columbia," as if with that grand air flowing from their lips they await capture.

Time can be counted only by seconds, for the skirmishers, with heavy loss, are hurled quickly back, followed instantly by the en-

emy in three compact columns, one in the road and one on either side. Eager in pursuit of fugitives, they rend the air with the most demoniac shouts, as they plunge forward to meet an expecting but unexpected foe. Their forms are plainly visible through the darkness, and even their faces glimmer in the light of their musket-blaze, when the waiting corps receive command to "fire!" Delivered coolly and with accurate aim, the volley is terribly destructive. Stunned as by a sudden blow, with ranks plowed through and the ground strewn with their dead, the fire is returned. For fifteen minutes rages a fearful and bloody struggle. No more desperate men ever charged a foe, and no gallant heroes ever stood more unfalteringly than do Emory's men to receive the lead and steel. The Zouaves on the right, whose flashy dress had not favorably impressed the plain soldiers of the West, astonished those of the latter who see them promptly take their position, firmly maintain it against superior numbers, and leave the ground spotted with red uniforms stained with Zouave blood. Drunk as are the enemy, both with victory and powdered whisky, they can not brook surprise sustained by such inflexible men. And now, as intense darkness settles over this grove of pines, shutting from view the living and the dead, the smoke-grimed faces and the pools of blood, they turn their backs to seek a place of safety, defeated although victorious—victorious although defeated.

Without further molestation, Emory held his ground until midnight, the commotion and rumbling of wheels in his front indicating clearly that the rebels were busy caring for the spoils, so recklessly lost by us in an attempt to "*charge the enemy with a wagon train in front!*"

During this time all the men who had succeeded in escaping capture, pushed steadily on toward Pleasant Hill—Emory with his gallant command following as their rear-guard during the latter part of the night.

Sabine Cross-Roads must live in history, as it does in the memory of those who participated, as a fatal battle-field. Landrum's division, which did all the infantry fighting on the first and front line, having engaged the enemy with a force of 2,000, lost,

in killed, wounded and prisoners, 1,072 brave men, and 73 gallant officers. Of these, the 96th Ohio mourned the death of Col. Vance and Capt. Coulter, with 56 killed, wounded and missing.

Thus the entire day had been to them one of the greatest toil, most painful apprehension, deadly battle, and severe losses. And now, in the dark watches of the night, wearied, hungry, thirsty, and humiliated, we groped, as best we might, our way to the rear. Nothing in the form of hope sustained us, save that not far away we should find needed succor in the presence of Gen. A. J. Smith, who, with a part of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, was somewhere advancing toward the front.

Day dawned as the 96th, with what little of this division had escaped the wreck, arrived at Pleasant Hill. It was a double dawn of light and hope, for one of the first objects noticed was Gen. Smith, mounted on his well-known black war-horse. We knew his iron heart, and that when he went to battle his rear was not made impassable for support or retreat. Having served under him, the feeling was instinctive that where he stood was a rock of shelter and safety; and here, in an hour of severest need, we found him leading a measureably independent command of 10,000 men, who were familiar with and gloried in battle. He had felt the peril and rode in advance of his command, who were pressing on. Meeting some of the retreating men and asking them who they were, they replied: "General, this is about half of the 4th Division, which once served under you; we left the other half on the battle-field of Sabine Cross-Roads." If you could have seen us, you would not wonder that the grand old General replied in a muffled voice: "Too bad, too bad!" while tears run down his bronzed cheeks; concluding, after a moment's thought, with: "By Heavens, boys, I'll revenge you," and then rode rapidly away to hurry up his men, it being nearly 10 o'clock before the last of them arrived.

He had, while sitting there, probably arranged his plans, for we were on the little open space crossed by the road on which we had advanced and were now retreating. The rebels must, in following us, come by it into this open field. much as we had into the open plain at Sabine Cross-Roads. This space was rather cir-

cular in form, about three-fourths of a mile in width, surrounded by a forest, which, in some parts rendered dense by underbrush, was in places rather open from the absence of the undergrowth. The open ground sloped gently downward in the direction of Mansfield, and extending across it were several irregular, hilly ridges.

The gallant Emory has not passed into this open ground, but occupies the wood in front, waiting the expected advance of the exultant enemy. About 9 o'clock they appear along the skirmish line. To the music of musketry, Smith posts his command across the road at various points, under cover of these ridges, and hastily constructs works of defense. His batteries are placed in the most favorable positions, and as near as possible masked from the view of the approaching foe, while troops are also sent to support the left of Emory's line. The skirmishing, at first quite brisk, gradually dies away until a little after 4 o'clock, when the Federal officers conclude that no attack is intended, but wisely relax none of their vigilance. At 5, all doubts are put at rest by their massive and defiant columns moving in great force on our left. They fire not a shot, but, compact and stern, advance in overwhelming numbers. In a few moments the centre and right are battling almost hand to hand. Brave Benedict's brigade, on the left, is unable to stand before his assailants, while Taylor's battery, on our right, is in the hands of the enemy, and the battle face to face and steel to steel. The revelry of carnage is watched by Gen. Smith, who, self-possessed, sits on his black charger, biding the time when he shall unleash his battle-bloodhounds. The whole army, that had the day previous swept the field, are here held at bay by a mere handful, over whom the lurid battle-smoke gathers thickly. For three hours the air seems filled with hissing lead and iron. Unflinching, unflinching, the rebels press closer and closer into the open space in front of Emory. They freely stake their lives on the rugged issue, and push wildly forward to gather their well-earned laurels as Emory's men, overpowered, thinned in numbers, but with faces still to the foe, fall into the rear of Smith's secreted troops. One of the three advancing lines has melted away in wounds and death, while the

two remaining, with unabated eagerness, defy death at the very muzzles of Smith's waiting guns. At the magic word, a line of flame leaps out. Above the quivering earth rolls a deafening peal, as minie-balls, mingled with canister and grape, splash rebel blood and crash through rebel flesh and bone. A thousand men lay mangled, bleeding and gasping in a fearful swath. The smoke has scarce rolled over the dead, when Smith shouts, "Charge!" and "like an adder darting from his coil," the soldiers leap from their cover, bayonets glimmer in the light in plane of pointed steel, from which the enemy quickly recoil. Victory perches upon the battle-scared banners that, until darkness settles on the dense forest, follows the fleeing rebels down the slope into the woods, far beyond the field where they left *nearly half* their number.

The sublime frenzy of battle ended, parched mouths moistened by draughts from the canteen, the sweat and powder wiped from our faces, we pause to rest in the twilight. Looking over that battle-field, it is impossible to suppress the thought that victory is almost as terrible as defeat. The gentle breeze has borne away the suffocating smoke. An hour before, the smiling sun shone down upon the lovely scene, where now lie headless trunks, scattered limbs, and bodies crushed and torn into fragments. Here is a grand-faced man in gray with both legs torn off; there a gentle youth in blue from whose breast a red stream flows; yonder, where swept the canister and grape, thick lie the blackened, bloody dead; and scattered rows show plainly where dense lines faced the musketry. Everywhere, men strive to rise but cannot; whispered prayers are rising from pallid lips; and, unheard, save in heaven, are the sweet words, "wife" and "mother!" Everywhere the wounded, tortured with the thirst that follows a sudden drain of blood, call, in the holiest name, for "water." Mingled with the wreck are streams and pools of human blood—blood of the children of a common father; blood of those whose loving ones shall never see them again, and shall ever sigh and weep their loss.

Even the victor in his soul prays for the time when "men shall beat their swords into pruning hooks and nations learn war no more." But that blessed hour lives only in the realm of far-

away hope, in a land where pure justice reigns, and where rebels never come. We are, in the intervening years, plowing for the great harvest of "Liberty and Right," and before us lies one of the furrows. Though terrible, the victory in our cause was a necessity, and for it the commanding officer gave Gen. Smith most cordial thanks, assuring him that he had, by his "ability and courage, saved the army" on the bloody field of Pleasant Hill. Great as was our loss, it was necessary as a means of saving the train and supplies, on which the maintenance of all depended. These had not been delayed at Pleasant Hill. A part of the troops accompanying and guarding them on the march, was the Division that had been pulverized at Sabine Cross-Roads, now in command of Lieut.-Col. Brown, the 96th Ohio being in charge of Major Leonard.

On the following morning the entire army followed the movement to the rear that had been begun on the evening previous, presenting the strange anomaly of two armies in hot haste retreating from each other. About 10 o'clock, the enemy sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead, finding, to their utter amazement, no one to receive it but an assistant surgeon, in charge of the hospital thus abandoned within their lines. Rebel surgeons at once took possession of the hospital—the Yankee officer becoming a subordinate on a victorious field. The rebel "saw-bones" having, with great urbanity and promptness, *stolen all his instruments, permitted* him to care as best he could for the brave men wounded in honorable battle. Surgeon Sawyer, Medical Director of the Nineteenth Corps, who, two days after the battle, visited this hospital under flag of truce, not only testifies to these facts, but that, having met the Medical Director of the rebel army, he learned from him, "that if we had advanced a little further that night, or had advanced next morning, we could have captured all their artillery, or, at least, could have retaken all they had taken from us" on the previous day; also, that after their repulse by Emory at Peach Orchard Grove, the day before, "they felt themselves so thoroughly beaten and routed, that they fled all the way back over the battle-field at Sabine Cross Roads to Mansfield, intending, if we pursued them the next morn-

ing, to fall back to Shreveport; but finding we did not follow them, they followed us." Whether wisely or unwisely, we in both cases hastened away, our present march bringing us in two days to Grand Ecore, when, after our past privation, perils and losses, it was meet that we should rest. But, while we were recuperating, the rebels gathered around us with renewed determination, and when we moved from camp on the 22d, they followed us like sleuth-hounds through all the weary day and night, at last venturing an attack on our rear, when Gen. Smith again admonished them of his presence.

In this far western country few streams are supplied with bridges, and as they are usually deep, rapid and miry, there are but few places where it is possible to ford them with an army with artillery and a vast train of heavily-loaded wagons. The only precaution against this difficulty, is for the army to carry with them facilities for constructing their own bridges. For this purpose, pontoon boats and the material for making a bridge are indispensable. Each boat is built for transportation by forming a frame-work—the mere back-bone and ribs—of proper shape. These parts are so constructed that they can be quickly taken apart and put together. A huge canvas, as nearly water-tight as possible, is securely fastened over this frame-work, and the pontoon boat is complete for launching. Anchoring the proper number of these across the stream, placing stringers from shore to shore across these floating canvas pontoons, and covering them with planks, a bridge can any where be placed in position, and the column be moving over it in a very short time. But to place them in position—form a bridge at the muzzles of the cannon and muskets of the enemy—is an impossibility. Boats are smashed, and pontoonmen shot down as if they were mere targets, and the bridge, if constructed, is swept with musketry, grape and canister.

Arriving at Cane River on the 23d, we found that the enemy had perceived the importance of that position, and had set for us a highly seductive trap, which we took the precaution to avoid. The road by which we were compelled to approach the ford, for some distance lay directly along the edge of the stream, the oppo-

site shore being for a little way a wooded flat, rising suddenly into what is known as

MONETT'S BLUFFS.

On these commanding bluffs the rebels had, with both great foresight and care, arranged their batteries, supported by the requisite infantry troops, while near the river's edge their well-manned rifle-pits were, as far as possible, secreted by brush, trees and fences. From this position they could, and intended to, sweep the road when filled with troops. A powerful body of the enemy had at every step pressed our rear, and at every available position given vindictive battle. There was no other known fordable point, save one across Red River immediately above the mouth of Cane River, where the attempt could be made only in the face of the enemy on both sides of both streams—an undertaking in which failure, wreck, disaster and ruin were foregone conclusions. Here, then, and here alone, must the enemy be dislodged and this crossing effected by the exposure of naked breasts to ball and steel—the first movement toward which would convert this sequestered spot into a vortex of carnage. We were facing a very Thermophylæ. Artillery was being placed in position to aid the forlorn hope that was already prepared for the desperate venture.

Let us now join the officers and men who survey that swift, deep stream, the rebel skirmish lines and bluffs covered with earthworks and cannon, as civilians gaze into the faces of the dying and the dead.

The plot is quietly thickening. The skirmish fire across the stream is growing sharper; the calm anxiety of all is growing more intense, when the opposite hill-side presents a strange fragment of commotion. It is a man, already far in advance of the earthworks on the bluff, in desperate haste dashing from tree to tree down the slope. At every step he adds greater speed, and, like an arrow passing the rebel skirmishers, plunges into the water. Looking to the front they did not observe the apparition until he struck out boldly for the opposite shore, when they send, splashing all around him, a shower of balls. Without heeding them, he plies every power and rapidly nears our pickets, who wait, with

musket in hand, and hear the half-choked words: "Don't shoot, Yank, I'se yer frend," and out of the water rises a first-class contraband. To the prompt inquiry as to who he is and what he wants, he makes a quick reply: "I'se Tom—that's who I is;" I wants to see yer big Gin'r'l." "He will not see you. What do you want with him?" "I must see de Gin'r'l, for I noze sumthin'." At last an audience was gained for this plantation product, who, in high enthusiasm, said: "Gin'r'l, I b'longs to Massa —; he's in de camp over thar. I see yer was 'gwine fur to try to cross dis yer ford; de Lo'd luv ye, but de rebs hab heaps of men and big guns pint'd right down de place. Ye'll all be killed ded sure. I'se liv'd all my life 'bout heah; what I nose is a place 'bove heah whar yer men can cross over easy; I found it when I was out coonin'; no body else don't know it; de rebs don't know it; Massa don't know it, but Tom nose it." "Will you show it to us?" "To be sur I will; dat's what I'se cum for." "But if you deceive us, it will cost you your life." "Gin'r'l, Tom's ready; he'll go right across fust, just 'fere de men." "If you don't do as you promise, I will order them to shoot you like a dog!" "Couldn't suit Tom no better. If I don't do it right, let a hun'ed shoot me. De place am dar; its narrer, but it's dar, right 'cross de water, fur I found 'em coonin'." This proposition of the strangely adventurous black *chattel* is so far heeded as to test it with some misgivings and much incredulity. He is taken at his word, and placed under guard at the head of a column in command of Gen. Birge, that moves in a somewhat circuitous manner up the stream, avoiding notice of the confident enemy. With firm step the contraband walks to the narrow ford or to his death, and, strange enough, without hesitancy steps into the water, saying: "Now youans must come in *one string*, and keep right after Tom. Don't go to one side, for de ford is jist whar he puts down his foot!" Looking straight into the water, with occasional glances at some point on the opposite shore, and without hesitation or halt, Tom walks through the swift current knee deep, hip deep in water. Those following "whar de ford is jist whar he puts down his foot," have exactly his experience, while adventurous souls who deviate from the "straight and narrow path" receive

immersion complete and thorough. The time spent in making this secret crossing is occupied by imposing preparations for an attack at the ford, with such an amount of firing as to wholly occupy the enemy with the prospective battle and their almost certain victory. Hastily forming the troops detailed for this duty, Gen. Birge advances in a circuitous manner with a view of surrounding them by moving from three directions, and thus effect their capture. The nature of the ground to be moved over being entirely unknown, the details of the movement can be only guessed at. The troops in front of the ford, learning of the passage of the river, increase their fire, and, at the first sound of the muskets in rear of the rebel works, open on them a furious, belching volcano. Quick come the splintering volley, the fierce and thrilling yell, and the wild rattle of musketry mingles with shouts of defiance. But soon the artillery fire on the bluffs begins to slacken, the musketry fades, and the stars and bars disappear. Fixed bayonets glimmer through the woods and along the bluff—a wave of blue bears the banner of the stripes and stars! The unexpected difficulties of the march prevents the column designed to close in on the rebel right from doing so. The enemy, in bewilderment and haste, avail themselves of this their only means of escape, leaving in possession of the hated “Yanks” their invulnerable position, won by the devotion of a slave to the cause of freedom, with the loss of three or four hundred killed and wounded.

We knew the passage of this river to be very important, but did not fully appreciate its value until about two o'clock in the morning, when six guns fired in quick succession far in our rear attracted earnest attention. We were too old campaigners not to know them to be signal guns. They were fired by a rebel host in our rear, to notify their comrades, supposed to occupy Monett's Bluffs, that they were ready for the preconcerted attack, between which they expected to grind us into powder. But no rebels guarded the passage, over which stretched our pontoon filled with a moving column of fighting men and the huge train on which the enemy had hoped to revel for food and spoils.

With stubborn persistence the Confederates pressed our rear,

hoping by some means to gain advantage by their effort; but there was Smith and his veterans sternly contesting every inch of ground, giving choice lessons in his style of soldiering. The necessity of haste was apparent, and was urged by every possible means. A steady stream for twelve hours poured along the bridge, and at last, Smith and his troops having crossed, the removal of the pontoon left in the rebel path the same difficulty encountered by ourselves.

Pursuing our march without delay, we proceeded directly to Alexandria, without the occurrence of further incident worthy of note. At this point we delayed about a week, spending the time "watching and waiting" in the rifle-pits. Everything seemed to be in an uncertain and precarious situation, requiring frequent efforts to ascertain the strength and purpose of the enemy, who, with "eternal vigilance," hovered around and about us. Detachments were frequently sent out to "feel" them, in one of which we joined the command of Gen. Smith, marching out on the Natchitoches road about five miles. This resulted in a rather lively skirmish, the enemy retiring, but developing such force that it was deemed prudent to fall back a couple of miles, and in a short time we retired to our rifle-pits near Alexandria.

A variety of causes conspired to render our situation here perilous, and our duties were correspondingly arduous. To our front and left a dense wood extended to within a couple of miles of our line, which receded on our right along the bank of Red River, leaving a rather level, open plain for many miles along that stream. This wood was occupied by the enemy whose mettle we had tested. They were both vigilant and courageous, and seemed to be as innumerable as the locusts of Egypt. They were perfectly cool and self-possessed, scarcely ever venturing beyond their cover, but behind it omitted no opportunity to do us damage, the intervening open space being ground forbidden under penalty of death.

The expedition embraced, in addition to the army proper, the naval fleet, the former for purely military purposes, and the latter for transportation of troops and quartermaster and commissary supplies, for which this point was the base; consequently our

safety centered in this fleet. Strangely enough, it now depended solely on us, for the most important part of it was hard aground in Red River above, and without any reasonable hope of relief. Managed without any apparent interest in the common cause, and with the utmost indifference as to what became of the army, Admiral Porter and his navy gathered in supplies of cotton or whiled away the hours in easy luxury. There were no plans projected, or at least tested, for the relief of these vessels, which, if they were lost, must result in consequences the most disastrous. While Banks and Porter fussed over their disgraceful jealousies, and fretted over points of etiquette, we were not only required to face the enemy immediately about Alexandria, but to prevent them from capturing the boats and occupying the open grounds along the river. This necessitated picketing in force for many miles along the belt of wood referred to. The 96th Ohio, as one of the regiments who did this duty, will remember remaining in rifle-pits, without removing their clothing and with no opportunity for rest, by day and night watching the enemy over their muskets, their only food being cooked in the far-away camp and brought to them in boxes and barrels.

To be effectual, an army must, in all its parts, be essentially a unit in purpose, and especially must the men be able to rely on each other and their officers. A spirit of confidence and regard should exist among the officers, culminating in admiration of all for their chief as a gentleman and a soldier. It was this that made Europe tremble at the tread of the legions of the Great Napoleon; it was this that enabled Sherman to achieve the glories of the campaign that gave us Atlanta, and that lighted his holiday "march to the sea." But ours was in many respects a motley command, made up of discordant elements. Admiral Porter seemed to be so punctilious about his prerogatives as a naval officer in command of the squadron, that he with distrust received even *suggestions* from Banks, the commander-in-chief of the expedition, lest they should appear to be *orders* from an officer of the army. He proceeded with corresponding deliberation and slowness about doing anything but gathering up cotton that might be laying around within reach of "the navy." Between Gen. Frank-

lin, who had much to do with the conducting of the campaign, and Gen. Lee, who commanded the cavalry, there was an evident want of cordiality, confidence and regard; and there was in the command at least one Major General who it was thought was not so thoroughly saturated with loyalty as he might have been. In an army operating against a common enemy there should have been "no east, no west," but the chief in command and a large part of these troops had been temporarily transferred to this far frontier, bringing with them the pride and prestige of the petted army of the Potomac, and an ill-concealed disrespect of, and disregard for, the hardy and unpetted veterans of the armies of the west. These western troops were fully prepared with a similar feeling—"measure for measure"—for what they deemed the holiday soldiers of the Potomac, who had come there, as they fancied, with the idea that they would give to western *pupils* lessons in soldiering and fighting. This deeply-rooted sentiment pervading all, found frequent expression in bitter sneers and jeers. In some grades arose ugly differences and much injustice, especially in regard to the issuing of rations and supplies by the quartermaster and commissary departments. It was, no doubt, for this reason that Gen. A. J. Smith so doggedly and in the most literal manner obeyed his orders "as he understood them," having been *lent* by Gen. Sherman to Gen. Banks for this campaign, and for a limited time only. Refusing to recognize any superior, he made no official reports to Banks, received no orders, dated his own "Headquarters Red River Expedition, steamer Clara Belle," and, without declining co-operation, disposed of his forces at all times as he chose, fought when, where, and as he chose, withdrew when he pleased, but took good care never to do so until he had left his mark on the field. He seemed determined that neither himself nor the troops he had tried in the march and battle, and never found wanting, should be no western tail to any eastern kite. Such at least was the common understanding of the great mass of the command, a condition of things calculated to produce the most unfortunate results, and in a variety of ways. This was an army on which experience was not wasted, and in that severe school they had learned enough of the art of war and philosophy

of battle to be able to see plainly that they were in no condition to meet an attack from the enemy known to be present; and to be attacked and defeated was utter ruin, without a ray of hope save that which glimmered through rebel prison-pens. But, be it stated to their honor, neither these causes nor the firmly-fixed belief that the most glaring incompetency had cost them bitter and humiliating results, dampened the ardor of the soldiery, who, fixed in their purpose, never faltered in the face of any exaction or any peril.

Overhung by this gloomy cloud, day after day passed by, the punctilious Porter calmly pacing his deck, when at last necessity forced him to adopt the method proposed by an officer of the army, Lieut.-Col. Baily, 4th Wisconsin Volunteers, to get the fleet out of its perilous position. After thousands of the men under the direction of this officer had worked for ten days at the dams, all were delighted with the news that a part of the fleet was riding in safety below the falls, and that the remainder would promptly follow. On the 13th the fleet was ready to steam down the river, and we cheerfully obeyed the order to march, proceeding by way of Opolousas to Red River, along the banks of which we moved, and passing Fort De Russy, reached Simsport on the 17th, where a deep stream, six hundred yards wide, rushed before us at the rate of twelve to fifteen miles per hour. There was no bridge, and we had no material out of which to construct one of sufficient length. Here we were again indebted to the ready western genius of Lieut.-Col. Baily. At his suggestion and under his direction the boats in our fleet, about fifty in number, were anchored closely together, side by side, from shore to shore. These made a novel form of pontoon bridge, magnificent for strength and size, and ready at hand. Across their prows were laid stringers from side to side, planks being placed on them, and our bridge was completed in a few hours. The whole army, with all its trains, passed rapidly, the men drawing the wagons over by hand to insure their safety. All were astonished at so readily overcoming an obstacle that seemed insurmountable, and the necessity for which was so pressing; for while this passage was being effected, Gen. A. J. Smith was engaged with a powerful force of the enemy under Polignac, administering to them the last of a

series of chastisements while protecting our rear, a position he had occupied continually after he had, by his wisdom, skill and courage, smashed them at Pleasant Hill. He had been to us a cloud of battle-smoke by day and a wall of fire by night.

On arriving at the mouth of Old River, we bade adieu to him and his thinned ranks, on the 21st, as they steamed down the river for Memphis. From this point we marched for Morganza, where, on the 28th, the 96th Ohio embarked on the steamer Universe for Baton Rouge.

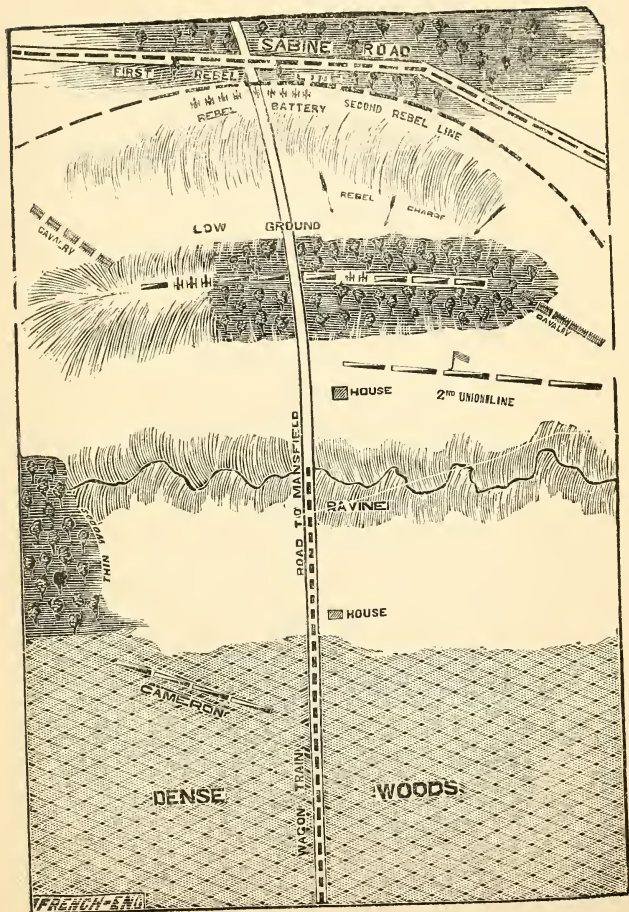
A fruitless campaign, filled with toil and privations willingly borne, with battle-perils willingly faced, with appalling defeats and empty victories, was ended. Purposeless, it was attempted to carry out illy-formed plans by men whose incompetency and jealousies were a by-word among the rank and file. Odium will ever attach to Banks' Red River campaign.

Our stay at this point was rendered especially agreeable by the presence of Major Bridger. Such cordiality in the reception of an officer of his rank, with his "biled shirt," fresh, neat clothing, glittering shoulder-straps, thin, white hands and unbronzed face, would have been remarkable had he not been a—Paymaster!

Here we were, for a little time, "freed from war's alarms," the duties being very light. Our lines were, however, continually besieged by citizens desiring to go through on the presentation of passes, not a few of which were detected as forgeries. It was astonishing how many loyal, intensely loyal, persons there were congregated here, if reliance were placed on their protestations at the picket-line. They manifested towering indignation if any one interfered with their individual freedom at their own homes and on their own soil—the soil of their beloved *State*.

But woman, woman! like men, you are everywhere the same. The belles of Baton Rouge tried the force of their charms in the securing of favors denied to their sterner fathers and brothers; and our officers, what could they do but yield?—and yielded. However, it should be remembered that, while this dalliance with shoulder-straps was progressing, "the boys" also took care to have a good, an unexceptionably good time.

SABINE CROSS-ROADS, LA.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

On July 20th, "the ties that bind" were broken by our departure on the steamer Starlight, arriving the next day at Algiers, where we luxuriated on "German nectar," otherwise known as lager beer, at the expense of Maj. Leonard, in honor of his promotion to that rank. Meanwhile, there was evidence of preparation for another expedition, somewhere, as we exchanged our old muskets for new Springfield rifles, and on the 31st embarked for Mobile Bay.

THIRD YEAR.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTURE OF FORTS MORGAN AND GAINES.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-four found both Federals and Confederates impressed with the feeling that the end was fast approaching. The hardy soldiers of the latter occupied well-selected positions, strengthened by all that art could do, while the army of the Union, nothing daunted, offered stern battle all along the lines. Grant, moving through that gloomy wilderness of battle and blood on the rebel capitol; Sherman, plowing his way to Atlanta, and from there merry-making to the sea; it proved to be our province to close in on the extreme left of the enemy along the Gulf of Mexico.

Having already passed through almost every possible variety of experience, from our first campaigning in winter, to loitering under scorching suns where winter is unknown; having camped, marched and fought on highlands and lowlands, dry lands and swamps; having drunk the bitter water of defeat and the nectar of victory, continually facing danger and death, we recked little of change, as it could bring nothing to us, either new or novel, to be feared or shunned. Our once proud regiment of one thousand men was now reduced to a mere handful, in which each knew the other's heart and its metal, just as each knew and relied on the touch of his comrade's elbow.

With holiday lightness of heart, on August 1st, the Thirteenth Corps, in command of Gen. Granger, embarked for we knew not what or where—the right wing of the 96th on the steamer *James Battle*, and the left on the *Tamaulipas*. With banners given to the breeze and the flower-scented air made resonant with martial

airs, the brilliant pageant glided down the stream. For some reason parting company, the James Battle passed through Lake Pontchartrain, while the Tamaulipas followed the river into the Gulf of Mexico—the two meeting again on the 3d in Mississippi Sound and in sight of our field of operations.

The nature of the duty to be performed was such that a co-operation of land and naval forces had been arranged, the former in command of Gen. E. R. S. Canby, the latter under the direction of the immortal Farragut.

The locality is, geographically, both peculiar and beautiful. To us it was then especially interesting, because on its peculiarities depended both its value to the enemy and the nature of the defense they would be enabled to make against attack. Now, a general sketch is necessary to an understanding of the events to be described. As we lay looking toward the east, far away to our left and north extends Mobile Bay. At its upper extremity nature, as well as art, has afforded ample facilities for gathering together the products of a vast domain of fertile country. For these Mobile city must be the centre of commerce, and this beautiful bay the highway to the sea. During the entire progress of the rebellion, blockade runners, with little additional peril, had supplanted peaceful trade, bearing away the most valuable of cargoes and returning laden with everything needed by the rebels to prosecute the war. This was to us a valuable and to them a vital point. They had endeavored to convert it into an invulnerable stronghold by every possible device of art. Their means for so doing were greatly facilitated by the peculiar formation of the outlet into the Gulf. On the western shore Cedar Point stretches far out into the water separating Mobile Bay from that part of the Gulf called Mississippi Sound, while two small islands so nearly block the way between it and Little Dauphine Island, lying a little to the southeast of the western shore of Mobile Bay, that there are only two passages between them, both of which are very narrow, uncertain and perilous. Thus is formed a chain of islands sweeping from Cedar Point into the Gulf, but partially across and narrowing the mouth of the bay, and affording a site for the location of a chain of sand batteries that, bristling with shotted guns, effectually

guard the passage-ways against any Union vessel. To give additional strength to this position, on the northwestern end of Little Dauphine Island was located Fort Powell, so that either to go through these perilous passes or approach the shore was simply to run a gauntlet of shotted cannon. Great Dauphine Island stretches far east and west, its northeastern angle being separated from Little Dauphine by a mere rivulet of ocean, and, passing beyond its eastern extremity, produces still further narrowing effects. From the eastern shore, extending almost due west and nearly parallel with Great Dauphine Island, lies Mobile Point, the western extremity of which reaches within three miles of the eastern end of the former island, thus narrowing to this distance the chief passage to the sea, to guard which was actually to guard Mobile Bay, and give the golden treasures of its commerce to the cause of treason. To effect this, on the eastern end of Great Dauphine Island frowns, in wicked grandeur, Fort Gaines, amply garrisoned and armed with eighty-nine cannon of heavy caliber, while directly opposite, on the western extremity of Mobile Point, rise the massive walls of Fort Morgan. This fortress had cost the United States government one and one-half million of dollars, and was supplied with one hundred and thirty-two pieces of artillery that treason now leveled at her; and, like both these forts, all the guns that formed this terrible cordon around the valued passage to the bay had been stolen from her by these precious flowers of chivalry. Distant from each other only three miles, the guns of these two forts swept every inch of the intervening sea, and at any instant were capable of covering it with a sheet of whirling, hissing lead and iron.

Nor was this all: At the eastern end of Great Dauphine Island, tapering off slowly under the sea, the water was comparatively shallow, a circumstance taken advantage of to drive a strong row of spiles, that were chained firmly together and strengthened by sunken barges and cribs laden with stone, to within less than two hundred feet of Fort Morgan. There, deep and unobstructed water afforded a narrow passage for friendly vessels immediately under the guns of the fortress and at the very muzzle of three full batteries that were planted in front of the fort and at the water's

edge. In addition to this grim array, the passage was thickly strewn with submerged torpedoes that, like sleeping demons, only needed the electric touch to wake them, and, waking, to spread quick ruin above them.

In peace and security our boats rocked in the gently swelling sea. From the bright, blue sky above us the sun poured a flood of light, and both the waters and the sand smiled back in glittering brightness. It was a lovely scene of unruffled beauty that covered a million volcanoes. In the distance hovered the fleet of Farragut, while our little command, at about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d, took the initiative by steaming down near to the western end of Great Dauphine Island. Unable to approach nearer than two hundred yards of the low beach, the gunboatmen carried us about half the distance in their yawls, from which, in two or three feet of water, we waded to the forbidden land. Not a living thing appeared, but instantly the 96th were deployed as skirmishers across the narrow strip of sand. For full four miles we found the western end simply a low, sandy plain, on which appeared scarcely a living thing, with the waters of the Gulf washing either shore. The eastern end, about six miles in length, was a little more elevated into sandy bluffs and ridges, which were sparsely covered with forest-trees and shrubs. This strange freak of the waters was from one-half mile to a mile in width, its eastern half being thickly set with narrow bayous that indented its wood and shrub-lined shores.

All seemed peace and security in this barren realm. The thick darkness of night gathered around us as we marched quietly along, our feet sinking deep into the light, yielding, snow-like sand. Having advanced about three and one-half miles, we neared the border of the wood, and, deeming it possible that

“——— *there might abound*
Foes far better missed than found,”

we halted, and all night rested on our arms, with no shelter but the darkness above and around us. Suddenly, even this was intensified, and

“*Darkness tenfold darker grew,*”

while lightnings flashed and thunders rolled, from right to left and

left to right, in fearful frolic close above us. The howling hurricane lashed the waters that rushed and raved along either shore. The very clouds seemed shivered reservoirs as the rain came pouring from them on our defenseless heads—fit prelude to the terrible drama that must soon begin. Our comrades having come to our support, at dawn of morning we moved forward. No enemy appeared to obstruct our way, but, within two hundred yards of where we had halted in the darkness, and just within the edge of the wood that had served the enemy as a cover, we found a line of empty rifle-pits that, on the evening previous, had bristled with loaded muskets. Our halt had saved us a bloody reception. We could almost *feel* the guidance and protecting care of Providence.

For some distance our advance was permitted without opposition, but in due time the music of the skirmish line began. The ground being to us unknown, we were prosecuting investigations that might at any moment yield frightful results. Our progress was, therefore, cautiously made. The skirmishers, protecting themselves as well as they might behind trees, bluffs and sand-ridges, watched, with the keen eyes of hunters, for any sign of a rebel behind any tree, shrub or sand-hillock before them. The signs were sufficiently numerous, and with quick crack and thrilling whiz the exchange of shots went on. The hard-pressed enemy fell slowly back, and our reserves followed closely in our rear. Each night joining us, they aided in strengthening our line of defense, for present security and to serve us in case of meeting overwhelming numbers and being compelled to retreat.

On the morning of the 5th the 96th again advanced as skirmishers, all day pressing the enemy from tree to tree toward their main position. On the 6th, our line of battle lay within one hundred yards of the enemy, and about half a mile from the west face of Fort Gaines. While we were thus busied at the front, our rear was the scene of the utmost activity, both by day and night.

Our lines being now well extended, and the artillery, that by very great exertion had been got on shore, having been placed in the most favorable position, all awaited in strange concern for—they knew not what. It was certain that some form of concerted

action was to take place between the land and naval forces against this position, deemed well-nigh impregnable. The suspense was painful, as it was clearly evident there would be many hazards in any effort that might be made, the results being matter of great uncertainty.

Our attention was fixed on the ships that, like huge birds of prey far at sea, hovered nearly opposite the passage in front of Fort Morgan. Much did we wonder as to their aim and purpose, and by what method they would undertake to join in the attack. Presently their activity became ominous. Monitors and men-of-war moved about in response to signals of command. But little time is thus spent when all movement ceases, the vessels being in line. The last preparation has been made. Even the decks are sprinkled with sand to soak up the blood yet unshed. It is a solemn moment, and those iron-hearted men are *bowed in prayer*.

Calling again before the mind both the pageant and the tragedy obliterates intervening years. Again standing by the musket and the cannon, all becomes not only fresh and clear, but *in the present hour*.

The fleet is again maneuvering before us, certainly prepared for duty, as, neat and trim and beautiful, each vessel takes its place in the glorious floating far-away pantomime.

Now a signal floats from a massive man-of-war, and instantly responsive signals are displayed on every vessel. In a grand maneuver the line facing us assumes the form of a column. Great Heaven! what can be their purpose? In stern, magnificent array they move toward us, a fleet of mammoth ocean vultures. They bear right on in stately pride as though Neptune and Mars were together celebrating their ancient birthday. Pickets, both friends and foes, forget their duty and lean upon their arms, to drink in the rare beauty of the scene. The solemn silence is only marred by the gay banners that float from every ship and the white sails glimmering through smoky columns and clouds that rise from glowing furnace-fires. Black and ominous, the monitors lead the column. The men-of-war Brooklyn and Octorora in their wake are closely followed by the massive flag-ship Hartford. In her decorations beautiful as a bride, she bears the immortal Farra-

gut lashed in the rigging far above her decks. Closely pressing in their rear the remainder of the fleet are joined in pairs. The men on the war-ships are partially protected by sailing vessels that, fitted for the purpose, are made fast on their starboard, so as to receive the fire of the fort. These floating walls of both battle and defense drop a little astern of the vessels to which they are made fast, so as to afford the forward guns of the latter open space in which to deliver their fire. In case either should be totally disabled, fired, or sunk in action, a possible chance of escape would remain by means of the other. Those who man the decks and stand to the guns that glare from the open port-holes in brazen silence, must have hearts of adamant and nerves of steel. Heaven's sunlight glimmers on the smiling waters through which they bear away into the frowning, perilous path. With roll of deafening thunder opens on them all the cannon of the defiant enemy. All our arms, both infantry and artillery, have flashed out their defiance at Fort Gaines; its defenders have made its walls a sheet of flame. The air about us is full of minie-balls, plunging shot, and the fragments of crashing shells. Unappalled, the strong-hearted marines press forward as to a gala carnival. Six vessels have passed the most dangerous point. The head of the sailing column, facing the iron hail, bears unfalteringly on. The narrow channel is lined with the rebel guns of Fort Morgan and the shore batteries at the water's edge. The guns of the latter look straight into the port-holes of the passing men-of-war. Before us is the waiting navy of the enemy, and below the way is thickly strewn with fearful torpedoes.

Farragut views with pride his gallant men pressing into this dreadful battle. From decks and ports each vessel, as she comes in range, pours volley on volley. These brave men seem to be both courting and saluting death. The *Tecumseh* has passed the middle of the channel below the fort. Pelted with showers of shot and shell, she defiantly returns the fire, when a torpedo, like a volcano, bursts beneath her and she is instantly riven into splinters. The gloomy monitor rises, rocks, and is quickly swallowed up by the heaving waters. Four men leap from her turret-ports into the water and swim ashore, while one hundred sink with her to a watery burial.

The path is clear for the Brooklyn, that, at the van of the column, breasts the unabating storm.

From the shrouds of the Hartford the grand old hero of the sea keeps eagle-watch and commands the desperate venture. At her mast-head floats the glorious stripes and stars, together with battle-signals for their defense.

A fleet of four powerful rebel men-of-war wait for any battered, crippled vessels that may escape the ordeal, to complete their destruction. Their reliance is on their monster ram Tennessee. Her thick walls of toughest oak are covered every where with six inches of bolted iron-plating. Her ponderous prow will crush a wooden hull as if it were but parchment. The Brooklyn and Octorora have passed the Hartford, that is yet under the fire of the enemy, and Farragut signals them to attack the rebel fleet and "run down the Tennessee." Instantly the struggle of leviathans begins. The war ships Monongahela, Lackawana and Brooklyn, all crash against her their ponderous but harmless prows. Defiantly, she endeavors to return the attack and smash in the sides of the wooden ships. If she obtains the position for which she maneuvers, they are doomed, despite their shots of steel. The three remaining monitors, Manhattan, Chickasaw and Winnebago, join in the attack and splinter her wooden ribs inside her iron plates. A chance shot crashes into an open port, wounds the commanding Admiral, disarranges her rudder-chains, and the crippled Tennessee seeks safety in flight, running upon the beach to save herself from sinking. Two boats run in wild haste through the gauntlet of fire, and find protection under the guns of Fort Morgan, while the Selma, overhauled in her attempt to escape up the bay, surrenders to the Metacomet.

With varied experience of loss and disaster, our fleet at length have passed the fort, a miracle of courage, peril and good fortune; the rebel fleet is captured or escaped, and the tragedy is ended. One of the grandest events in war's history is closed, and strange silence reigns as the gentle breeze bears away the smoke in clouds and wreaths, and the bright sunlight again gleams on the smiling waters.

Victory and fame are written all over the fleet of Farragut, that

now gently rocks in the placid waters of Mobile Bay, while night folds her sable mantle alike around the discomfited rebel forts and navy and the proud victors whose lights glimmer on both sand and sea.

On the morning of the 7th our efforts were resumed, a portion of the war vessels deploying on the shore of little Dauphine Island and attacking a line of defenses located there. Fort Powell also received their iron respects, and soon became uninhabitable. Its occupants, seeming to feel that it was not a good place to find the "last ditch," retreated to Cedar Point. Before they left they laid and lighted a fuse, that very soon after their departure exploded like an earthquake, and left the fort a mass of ruins.

SURRENDER OF FORT GAINES.

A portion of the fleet had also joined us in a determined attack on Fort Gaines, into which shot and shell fall fast and thick, all the hours of the day and night being made hideous by their shriek and thunder. The dawn of morning brought no hope to the beleaguered garrison, who reluctantly gave signal of surrender. The terms on their part were arranged by Col. Anderson, in command, who for that purpose visited the flag-ship under a flag of truce. The capture of the fort was, by some legerdemain, deemed a naval victory, and to the naval officers the formal surrender was made. The infantry were moved closely to the fort and formed in line—bronzed veterans with their battle-scared banners. The pride of a soldier's heart reaches its acme when victory touches palms with defeat. The garrison consisted mainly of the New-Orleans Cadets, proud-spirited scions of the first families of that proud city—

"Aristograts und game."

They had comported themselves most gallantly, and, marching out before us with soldierly precision, formed and dressed their lines as if on parade. Silently and sadly, at the command, they laid on the ground the arms they had so defiantly wielded. There they stood, brave men but defenseless prisoners, having surrendered to their "mud-sill" conquerors. The officers in gray surren-

dered their swords to naval officers in "blue and gold," and Fort Gaines stood silent and tenantless in the cause of treason, from her blackened battlements floating the glorious stripes and stars.

CAPTURE OF FORT MORGAN.

Desperate earnestness gave us but a single night of rest. On the following morning we embarked for Mobile Point, landing on its north shore at Navy Cove, situated about three miles east and back of Fort Morgan. Gen. Granger having requested Col. Greer to deploy his best regiment, the 96th received the marked compliment. Col. Brown was the first to leap on shore, and commanded his regiment to follow and deploy. It was quick work, in the midst of which Weaver, of company C, with much forethought, seized an ax and cut the telegraph wires running to Mobile. This point was but a billow of sand deposited by the waves, across which our line extended three-fourths of a mile from sea to sea. Our orders were to move forward in silence until we drew fire from the fort, and, supported by the 94th Illinois and 67th Indiana, we advanced, in a sort of bewildered expectancy, to within one thousand yards of the frowning pile, when they saluted us with two or three harmless, shotted-guns. Infantry skirmishers now treated us to their familiar music, and, with an instinct born of experience, we proceeded with a great degree of earnestness to form our protection, which was done by digging each his "gopher-hole" with his tin plate. Piling the beautiful white sand before us, we were all soon out of sight. Night coming on, the 94th Illinois relieved us, and before morning extended our "gopher-holes" into a line of breastworks, behind which we felt quite secure, and from which we afterward slowly advanced by what is termed regular approaches; that is, advancing our skirmish line as far as possible each night—forming such protection as we could—and strengthening it during the day. By repeating this measure we had pushed back their infantry, and finally established our works within one hundred yards of the fortress.

Gradually arousing from the effects of the events of the 8th, the troops in the fort began to fire upon us with their stolen United States' guns. This continued to increase until the 21st, when

they rained shot and shell in unceasing showers, inflicting sad havoc on our men. To this the land forces paid little attention, being engaged in preparation for events soon to follow, the gunboats only complimenting them with a few shells in the afternoon, as if for recreation. The infantry had constructed substantial lines of sand-breastworks, while for the artillery protection was formed by sacks filled with the same material, one piled on the other, behind which the guns were hidden, the mortars being set in holes dug in the ground in such way as to be invisible to the enemy. It was a fortress deemed impregnable that we were to attack, and nothing that skill could suggest or courage dare was omitted. The Captain of the 17th Ohio Battery, deeming that a certain sally-port was a vulnerable point, worked unceasingly until he got his well-protected pieces planted within one hundred yards, on which, when the time came, he made his mark as deep and strong as could be done by powder and iron.

The occupants of the fort must have noted the approach of their day of doom, and, had they experienced proper contrition for their sins, in imagination, at least, would have

“ Felt the halter draw; ”

but, instead, they intensified the fire of the 21st, and all night long poured forth an unceasing storm of missiles that seemed to hunt for us in every nook and corner. But when the morning dawned our gunboats were in position, and, at the signal, opened from both land and sea a cordon of artillery and mortars that all day and until midnight poured into their midst an avalanche of shot and shell. It was a circle of cruel energy pouring fierce destruction into the midst of a devoted and gallant few. How any could live seems almost a miracle, and to stay there, defying certain doom by replying with their guns, required courage that may well be pronounced sublime. But, at last, it became to them clearly both hopeless and useless. Their dead and wounded lay thickly around, and still the flashes gleamed from port and embrasure, followed by the dreadful death-messengers. Flesh and blood could not face the ordeal, and the lantern-signal of surrender was displayed above the fortress.

Along our lines swiftly flew the joyful command, "cease firing," and instantly arose loud shouts and cheers, which, with the battle-thunders gradually dying away in the distance, soon left all silent and dark, save the signal light that both pained the enemy and pleased ourselves.

Strangely enough, no one appeared with a flag of truce to arrange terms of capitulation. It was quickly apparent that the rebels in the fort, who had been sufficiently faithless to desert their government and fight her from her own fort with her own guns, were also sufficiently insolent to defy the usages of civilized warfare by this omission. A little attention also discovered the fact that they were, during the cessation of battle thus obtained, straining every nerve to repair damages and prepare for further defense. This unsoldierly ruse keenly stung the proud souls of the Northmen, who, when conquered, knew how to submit, and, conquering, knew as well how to enforce submission. The command to open fire was responded to, both by the vindictiveness of powder and purpose, and into their midst poured such a cascade of shot and shell that every inch of the wall must have seemed a Niagara, and all the inclosed earth a whirlpool of destruction. The citadel in the centre, a stronghold built as a last resort of defense in case an enemy should gain access to the inside of the fort, was already in flames and the magazines in peril of explosion. Should the latter occur, it would scarcely leave one stone upon another. Defense was both madness and murder. For this they probably had little concern, but their suicidal act soon became so much of a *personal matter*, that in about twenty minutes they again run up the signal of surrender, and waved it lustily, in token of an earnest and anxious desire to surrender in good faith.

Having learned something not only of the courage but the pride of those with whom they had to deal, there was now no delay in the appearance of an officer under a flag of truce, who sought the commander of the land forces, with whom terms of capitulation were at once arranged.

Gen. Page proved to be the commander of the fort, and, dressed in a linen coat and palm-leaf hat, without any insignia of his presumed rank, presented himself in that capacity. Being with-

out his sword he could surrender none, an exhibition of unsoldierly insolence that should have cost him dear, but was resented only by a blank refusal to recognize him as an officer, or to receive from him the surrender of the fort, until his sword was produced and by him presented to the victor, in the usual military form. While this parley was progressing, his sword was exhumed from its burial place in the sand and handed him. His task-masters were cruel to demand such humiliation from a haughty Southron, but they were inexorable, and he could do nothing but take it by the blade and present the hilt to his captor.

The 96th Ohio, being ordered to garrison the fort, a part of them were marched into it and proceeded to extinguish the fires and repair other damages essential to the safety of all. when it was found that, *after the surrender* and under protection of a flag of truce, the rebels had further soiled the honor dear to every true soldier, by emptying their magazines of over fifty tons of powder into the cisterns, and spiking all the cannon

Thus was completed the opening of the entrance into Mobile Bay, an event that will live in history as long as men shall prize heroic daring.

Our little regiment was destined to short enjoyment of garrison duty, not having yet settled down in camp, when they were relieved by some one whose commander sought more ardently than ours for ease and safety. On the following day we embarked for the cape that on the southwestern shore of the bay projects into the gulf, known as Cedar or Musquito Point. Effecting a landing, we immediately advanced, each man carrying a spade for the purpose of intrenching. The rebel troops fell back without accepting battle. Pursuing them for about three miles, we perceived that they were extremely fleet of foot. Returning, we went into camp near the point, finding, as the result of our adventure, one old abandoned cannon. This place presented several items of interest that will be well remembered by those who were there. It was very narrow, the shore-end for a mile or more being formed of shells, while along the borders innumerable coves enabled us to indulge freely in luscious oysters. The extreme point was very low, but became somewhat higher as it reached the main land, the edges

being fringed with swamp-grass, while a swamp run through it nearly to the sea. In consequence of these circumstances, we could obtain neither vegetables nor fresh water; the latter from the swamp and the shallow wells we dug in the sand being so intensely brackish as to be nearly useless. Besides this, the locality furnished, as one of its indigenous products, a countless horde of the largest, most perfectly-formed and improved style of mosquitoes, known as gallinippers, and one of the greatest scourges of fallen man. The perfection of their outfit for business, and the energy with which they operated, were matters of much concern and fierce discussion, in which were freely quoted "choice passages from most profane history." We soon fancied that we must have whipped the blood all out of the rebels who had escaped to this point and fled before us, as the boarders they left were so terribly fierce and hungry. We did not, after all our toil and exposure, feel that we had much blood to spare. Everywhere mosquitoes filled the air like swarming bees, and vigorously prosecuted the war where the rebels had left it. For every one filled and satisfied, a hundred followed him to dine, and for every one killed a million came defiantly singing the rebel song of "Dixie." Mosquito bars and smoke of camp-fires were only slight protection. Ordinary clothing was readily pierced by them. Nothing but a coat of mail could be gallinipper-proof. The men on picket had not that to wear, and all night and day, with fixed bayonets, stood involuntarily slapping, in quick succession, every part of their bodies, accompanied by profane quotations in a style of elocution entirely faultless. Maledictions rest thick and heavy on this one of the frayed edges of an apparently unfinished creation. Bayonets being less repulsive, we were delighted with orders to embark on the N. W. Thomas, after a stay of five stinging days. Proceeding to Fort Morgan for orders, we found our destination was New-Orleans, and an hour from our arrival found us on our way.

The 96th Ohio and 23d Wisconsin, with a part of the 17th Ohio Battery, were on board this precious old steamer. Fortunately there were no horses, as this entire campaign had been made without them, either for officers or artillery—a circumstance

that proved now to be of no small or mean importance. This worthless old craft had been continually used in the river-service for fourteen years. Her timbers and plank were rotten, every part being crashed, jammed and weather-beaten; her machinery all loose and rickety. Having been constructed for smooth river navigation, she was broad and nearly flat on the bottom. This old hulk was sure, at best, to upset or go to pieces, or go to pieces without upsetting, if she were exposed to the least stress of weather. To make the circumstances more horribly complete, she was entirely without ballast, there being nothing in the hold. Not only the men, with their arms, rations and all their camp equipments, were on the decks, but the guns of the battery were there also. All the weight was on top. Her old boilers had not, as all salt-water steamer boilers have, an appliance for removing the salt that necessarily condenses in them from the ocean-water used. By dint of careful managing and piloting she had succeeded in reaching this place from New-Orleans, by coasting close along the north shores of Lake Pontchartrain and Mississippi Sound—a success few men would have scarcely expected. Such was the boat, while both captain and pilot were accustomed only to the river, and knew nothing whatever of the waters they were in. They afterward proved to be easily frightened and possessed of a remarkable ability for doing the wrong thing.

Our engineer, on whom everything depended, had formerly served in the same capacity in the rebel navy. He had probably obtained this position on pretense that he had experienced a change of heart—for greenbacks—"and the good that he could do."

The whole outfit was a "comedy of errors" that had in it all the elements of a tragedy. The use of this craft for this purpose was evidently a blunder. The troops had no choice but to submit to the frightful chances.

Running across the narrow channel through which Farragut had passed, we landed at Fort Gaines, from which we in the morning put to sea, bearing away to the east of Dauphine Islands for Grant's Pass. In attempting to sail through this shallow water we, as a matter of course, run aground and lay powerless, waiting for the tide to come in and lift us out of the sand. The soldiers hid

their vexation and whiled away the time by diving after oysters and spearing fish with their bayonets. About ten in the morning, as we had hoped, the incoming tide raised our rickety old concern, and we succeeded in reaching Mississippi Sound. Our only means of safety now consisted in bearing to the northwest and coasting along the north shore, and thence by way of Lake Pontchartrain to New-Orleans, as any sane man would have done; but through either weakness or wickedness, our pilot directed the vessel to the southwest, and soon found himself entangled among the islands, reefs and shoals that form a kind of dividing line between Mississippi Sound and the Gulf, and in regard to which not an officer on board had the least knowledge. It was night, and, entangled in Chandeleur Shoals, *we were lost*, wandering through narrow passages without a chart or even the cool judgment of the officers of the boat to guide it or give us the least assurance. The pilot, in his terror, seemed to have been unable to steer by his compass, as he sailed three times around the lighthouse. Peril was a familiar acquaintance to the men on board, if it were a peril against which they could battle, but here they were powerless. Dangers environed them at every point; the still water below waiting for its victims. The leadsmen unceasingly reported to the pilot the wide varying depths of water, until at last he sang out, "two-and-a-half," and in an instant we struck and were hard aground. Nothing was left but to cast anchor and bide the care of Providence—lost by night in a net-work of shoals and in the common pathway of sudden storms, the least touch of which would seal our doom. It was an occasion for last good-bys, but was improved by the men in selecting each his plank or board, or any thing that could serve him in extremity, and lying upon it, waiting for the expected struggle for life.

"He that tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," tempered it also to us. All night the water, like a mirror, lay beneath us, and all the following perilous day, not a ripple interfered with the progress of our crazy boat, that even then rocked terribly from the most cautious movement of the living freight that crowded every nook and corner above the empty hold.

In the morning the tide again lifted us quietly from the hard

reef, and, by steaming to the north for the mouth of Lake Pontchartrain, further exposure to peril might have been measurably avoided. But the stupidity that associates with ignorance and fright led the officers of the boat to steer southwest across the Gulf for the mouth of the Mississippi River. It was a wild venture, in which we nearly all day, in this crazy cockle-shell that would not bear a puff of wind, were out of sight of land. In many a soul lingered the spirit of thankfulness to Him who had held and many a prayerful hope that He would continue to hold us, in the hollow of His hand. Day wore into night, and pall-like darkness gathered around us. Steaming on, our pilot, in profound stupidity, passed the most eastern mouth of the river, thus prolonging our exposure; but about midnight, steering into the second mouth, a feeling of security came over all. We were not now lost; we were not now in open sea at the mercy of the least wind and wave. For forty-eight hours, with all our powers strained to their utmost tension, none had rested or slept. Now, feeling quite secure, there came to our relief that—

“Sweet restorer, balmly sleep.”

Scattered here and there the bronzed veterans of many battles lay undisturbed by the dull surging of the old boat as she moved on. Even the guards, seeing no enemy, stood listlessly at their posts; but an officer of the 23d Wisconsin, who was then serving as officer of the guard, deeming it the duty of a soldier to do his duty here just as well as if he were muzzle to muzzle with the enemy, did not omit any scrutiny. About two o'clock he went below and discovered that the boilers were red-hot and the stokers piling into the furnaces dry boards, pine knots, pitch, and every available kind of highly inflammable material. In an instant, perceiving the frightful danger, he threw open the furnace doors, and rushing into the engine room found the safety-valve tied firmly down. Cutting this loose, it flew open as a cannon discharges its shot, and the steam poured out in a hot, hissing volume. Impetuously hurrying to the engineer, he found him calmly smoking his pipe, and in no gentle mood inquiring of him what this condition of things meant, received the cool reply: *“It means that within*

five minutes I had intended to blow up this boat and send you all to hell!"

This vindictive fiend was instantly placed in arrest, and under guard was delivered to the authorities. For prudential reasons this whole fearful plot and the near fulfillment of the murderous design was kept so quiet that probably many who were on board will here for the first time learn the facts. Presuming that he escaped the punishment so richly merited, it is sufficient to add that had the truth been known by the men who in security slept, relying upon his honor, "the place that then knew him would suddenly have known him no more forever."

Without further incident to swell the list of perils, we arrived at New-Orleans, going on shore long enough for cleaning the sediment from the boilers. This revealed their true condition to the crew, who instantly deserted when they saw that they were more than half full of salt. A new crew of men ignorant of the facts being quickly obtained, the same troops again submitted their lives to the turning of a die by embarking under the same blundering officers, on the same rickety boat, arriving on the 8th at Morganza Bend, on the Mississippi, near the mouth of Red River. This proved to be rather a pleasant and healthy camping-ground and our base of supplies and operations for some time to come.

On the 13th, an expedition composed of the 96th and 83d Ohio, 130th Illinois, two companies of the 24th Indiana, and a detachment of the 1st Texas and 2d Louisiana Cavalry, under command of Col. Moore, moved by steamer forty miles up the river in search of rebels, in which the cavalry, by dint of much exertion, found what they believed to be *their tracks*, returning with this information on the 14th.

On the 18th, an expedition consisting of the 96th Ohio, 130th Illinois and 67th Indiana, with two pieces of artillery, in light marching order, left camp under command of Col. Brown, of the 96th. Moving across the country to the west, we arrived on the morning of the 19th at a point near what is known as Morganza Ferry, on the Atchafalaya River. This mysterious stream rises by one of its branches in Red River, but in high stages of the Mississippi bears part of the waters of the latter into the Gulf.

When the Mississippi is low, the Atchafalaya, with turned current, empties its own waters into Red River, and thence by the Mississippi finds its outlet to the sea.

The main body of troops lying at Morganza, we were to do outpost duty about fifteen miles distant to the west, at one of the only two points at which it was for a long distance possible to ford the sluggish Atchafalaya. This point was also rendered important from the fact that through the low and marshy land a road had been built close along the river from Simsport, that at a little distance from the stream turned at a right angle and run to Morganza Bend. At this angle the 96th Ohio was encamped. An outpost was established at Simsport, its duty being, like our own, to prevent any rebels from crossing the ford, and thus keep the roads leading to our main camp and all the intervening country clear of the enemy.

On each side of the river, which varied in width from two to three hundred yards, a substantial levee retained the waters in the channel and afforded us ready-made breastworks, and the same for four or five thousand "Johnnies" on the other side. Along this levee the pickets of both armies were posted, being everywhere in the most inviting range across the river.

On our first arrival sharp skirmishing occurred, but this gradually died away, as usual when soldiers are left to their own discretion and can see nothing to be gained by its continuance. Within a few days quite a degree of friendliness had arisen between us, and many a sprightly conversation, with pertinent inquiries and pithy replies, took place across the silent, sluggish waters. The friendly conversation being ended, the parties, after due warning to each other, would exchange shots, and by every ruse and device endeavor to gain an advantage that would result effectively. It was really thrilling to listen to these conversations, ending with, "I'm going to shoot, hunt your hole, Yank!" and in reply, "Johnnie, look out, or your hide won't hold water a minute," and then the whiz, whiz, of the minie-bullet! Just as the day glides into evening, for some unknown reason, the firing of pickets is most intense. If it be suppressed during the day, it is almost sure then to occur; at least, so it was along our levee.

It was an inviting place for practice, and many of the pickets on both sides, would select a position, arrange protection, and by every possible means seek to show their ability as marksmen by "fetching their man." There were a few who, either because of their better position or protection, better marksmanship, or possessing better arms, made themselves especially noted, among whom was one Johnnie who fired, day after day, with great rapidity and precision, from behind a tree so bent as to afford good rest and cover, and close by the levee. The Yankee soldiers whom he had saluted with his leaden card were chary about exposing any part of their person within range of his rifle. If an old hat were raised into view, his bullet was expected to go through or uncomfortably close to it.

One bright, calm evening, about a half-hour before sunset, the rifle music resounded all along the levee, and scarcely a trace of a Yank or Johnnie could be seen from either shore. A puff of smoke and the whiz of a bullet soon notified the inquirer if he afforded the least showing. It chanced that Col. Brown was, at this time, passing along his line, and the men who had been, day by day, peppering away at the rebel marksman, called his attention to the fact that he was frightfully accurate, sure to be ready if any part of a man were visible, and that somehow their bullets failed to find him! They had been fired at, and had fired in return, until it had become monotonous. The Colonel listened with the stolid coolness that characterized him when at the head of his regiment in battle. He was a man of few words and little demonstration. To him dress parade was no more than the most appalling danger, save that his earnestness in battle shone through his clear eyes in bright glimmer-like stars. Taking the soldier's rifle, the Colonel stepped promptly on the levee, and stood calm as a statue in full open view. It seemed an act of madness, but the gallant Johnnie understood it as it was intended, and accepted it as a personal challenge by stepping promptly from behind his cover and upon the open levee. Both quickly raised their rifles and fired, the ball of Johnnie making an alarmingly close call for Col. Brown, who coolly handed down his gun to be loaded, while his adversary, with all speed, loaded his. He evi-

dently was as expert in loading as in firing, for he obtained for the second time the first fire, after taking the most deliberate aim at the living statue. The bullet had just passed when the Colonel took aim, Johnnie keeping his position, busily loading his piece. Neither produced any effect. It was steel to steel, brave men looking straight and calm into the face of death. Intense interest in the drama stopped firing along the line, awe silencing the lips of all. Johnnie, for the third time, gained the first fire, when Col. Brown leveled, aimed and fired at his adversary, who was again loading. The bullet hissed across the river, and without any sign whatever the gallant soldier stepped back under his cover, and the strangely dramatic duel was ended. If it be true that a man has higher regard for another after he has fought with him, Col. Brown no doubt felt a touch of sorrow on learning that Johnnie's rifle was never more heard, and the station at the bent tree thereafter was vacant.

Our stay at this point was brief. Being relieved by other troops, on the 28th, the regiment started back to Morganza Bend. The position of our camp was such that the infantry, on a road cut through the woods, marched away unobserved, but the train, consisting of a dozen wagons, was compelled to follow the road that lay beside the river for nearly two miles. This was an occasion not to be omitted, and, just as we had got into the road, the Johnnies opened on us with a volley of musketry. It was astonishing how, on the instant, every teamster's saddle was emptied. It is equally strange as true, that mule-driving, like conscience, powerfully tends to "make cowards of us all," which accounts for the promptness of their action. A soldier without arms always feels insecure, and is ever ready to seek safety in the next available method after fighting is impossible. Thus unarmed, and continually vexed, perplexed and demoralized by the chronic perverseness of their teams, the drivers could not be expected to be relied upon in the hour of danger. The results usually were in accordance with these facts, of which hasty dismounting was the first step. A stampede could scarcely have failed, had not Commissary-Sergeant Bunker, under whose charge they were moving, shown the greatest coolness and power of command. Calmly

riding along the line, an inviting mark to which the Johnnies paid continuous attention, he advised, directed and ordered, in such a kind but earnest manner, that, reassured, both by his precept and example, some of the drivers took to their saddles under fire, while others walked, but *all* hung to their lines, and, without immoderate haste, drove safely out of reach of the disappointed marksmen.

Our return to the camp of the Thirteenth Corps at Morganza Bend was almost immediately followed by orders to prepare to move to an unknown destination. The preparations being pushed forward with all possible despatch, the 1st of November found all in readiness, with a fleet of boats lying at the wharf awaiting us. The rest and pastime we had here enjoyed, with an abundance of a soldier's luxuries, were to be now abandoned, and, as if this were not enough to bear, a fierce storm of wind and rain added a world of discomforts to our petty sorrows. At the command, "forward," we marched to our various boats, where the climax was added to our calamities; there lay, in all her frightful rottonness, the same old rickety boat, N. W. Thomas, on which we had periled our lives every inch of the way in the trip from Fort Morgan to this point; and still commanded by the same hysterical, useless caricature of a captain. To his tender mercies the 96th Ohio was again assigned. There was not a plank, or timber, joint of wood or iron, that we had not tested and found wanting. Such treatment seemed to be without cause or provocation, and in cold blood offering a challenge to grim death; but, reluctantly and with much murmuring, of a kind more earnest and emphatic than polite or pious, we obeyed orders by marching on board. Discipline only will cause a body of armed men to stake their lives on loaded dice while they are to be silent and powerless spectators to the game.

The situation once accepted, the possible issues were soon forgotten, as the fleet of boats, with banners and music, took their way up the Mississippi, presenting to view

*"A scene of beauty
That must be a joy forever."*

The philosophy that, at last, in spite of all our natural desires to

take care for the morrow, gets possession of a soldier's soul is, that it is idle to bother about that which cannot be avoided, and which may turn out right after all. So we put aside our cares, and resorted to every available form of amusement. The trip was long and rendered especially tedious by the rain that steadily continued, blotting out the sense of cheer that we might otherwise have obtained from the passing panorama of the shores. One dismal day we crowded the interior of the old boat, playing chess and euchre, mingled with story and song, when we were thrilled by a heavy, dull, grating sound. The deck lifted to a sharp angle; every joint of the old hulk of a boat yawned, and its timbers creaked with some such a sound as a volley of musketry. It would be difficult to conceive of a more rapid and effectual upsetting of things in general—spoiled games of chess and euchre, and boat furniture scattered promiscuously around—as everybody rushed out to inquire the cause of the difficulty, and find, if possible, some mode of escape. The only trouble was, the old boat had *run upon a floating tree*, so as to lift her bow far out of the water. There we hung for a few moments, not knowing what next might turn up, when, like a huge mud-turtle, she careened to one side, rocked a little, and slid back off of the log, just as if she were used to it and her loose joints were intended to enable her to climb up and slide off trees as a part of her business. With one wheel smashed, the old craft struggling up the stream, the amusements in the cabin were promptly resumed.

On the 8th the monotony was broken in upon by election-day, in which the 96th gave for President Lincoln 244, and McClellan 20 votes. On the same day we also arrived at the mouth of White River, which proved to be our place of winter quarters.

The following general order requires no comment :

HEADQUARTERS 4TH DIVISION, }
 13TH ARMY CORPS, }
 ALEXANDRIA, LA, April 17, 1864. }

SOLDIERS OF THE 4TH DIVISION: Appreciating the fortitude and gallantry exhibited by the officers and soldiers of this command, during this, as well as other, arduous campaigns, the Com-

mandant of the Division thinks proper to express to you his admiration of your conduct in every emergency and upon every occasion. Your marches have been unexampled in the history of the war; you have endured privations and hardships without a murmur; your conduct upon the march has been soldier-like and gentlemanly; your gallantry upon the field has been worthy of the heroes of Vicksburg and the Armies of the Great West. I thank you, in the name of our common country, for the heroism you have displayed, and, although we mourn the loss of many brave comrades, you have the consolation of knowing that you all performed your duty. Let the bloody ground of Mansfield speak of your valor, and the loss of the enemy testify of the severity of the conflict.

Your late Commander—the gallant Ransom—thus speaks of you: “I have the same confidence in the 4th Division that I had before the unfortunate battle of the 8th. They all did nobly; and their list of killed and wounded bears evidence to the obstinacy with which they resisted the overwhelming force of the enemy. With you I mourn the loss of many of our gallant comrades, and desire to express my acknowledgments to them all, as they are *all* entitled to commendation; and I have the satisfaction of knowing they performed their whole duty.” Let us continue to do our whole duty, until every hill-top and every plain of our country is bedecked with the victorious banners of the Union.

[Signed]

W. J. LANDRUM,

Col. 19th Ky., Commanding Division.

CHAPTER IX.

WHITE RIVER TO KENNERVILLE.

Our camp was located on a small tract of land lying between White and Arkansas Rivers, both of which empty into the Mississippi from the west. An artificial canal termed a cut-off, at some distance from and nearly parallel with the Mississippi, connects these two rivers and forms of the interspace a species of island. Our camp, situated on this tract near the junction of the Mississippi and White Rivers, was low ground, protected from their waters by levees, and hence was not highly susceptible of drainage. The rain, that had continued from the time of our embarkation, poured down as if the very heavens were opened, drenching every thread that covered us as we disembarked and established ourselves on the first available site. The mud soon became ankle-deep; the rain put out our fires, and in our poorly-erected pup-tents, wet, muddy and disgusted, we crowded closely together to rest, and, if possible, to sleep and dream of better times in store.

The fury of the storm being soon spent, we had opportunity to cast about us, and found near at hand the quarters of a regiment that had camped here before us, consisting of tolerably well-constructed wooden-huts, which we at once took possession of. No thrifty housewife ever set more diligently about house-cleaning and that general upheaving that for the time makes the best regulated home a chaos, than did our men in putting the newly-found village in order. Chimneys were built of sticks and mud, and by dint of foraging boards were supplied for floors; and here and there appeared a specimen of furniture, usually crippled, but still *furniture*.

Our duty amounted to nothing, being purely routine. Rations were plenty, the weather pleasant, and we were, for the time,

“O'er all the ills of life victorious.”

To this routine duty the most important variation was a consol-

idation of some of the regiments that had, by continual losses, been so reduced in numbers as to make this step necessary. This was far from a simple and painless proceeding. Each regiment had its own name and history. The men had grown familiar to each other, and a kind of sacred tie bound them together. Their own dead comrades were dear as life to those who had, by pressing closer together, closed up the ranks when they fell. To consolidate with another, one regiment must lose its name, and its history be rendered incomplete; comrades must mingle with strangers in another command, partly under other commanders, and possibly with those whose name and history they did not admire. But most painful of all was the parting with the colors under which they had marched and fought, and around which they had rallied in the crimson tide of carnage. Soiled, tattered and riddled with shot, its sacred fragments still bore portions of the names of battles on which their glory rested. Its surrender always cost heart-pangs and tears—tears from the eyes of hardy veterans that knew no fear. These combinations seldom failed to result in bitter animosities. But the necessity for consolidation existed. To consult the wishes of different regiments as to their choice was no doubt impracticable, and the miss-matings that resulted were in no wise conducive to either comfort or effectiveness. Among the many others, the 96th Ohio was reduced to such numbers that in justice it could be no longer continued as a regiment, and was, very happily, made an exception to the general rule, and saved this painful ordeal. The consolidations were effected under orders from Maj. Gen. J. J. Reynolds, in command of the Department of the Gulf. No more elegant compliment could be bestowed on any command than that received from this officer, who sent for Col. Brown and said to him :

“Colonel, I have sent for you for the purpose of consulting you in regard to the consolidation of the regiments of this command. I have learned from your immediate commander, Gen. McGinnis, and from other sources, that you have a fine body of men, well-behaved both in and out of camp, on the march and in battle. I know something of its history, and feel that it is due to you and your officers that your wishes be consulted. In consideration of

these facts, I desire that you choose from among the Ohio regiments present the one that it will be most agreeable for you and your men to associate with."

This unexpected proposition found the Colonel unprepared for an immediate answer. With the instincts of a brave campaigner he shrank from abandoning the individual history of his regiment and its mingling with strangers, and expressed a strong desire to preserve intact, in some way, its organization and its colors. At a subsequent interview, the General proposed the consolidation of the regiment into a battalion as a means of effecting this object. "It has but one disadvantage," said he, "and that is, it will be a perpetual barrier to your promotion to the full rank of Colonel." The choice was then fairly in the hands of Lieut.-Col. Brown, who instantly answered: "General, I willingly forego the coveted promotion for the privilege of commanding to the end the men who have with me shared every hardship and dared every danger."

To no other regiment in the command was this favor accorded. Intensely gratified with this appreciation of their merits as soldiers and gentlemen, the 96th Ohio became a battalion of five companies. Companies A and F of the regiment formed Company A of the battalion; D, I and C formed Company B; B, E and K formed Company C; G and H formed Company D; Company E of the battalion being composed of seventy-five men, who were entirely acceptable to us. They were good and genial fellows, who had been recruited and brought to the front by Capt. E. B. Campbell, who was both a gentleman and a soldier, the evidence of the latter being apparent in his battle-scars. Thus time passed by until the 5th of February, 1865, when orders were received and preparations made for our participating in another campaign in the romancer's southern sunny clime. Those who were left behind cheered lustily as we glided into the stream, their cheers expressing both "farewell," "farewell," and "we are very, very happy that *we are not going!*"

Day and night gliding listlessly along, the only incident of this trip that relieved its monotony occurred opposite Port Hudson. It was February the 10th, damp and cold. Men huddled around the boilers and every available spot from which heat could be derived,

to dry their clothes and warm their bodies, chilled to the very marrow. Our experience in navigation had thoroughly impressed every one with its perils; still the luxury of heat was so inviting that men not only sat closely around the boilers, but many had actually found places over them, where, lying down, they dreamed of discomforts past, and reveled in imaginary warm rooms at home. This was too sweet to last, for some one, from pure mischievousness, had moved forward the weight on the safety-valve lever, so as to lessen the pressure on the valve, and when the steam had acquired sufficient intensity it threw open the valve and rushed out with a sound that would have awakened the dead, filling the space with hot vapor. Roused by the hideous noise and deluged by a suffocating cloud, there was suddenly exhibited remarkable feats of jumping, tumbling, sliding, and, in fact, every conceivable means of locomotion, accompanied by a volley of sulphurous inquiries as to what could be the matter in that place supposed to be "below."

The unmerciful chilling rain haunted us all the way, and pelted us as we disembarked on the 8th at Kennerville, twelve miles from New-Orleans. There we went into camp, for the purpose of waiting for Gulf steamers to bear us to the scenes of our future campaigning.

To be cold, wet and weary, conduces strongly to wickedness, and in no amiable mood we withdrew from the world and its cruel storms to the interior of our little tents. But the cold north wind slashed the rain about in ugly gusts until after midnight, when it suddenly intensified into a fury that heeded neither rank nor condition. With one swoop of the hurricane and what verily seemed the upsetting of all the clouds, every tent was torn loose, and everything in the camp completely afloat. The darkness was indescribably perfect and our destitution complete. Tents and blankets, floating in the gullies, flitted about like specters, and any effort to recover them involved only stumbling from a hillock into waters waist deep, from which the explorer would wade or crawl to another knoll, on which he would perch quite satisfied with active naval service. Thus was the regiment deployed at will, and a universal experience of similar results led quickly to a universal appreciation of the situation.

Feeling that to cry over "spilt milk" was useless, and having proven that their goods and effects were effectually "spilled," "the boys," despite the darkness, converted it into a marine holiday. Their familiarity with boat service placed them in possession of what was then a rich treasure, as one sang out, with the intonation peculiar to boatmen, "boats adrift;" and others far away on other knolls shouted back, "stop her, stop her!" Adding to the mockery, another hove the lead, singing out, "n-i-n-e a-n-a-ha'f—e-i-g-h-t feet"—"n-o b-o-t-'om,"—"t-w-o a-n-a-ha'f—t-w-o feet," amid orders to "stop her," "helm hard-a-port," "back her, back her;" while others, trying to feel their way to the levee, would splash into a gully and shout in the same drawl, "n-o b-o-t-'om." It had been the custom of the Commissary, on occasions of extreme urgency, to issue a small ration of whisky, and, perceiving the extreme fitness of things, finally arose the shout: "Bunker, time for whisky!"

Thus wore the night away, the morning finding us perched around promiscuously in such plight as can never be forgotten by those who that night studied navigation in their camp. This episode passing by in a few days, our camp became rather pleasant and our situation quite enjoyable. Rations were plenty and duty light, two conditions highly favorable both to comfort and recuperation.

Each day with its routine was much like every other, affording abundance of opportunity for writing letters to the dear ones far away at home.

A calamity not altogether new, but to us exceedingly painful, now occurred. Small-pox presented its ghastly visage among us, and when the boats arrived for us there were quite a number of our comrades suffering from the terrible disorder, no one knowing whether he were or were not affected, or were or not soon to yield to its pestilential touch.

Military necessity knows no law but prompt obedience, and, placing our sick comrades in "pup-tents," as well arranged as we could make them in elevated, open positions, and leaving rations and attendants in this lone spot, over which the death-angel spread his dark wings, on the 8th we waved them an adieu as we steamed

away down the Mississippi on the captured blockade runner Kate Dale. It may not be amiss to observe that these victims to a terrible disease, thus left to a most simple care, but with *an unrestricted* amount of fresh air, *all recovered*.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTURE OF SPANISH FORT AND FORT BLAKELA.

A very pleasant sail over nearly the same route on which we had suffered such terrible exposure on the old, rickety N. W. Thomas, with her shabby officers and assassin-souled engineer, brought us on the 18th to the very spot at which we had before embarked—the camp which we formed being near Fort Morgan, on the sandy, barren Mobile Point.

Here we were delayed a month, the time being occupied in completing the details of preparations for the capture of the fortresses that, at various points on Mobile bay, constituted the only remaining rebel strongholds on the Gulf of Mexico.

The troops collected here were inspected by Maj.-Gen. Osterhaus, the 96th Ohio enjoying the satisfaction of receiving the compliment expressed in the following "General Order" by the commander of the brigade:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE, 3D DIVISION, }
13TH ARMY CORPS, }
MOBILE POINT, ALA., March 8th, 1865. }

General Orders No. 6.

At the inspection of the troops of this brigade, made this day by Maj.-Gen. Osterhaus, the brigade commander noticed with pride and satisfaction the neat and soldierly appearance of the 96th Ohio Vols., Lt.-Col. Brown commanding, and the excellent condition of their arms, and he takes this opportunity of complimenting that regiment, and expressing the hope that the other regiments of the command will endeavor to emulate their example. * * *

By order of

COLONEL D. P. GREER,

H. P. AYRES, 1st. Lieut. 77th Ill. and A. A. A. G.

The command of the expedition was entrusted to that gallant and experienced officer, Maj.-Gen. E. R. S. Canby. The troops

that had formerly composed the Thirteenth Army Corps, were placed under the leadership of Gen. Granger. Our division was commanded by Gen. Barton; the brigade to which the 96th Ohio belonged, by Col. D. P. Greer, 77th Illinois.

The light snow-white sand, that with every breath of wind filled not only the air but our eyes and mouths; the inroads of the musquitoes that not only sung peans of joy, but seemed to feel that our presence rendered

"December as pleasant as May:"

and the anxiety arising from the prospect of an arduous campaign just before us; all conspired to render our final reveille at 4 o'clock, on the morning of the 14th of March, really enjoyable. Before the sun arose the troops were in motion, and the long train of wagons toiling slowly through the sand. Our road, for some distance, lay closely along the south shore of Mobile Point. Long columns of men, with all the accouterments of battle, marching in solemn silence, interspersed with cannon and caisson; the bright waters of the Gulf whispering along the beach; the soft sunlight of a cloudless sky alike reflected from the waters and the trappings of war—

*"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life.
One glance at their array."*

This beautiful vision proved exceedingly brief. A general change in the composition of Mother Earth soon became apparent. On the evening of the second day we encountered one of those southern swamps that, like paradise and purgatory, defy description. It seemed to consist of the most villainous elements, mingled with an unfathomable bed of quicksand, saturated with water, and overspread by a feeble imitation of *terra firma*. The passage of half a dozen wagons over the road knocked the bottom entirely out of it, and, in attempting to find passage, there was in a few minutes presented before us, to right, to left, a fleet of wagons sunk to the axles, and a multitude of mule-teams that neither coaxing, whipping nor profanity could induce even to try to draw a pound. Every movement sunk them still deeper into

the treacherous mixture in which they were mired almost to their ears. An army of soldiers soon gathered around this thoroughly halted land-fleet, and worked with willing hands until late in the night in unloading the wagons, exhuming the mules, and transporting all by force of human muscle to the other side of this fragment of the "slough of despond."

Finding a dry knoll we camped for the night, to find in the morning that we had just entered on a "sea of troubles," as the whole army spent the day in constructing a corduroy road, that hung between floating and sinking, and over which the train moved three short but wearisome miles, when, both exhausted and disgusted, we fairly went to roost for the night. It seemed as though the sun would never rise on this pandemonium. Why it should rise on such a place no man of us could conceive, for its light must be utterly wasted. Why the rebels were fighting for this *soil*, was an oft-propounded conundrum, only equaled by the inquiry what we wanted of it ourselves, as its morasses, apparently interminable in breadth and depth, were covered with pines that were only valuable in making it more pitilessly horrible. Another day was exhausted in bridging and wading, prying, whipping and pulling, accompanied by the most lofty feats of verbal gymnastics at things both general and special, singular and plural, from the universe to the atom.

In the evening we were made as happy as were our predecessors in sorrow, the children of Israel, when the Red Sea lay behind them, for, striking into comparatively dry land, we found a fair road that lay for miles through camps of turpentine trees. Our advance was made in a manner not set down in the tactics, the troops being deployed in single file along the road, marching on either side of the wagon-train. The turpentine trees were covered on their tapped surfaces with clear resin, and on their bodies the cruder gum. The accumulations of many years hung in knots and streaks and shreds to their very tops. We were not interested in the turpentine trade, either present or prospective, and these trees were *lighted* by men who rode along for that purpose. The highly combustible material would quickly become a shimmering cone of flame, and when thousands of these mammoth

torches illumined our pathway, sending their volumes of smoky clouds curling above us to the skies, the haughtiest of earth's kings and queens might have envied us a grander pageant than had ever shone on the proudest of them all. About "the witching hour" when "graveyards yawn," the trains moved from the road, and formed into a kind of park. The mules were unhitched and fed, and the men, after snatching a rude and hasty meal, laid down without tents to rest.

A cruel reveille, at 4 in the morning, aroused the command from the sleep rendered both deep and sweet from exhaustion, to find their very bones chilled by the damp, cold air, and the teamsters and artillerymen horrified to find every wheel sunk to the axle, and every horse and mule settled down into the sand half the length of their legs. To complete the bill of fare, the clouds seemed suddenly to upset and pour down such a flood as occurred in the experience of Noah. He was in an ark, but we were not. The treacherous sand quickly became a slush that seemed to slide from under our feet. Horses and mules were valueless, and, soaked to the skin, all hands set to work with a will. Long, strong ropes were hitched to wagons, artillery and caissons. Our common calamity broke down all distinctions, and long lines of men and officers—men in simple blue mingled with those that wore bars and stars—tugged and pulled all day to gain an open field of ground, three-fourths of a mile away. On the following day we succeeded in moving two miles, having built the roads, and on the 23d, by dint of the utmost toil, we gained twelve miles, encamping near Big Fish River.

At this point we were joined by the Sixteenth Corps, under Gen. A. J. Smith, they having been landed there by steamer. Soon reaching a country of wooden bluffs, we were received "in due form" by the enemy, who awaited our emergence from the horrors we had passed to "welcome us with bloody hands to hospitable graves." In one of these dashes of rebel cavalry from their cover, they succeeded in killing a few mules and capturing a number of the teamsters, among whom was Daniel McClairy, of Company C, 96th Ohio. He was a soldier as good and true as ever faced an enemy. Hurried away by his captors,

he was paroled at Vicksburg, and was one of the two thousand brave men who were so shamelessly put on board the miserable, worn-out steamer *Sultana*. More unpardonable wickedness the sun never shone upon than the herding of those noble veterans on that rotten vessel; a more wanton murder was never perpetrated than when, by the explosion of her boilers, they were hurled to their death. Among them all was not a truer soul and soldier than private Dan. McClairy.

SPANISH FORT.

Knowing that we were near the celebrated rebel stronghold, Spanish Fort, immediate disposition was made to advance upon it and carry it by storm. Early on the morning of the 27th the troops moved forward in column by company, the 96th Ohio being again deployed as skirmishers, and suffering severely. Reaching the edge of the wood, a gentle sloping plain, a full mile in width, lay before us, on the opposite side of which, on the shore of the bay, lay the huge semi-circular earth-work, embracing and protecting in its rear an excellent and to them exceedingly valuable harbor. Long lines of rifle-pits, on either flank, extended like wings along the shore, while the main works were a marvel of strength, being built of timbers and earth, from ten to fifteen feet high, through the embrasures in which peered a multitude of dark cannon muzzles. Viewed from this point it was plain that no precaution known to military art had been omitted that could tend to make it invulnerable. The forest-trees had all been removed and used in its construction, the stumps remaining as the only cover for those making an attack. The skirmishers, advancing quickly, found that every path and every stump on the side at which they could take cover, were thickly planted with torpedoes that exploded on the slightest touch. It was impossible to tell where they were, so perfectly were they hidden, but to touch them was to be instantly blown into bloody, quivering shreds of flesh and splinters of bone. Earth and air were alike so fearfully pregnant with peril, that the contemplated assault was deemed unadvisable and success by that means impossible. A halt being ordered, a heavy line of rifle-pits was hastily built at the edge of

the wood. This completely encircled the rebel fort, the Thirtieth Corps occupying it on the left, the Sixteenth on the right, the skirmishers in the meantime having slowly and cautiously advanced about half-way across the plain. This effort was severe, for the enemy took cover on the fort side of the stumps, which was free from torpedoes, and delivered their fire at us who were fully exposed, beside which their artillery swept the entire field. The half-mile thus gained was made secure by the construction of a strong line of rifle-pits during the night, the 96th being then relieved. Here the resistance became intensely stubborn, and our advance was effected by very gradual approaches only.

The heavy artillery of the fort scattered their missiles everywhere. Mortars, placed on properly constructed boats and brought closely under the high banks of the shore, continually hurled huge shells that seemed to give no warning of their approach until they exploded at our feet the moment they struck the ground. Our artillery, replying as incessantly over our heads, made that plain a real "valley of death," on which the skirmishers exchanged their fire almost at the musket's muzzle. The darkness of night, made livid by sulphurous smoke, was pierced by leaping tongues of flame, and boiled with continual thunders. The flashes of musketry lighted the double line that glared at each other, and the terrible torpedoes paved everywhere this broad road to destruction. Still, night by night, was all this peril dared by our skirmishers, who, advancing beyond the works, would perhaps during a night succeed in gaining a rod or two, and there in the morning would be a miniature line of rifle-pits that during the day could be strengthened into efficiency.

Thus, with painful effort, we paved with dead and wounded our way to within three or four hundred yards of the deep ditch that surrounded, at its foot, the cannon-lined wall of the fort.

In the midst of this unabating storm of lead and iron we received news of the surrender of Lee and all his proud veteran army. Such exultation as filled our hearts cannot be described, and in the overflowing of joy and generosity inspired by it, our pickets, looking along their guns, shouted: "Johnnie, listen a minute: Lee's surrendered to Grant; you're gone up. Don't I

often told you so!" to which Johnnie would reply, rather sadly: "Yank, if that's so, we don't need this old fort; come and take it!"

All along the main line the wildest, most frantic delight prevailed. The artillery opened with tenfold vigor, firing into the fort and among the dispirited rebels a shotted salute that did not for an instant cease all that long afternoon and night. Cheer rose upon cheer that, above all the crash and roar, made the welkin ring; and all the bands played hour by hour, mingling their "Hail Columbia" and "Star Spangled Banner" with the crash of musketry and cannon. Toward evening, replies from the fort became less vigorous, and in the night-time nearly ceased, giving rise to the suspicion that all was not well with the chivalry. Acting on this conjecture, Gen. A. J. Smith moved a part of his command forward, and succeeded in gaining possession of the fort, with thirty of its cannon and four or five hundred luckless rebs who had not succeeded in getting away. The stars and stripes floated in pride from the rebel stronghold, and silence reigned where for long days and nights the deep thunders had incessantly rolled; and the morning sun smiled

"On the red sands of that battle-field with blood-corses strown."

FORT BLAKELY.

The wild shouts that burst from our lips in exultation had scarcely died away, when the familiar command, "fall in," passed along the lines. In a few minutes we were marching to the assistance of Gen. Steele, who had been for some days investing Blakely, a rebel fortress near the mouth of Tenshaw River and about fifteen miles nearly north of Spanish fort. This also was semi-circular in form, and built to protect an important port from any possible land attack. The massive embankments forming this irregular semi-circle were from ten to fifteen feet high, pierced with embrasures for artillery, a deep ditch encircling its base, and all around its front an open plain about half a mile in width, which was in turn surrounded by woods. Its resemblance to Spanish Fort was very marked, the stumps being left as there, but much more effort had been made to render an attack a certain failure by planting torpedoes, a savage and murderous method of

warfare that seemed congenial to these scions of chivalry. The grounds near the fort were also covered by a net-work of wire, stretching from stump to stump, which could not fail to greatly embarrass an advance upon these massive, cannon-lined earth-works.

To gather a full comprehension of its horrors, let us place ourselves at the edge of this wood, and contemplate an attempt to pass over that half-mile of carefully-planted torpedoes, without even a stump that did not have certain death sleeping at its root. Escaping these, we are liable to be tripped down a hundred times by the net-work of wires. Then, descending into the deep ditch, attempt to climb up the nearly perpendicular face of that embankment, rising fifteen feet above the level, the whole plain enveloped in powder-smoke, and the air full of lead and iron that continuously flashes out from cannon and musketry!

But for this very pathway are the men of Gen. Steele prepared. They are only waiting for the arrival of the troops from Spanish Fort to begin the appalling march. All around the terrible plain, in semi-circle, lay these veterans while we are hastening to the bloody carnival.

Fronting them swarms the defiant rebels, who, with shotted guns, in the calmest reliance await the mad attempt.

The method arranged is very simple—the results dependent on the reckless valor of officers and soldiers, every one of whom knows that in an hour the plain will be splashed with their blood and spread with their wounded and dead. A staff officer is to go to the skirmish line and order it to move forward and begin the struggle by engaging those of the enemy. He is then, from a conspicuous point, to wave his hat as the signal for the general advance. In such an awful hour one would suppose that the most earnest and serious thoughts would fully occupy the minds of those who know they are to make this desperate venture; but, strange to say, such is not the case. Lying about their stacked arms, nearly all smoke; jest and story freely pass around, while others discuss the question of soldierly qualities and the relative courage of different commands that are now to be tested in

the most fiery of ordeals. This is the subject of much bitterness in the 83d Ohio, that chance to be lying near the main road running toward the fortress. This regiment is composed of the 83d and 48th Ohio that had been consolidated, and which is thus divided into two factions, each determined to demonstrate the other the less courageous and daring by their action on this field.

The head of our column is now close at hand, and staff-officer Henry McLean, to whom has been committed the duty of giving the signal, has walked through the lines, and avoiding the torpedoes has nearly reached the skirmishers, when some one far away starts a cheer that, from pure impulse, is swelled into wild, spreading shouts. It rings like the shout of the charge, and, mistaking it for the signal, the vieing factions of the 83d Ohio involuntarily spring to their gun-stacks. Quickly seizing their arms, without forming and without orders, these daring men rush forward. In an instant afterward, the whole line seize their guns, and Capt. McLean, observing the movement, although premature, waves his hat, and that living billow rolls into the treacherous plain of death. From the cannon that line both semi-circles instantly leap solid shot and shell. At each other and the infantry lines between they direct their aim. Immediately, from ten thousand muskets, whirl the minie-lead that in quick flight pass each other on their cruel errand. The air is filled with missiles, but not an instant pauses the iron-souled and fleet-footed outer semi-circle. Their line of shimmering bayonets is far into the plain. Cannon-balls plow through everywhere, and everywhere, closing the gap, the remaining comrades touch elbows and go on. Every instant the deadly bullet makes openings in the ranks, and comrades again touch elbows over the fallen and go sternly forward. The colors glimmer in closing semi-circle as they approach the ditch. Every moment of this march the slumbering torpedo has been waked by luckless feet that shall tread the earth no more. On the extreme left a brigade of colored troops, advancing, excite the ire of the rebels, and on them they concentrate their fire. Bending forward as they rush on, the gaps made by the balls that plow them through become unendurable. They are repulsed and scattered. The 92d Illinois, who are on their imme-

diate right, with unexampled gallantry move to the left, and, covering their part of the field, defiantly advance, and leave ninety-two of their men on the ground. In the swift march men stumble over the wires, but quickly rise and press on. Rebels line the parapets and pour thick volleys into the very faces of the shouting veterans as they reach the ditch. The whole line seems for an instant swallowed up in this deep hollow, but above them floats the stripes and stars. The steep face of the glacis is closely girdled by glittering steel that rises quickly and fringes its upper edge. Hand to hand they grapple on the parapet. It is spotted with dead and wounded. It is streaked with blood. The survivors leap down upon musket-muzzles and bayonets. Astounded at the reckless bravery, and feeling bullet and steel, the rebels leave their guns, throw down their arms, and hold up empty hands that implore mercy.

The banners that have fluttered in this hurricane of balls, all hang in shreds along the fortress walls, and our shouts of victory roll up to heaven.

You who would learn to love your country and her proud banner as you ought, look from the parapet over this field and see one item of its cost. See this slope and ditch at your feet covered with brave, bleeding men, whose friends with aching hearts shall weep for them bitter tears. Look beyond, and note the blood-stains that crimson the soil, and the thickly-strewn swath of those who shall never rise. Alas! how many are this moment with white lips gasping, while from gaping rents the red blood flows awry. See those who strive to rise on shattered limbs, and those who bravely staunch the tide, or, failing, lie down to die. See those fresh-made holes that spot the plain, and around them lying, in unsightly shreds, the men who touched the torpedoes planted there. It is verily a plain of blood and death, and, gazing there, a heart that is human must feel that there is nothing brighter than our starry banner save bright heaven's stars!

Never surpassed, scarcely ever paralleled, the laurels won belong only to the gallant troops of Gen. Steele, owing to the incident that precipitated the charge when the troops that were marching with all haste to aid them were so near at hand. They accom-

plished the work that was with many doubts designed for all, and had completed it just as their half-envious comrades in arms and glory arrived upon the field.

It was near evening, and the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Corps were encamped in the woods close in rear of the line from which the charge was made. Thus, less than a mile separated them from the troops of Gen. Steele in the fort, and among whom were many personal friends and relatives. The desire to visit the victors, to ascertain who among them had escaped, and who had fallen wounded or dead, must have been great indeed. Lieut. Godman and Sergt. Bunker of the 96th Ohio were rash enough to yield to the desire, and, without permission, ventured down along the road and found a guard at the point where it passed through the rifle-pits, who told them they had far better return, for this road was still full of unexploded torpedoes that they might discover to their cost. But, with that listless indifference to danger that so mysteriously becomes part of a soldier's being, they passed on. It was yet daylight, and they noticed many of those buried, infernal machines that had been marked by their discoverers. Where they were very close together, a guard had been stationed to prevent the stretcher-men from treading on them. Carefully avoiding these, they still went on. All along the path were the holes made in the earth by those that had been exploded, and around each one were the fragments of those destroyed. All this did not deter these men from the unnecessary and mad undertaking. By the merest miracle they reached the fort in safety, and, it being already dark, stumbled over the dead as they climbed up the slope and through an embrasure. In the joy of meeting, the hours flew rapidly by. The moon had arisen and gone down before our visitors were ready to return, and dim starlight only remained to aid them in the march they must make, being absent without leave and knowing that their command might move at any moment. Climbing down the parapet and out of the ditch, they groped around for some time to discover the road, down which they passed with care, hoping to find the guards they had met before; but not a guard was to be found. Tam O'Shanter was not at "Auld Alloway's haunted kirk;" more sorely tried

as to what course to pursue, but for reasons far more weighty our heroes of foolhardy adventure decided to proceed. There was no safety in a single step, as the light was not sufficient to even enable them to see the sticks set up to guard the torpedoes that had been discovered. With a strange commingling of fear and courage, Bunker assured Godman that if he attempted to follow, he should not have courage to do it, but that he would go before and take the first chance of instant death; and thus was begun as frightful a march as ever tested human nerves. Each pressure of the foot upon the earth might be a death-knell, and each safe step might be the last. On either side the grounds were thick with dead, and the moans and plaintive calls for water came mournfully out of the shadows. Over the field, to right and left, lantern-lights, like ghostly "jack-o'-lanterns," moved about to guide the stretcher-men all night busy in gathering up the wounded, while all around the explosion of torpedoes tore to pieces those who chanced in the darkness to step upon them, continually warning others that the next step might ring their death-knell. In this appalling gloom they slowly marched on, the hope inspired by each step made being instantly blotted out by that next to be taken, when they stumbled on a wounded rebel lying across the road with his head near a little gully. He was eighteen years old and fatally injured. To their inquiries if he knew the location of any of the torpedoes, he answered frankly and earnestly that if there were any near the place he did not know it. By chance a party that moment came up with a stretcher, and, finding him severely hurt, gathered around the innocent, sweet-voiced boy to carry him to the hospital. In doing so, some of the men passed around his head close to the gully, when the same sweet voice asked them, in kindness to *him*, not to go near the edge. Investigation, by aid of a lantern, showed a nest of the dreadful missiles, of which he but a moment before, and as long as he thought there was a chance left of their killing only Yankees, assured them he knew nothing. It was instantly and unanimously decided that more worthy men needed the services of stretcher-men, and our brace of foolhardy visitors moved on, neither wiser nor better men. Strangely, and as if by Providence

guided, they arrived in safety, having, in darkness and gloom, amid the dying, the dead and the groans of the suffering, walked the narrow road.

On the following day it was ascertained that the rebel officer who knew the location of the torpedoes was among the prisoners, and he was requested to point them out, so that they could be in safety removed. This he haughtily and indignantly refused to do. Gentle soul! he had planted them to kill Yankees, and he desired them yet to perform their mission. He little thought of the test that was instantly ordered for his nerves. One hundred rebel prisoners were selected and formed in close column, eight abreast, the doughty and defiant Captain being placed in their midst. On either side and in their rear a guard of soldiers, with loaded muskets and bayonets fixed, were ordered to shoot the first who disobeyed the order to march down that causeway of buried torpedoes. At the command, the column moved to certain death. The gallant Captain quickly felt that there was a vast deal of difference who marched over the pavement he had constructed with so much care, and, relenting, did, to save his own life, what he had so defiantly refused to do to save the lives of others. The result of his effort was the removal of one hundred and eighty-five torpedoes from that narrow path, less than a quarter of a mile in length.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTURE OF MOBILE.

The splendid successes just achieved seemed to spur us on to further duty and adventure, for on the 11th we moved toward Stark's Landing, situated to the southwest of Blakely, on the shore of Mobile Bay. The narrow road was cut through a dense forest, and as we neared our destination lay across a small stream, the borders of which, for some distance, consisted of a miry swamp, covered with water. A villainous corduroy road enabled us to move slowly forward: and on no consideration could even one infantryman venture to leave it, as the result would be an instant cry for help. The road was so narrow that an ambulance could not turn around, nor could one team pass another for any purpose.

The monotony of the march was suddenly broken by the discharge of cannon from our front, and the whizzing of solid shot and bursting of shells about us. The pieces seemed loaded with frightful rapidity, and aimed with uncomfortable accuracy. Instinct itself would have led us to deploy and advance in line of battle, but here it could not be done. The swamp was absolutely impassable, and retreat could not be effected. Soldiers learn by experience that artillery does little injury, but a chance shot may do fearful execution. There is also something in the whiz and shriek of cannon-shot that shake the nerves of the bravest. This is, to a great extent, counteracted in battle by the return firing and the occupation of both mind and body in the duties that are associated with the contest. But to march coolly forward under the fire of guns accurately trained on your path without returning a shot, wholly at the mercy of an enemy, is as severe an ordeal as man can well be exposed to. Nothing else was left to this column, and under that fire it moved unfalteringly along the corduroy over the bridge until our artillery, having made the passage and returned the compliment, soon silenced our tormentors.

Without further incident, the entire command took passage on the morning of the 12th, and, in company with a fleet of gunboats, steered across the bay for the proud city of Mobile. The landing of the infantry was effected about six miles below this rebel stronghold and marched toward it, while the gunboats approached and gave its denizens warning that "the Philistines were upon them," by sending a few shells as messengers, to which no reply was received. The reason of this want of response soon appeared in the form of a white flag, accompanied by the Mayor, who formally surrendered the city to Gen. Granger. The disasters that had befallen them in the loss of Spanish Fort and Fort Blakely, and the certainty that our next movement would be on this point, led the rebel soldiers who occupied it to evacuate on the day and night previous to our arrival. It must have caused them deep regret, as the works constructed for the defense of the city were a marvel of beauty and strength. Built under the personal superintendence of their eminent engineer, Gen. Beauregard, all the resources of art seemed to have been exhausted in their construction, and the expense measured by the vital importance of the place to the cause he had espoused. This had been their depot for military stores and for storage of captured arms and other war supplies, of which there were vast amounts, including three hundred cannon, many of which they had taken the trouble to spike, the gun-carriages being destroyed by cutting them down.

A part of the enemy who had evacuated the city had moved toward Whistler, and on the morning of the 14th we followed them for the purpose of preventing, if possible, the destruction of the valuable machine-shops and other property located at that point. The distance was only seven miles, and our march a hurried one. The advance soon found a detachment of the enemy, which they very quickly engaged, Gen. Benton sending back an aid to direct that the troops come up at a double-quick, as the enemy were endeavoring to destroy the railroad buildings. With great promptness the men threw off their knapsacks, and with all speed hastened forward. The action was brief, and resulted in saving a portion of the property referred to, fifteen of the rebels being left dead on the field.

Having resumed our march on the 19th, and on the following day reached Spanish Creek, a delay became unavoidable from the absence of a bridge. The stream was narrow but very deep and rapid, circumstances taken into consideration by the careful and methodical engineer, who sat down to prepare the "plans and specifications" for its construction. While this elaborate work was going on, the practical western boys, having nothing else to do, and just to while away the hours, selected the trees that suited their purpose, and, securing timber of a length that they "guessed" would answer, hurled them into the water, and by wading and swimming and the use of ropes, guided them into position, where they were secured in such a way that they would serve as stringers across the river. Cutting other timbers, puncheons were quickly made and placed on these stringers in lieu of planks. The engineer had finished his plans in time to see the rude but sufficient structure completed.

The following day proved to be disagreeable, because of incessant rain and as incessant mud. The streams were swollen to their utmost, and, as they were without bridges, our only chance was to wade through them, often to our very necks, emerging in the guise of half-drowned rats. The picturesque beauty of this locality was only noticed in a passing way, and happy were we on our arrival at Nannahubbah Bluffs, about 150 miles up the Tombigbee River. The severest and most disagreeable duties were uncomplainingly performed. Our hearts were made buoyant by the surrender of the proud rebel army of the East, and the certainty of our early return to our quiet, peaceful homes. Cheerfulness glimmered in every face, and in camp unceasing rounds of jolity prevailed, that none can appreciate save those who have

"———*in marches led,*
And together in the battle bled."

Suddenly the noise and bustle and hilarity ceased, as if a midnight lamp had been quenched. The silence was appalling as darkness in presence of the dead. The vast multitude became voiceless as from lip to ear was whispered the saddest news that ever thrilled the nation's heart. "*President Lincoln has fallen by the*

assassin's hand!" Immediately the most intense and painful sorrow enshrouded us as in a pall. Few knew till then how much, how deeply they had loved him whose heart held

"Malice toward none, and charity for all."

The drum and fife lay silent and unnoticed. Horsemen spared the spur, walking slowly on necessary errands; gathered in groups, men in whispers discussed the appalling, bloody, wicked deed. When war-worn heroes, familiar with death, bronzed and battle-scarred bend in sorrow, there is no idle cause for grief.

High noon arrives, and over the camps, from the far right of our line deep rolls the solemn dirge. Hearts beat in unison, souls are bowed, and lips silent in devotional awe. The band ceasing, the one next to it takes up the funereal-note. From right to left, each band bewails the heart's sorrow and the nation's loss. A day that seemed endless passed into a night of gloom that promised only a cheerless morrow.

Orders to prepare to march are in any and all events imperative. To them all else promptly yields, even sorrow. Preparations to embark on the steamer *Battle* soon reproduced the accustomed bustle, and steaming up the river we landed at McIntosh Bluffs, where we hoped to find the enemy. A command, consisting of the 96th Ohio, 35th Wisconsin, 77th Indiana and 21st New-York Battery were sent out in search of them, and happily found plenty of forage, with which they returned to camp to hear the glorious news of Johnson's surrender. Clearer and clearer became the fact that the Confederate bubble had burst, and that peace, with all its charms, was closely at hand. This place, in itself, was as cheerless as could be well imagined, but the bright prospects of the near future gave day and night a charm that was, on the 8th, greatly enhanced by a fleet of boats and transports coming down the stream and stopping at the rude river landing.

A part of the rebel troops that evacuated Mobile just before our arrival, had boarded these vessels and gone up the river to await the chances that fortune might bring. This proved a fruitless venture, as they there surrendered, and were now, by some arrangement, permitted to return. The men that hailed us from

these crowded decks wore the dress with which we were thoroughly familiar. In lieu of defiant shouts and musket volleys, they hailed and were greeted as friends. Having surrendered their arms, the war, to them, was over, and all its bitterness past and buried. With that frank, courtly regard which the brave entertain for those they have tried by fire, no time was lost in establishing the most friendly feeling between "the blue and the gray." This friendly commingling in camp was to be prolonged by the embarkation of all on this fleet of steamers for the city of Mobile, in connection with which occurred the following incident :

The 96th Ohio was assigned to the steamer *St. Charles*, on board of which was the wife of the rebel General Cheatham, together with several other ladies, who were availing themselves of this opportunity to return to their homes. The announcement of the captain that he must carry a regiment of Federal soldiers caused the greatest possible grief and consternation in this feminine camp. The faded glories of the Confederacy and the fortunes of its chivalrous supporters were certainly bitter, but to be so soon compelled to accept favors of, and be herded with, a mass of these detested, brutal mud-sills, would be an unendurable horror. Said Mrs. C. : " It cannot be ; I cannot endure it. What will become of us in their merciless grasp. All is, indeed, lost when the daughters of our chivalrous sires come to such bitter humiliation and peril." The assurance of the captain that her fears were, no doubt, groundless, only led to a repetition of the same sentiments, accompanied with the freest expression of the idea that northern men were necessarily most perfect vandals, whose highest aim and the sole object of whose lives were reveling in wickedness and debauchery. The assurance of the captain that he had met the Yankee Colonel who commanded the regiment assigned to his boat, and that he seemed to be a gentleman of honor, led the lady at last, and only as a *dernier resort*, to accept an interview with him. Folding her rebel robes about her, for fear of contamination, she haughtily bowed her recognition to the somewhat reticent and bashful Colonel, and, stating her defenseless condition, asked of him the exercise of his power as an officer to protect her. Her evident earnestness suppressed the smile that would otherwise

have played over his bronzed face. With a soldier's frankness he assured her that the men he commanded were soldiers who had as such done their duty nobly, and had never soiled their honor by incivility to a lady—gentlemen who had mothers, sisters and wives—and he pledged his honor as a soldier that in any part of the boat they should be as free as in their own homes, and as safe from any shadow of indignity or insult. Even this assurance was not convincing to the ladies, whose fears grew out of prejudices that had been the growth of years. But the 96th came on board, and quietly whiled away the time as they floated down the stream. The day was very beautiful and the scenery charming, but the frightened ladies kept themselves carefully stored away in the cabin, as affording the greatest seclusion and the best chance of protection. Having been introduced, the Col., in due time, called and invited Mrs. Cheatham and her friends to step out and view the scenery, to which, from a sense of fear, which she frankly expressed, she objected; but, after the reassurance of the Colonel and his persistent urging, she at last hesitatingly accompanied him. Passing out of the door, her eyes glared wide as she saw one of the bronzed boys in blue sitting beside the door perfectly absorbed in reading a Bible, that, through all his toils and privations, he had carried with him. Turning round, she gave vent to her surprise by saying to the hesitating ladies behind her: "Come—there is no cause for fear; the men out here are actually reading the Bible!" The shadow of doubt and dread faded as if by magic, when the officer assured her that these men were educated gentlemen, many of whom, like the man she saw, had maintained ever and always their religious principles in both form and fact, to which she, in royal, womanly spirit, replied: "Colonel, I will take you at your word; I have no fear of men who, as soldiers in camp and field, carry with them and read that best of books, the Holy Bible." It is needless to add that the thoroughly earnest and candid ladies from that moment, by their presence, cheered the souls of the very men they had so much feared while they loitered, or read, or whiled away the time in groups, discussing the past with their recently-made butternut friends.

In the recital of many adventures by flood and field, and expression of sentiments entertained by these surrendered soldiers, nothing was so surprising as their earnestly-expressed regrets for the death of President Lincoln. We expected, at best, only partially suppressed joy, but, instead, we heard the frankest, deepest and bitterest sorrow. Bold, brave enemies, they had learned to love his sterling virtues, admire his earnestness and candor, and relied on the generosity of his great heart.

The boat arriving at the wharf at Mobile, the passengers scattered their several ways, the 96th going into camp about three miles below the city. The nation's sky was rapidly clearing of the war-clouds by which it had been so long overcast. All the rebel armies east of the Mississippi River had furled the stars and bars they had bravely carried over many a well-fought field; had surrendered their arms and buried the bright hopes with which they had borne and wielded them; but their comrades in the far west had not tasted their bitter experience, and held with desperado tenacity to both their prejudices and their once "great expectations." The favorite land of the "fire-eaters" had been transferred from South Carolina to Texas. The air was loaded with their desperate threats; there they had selected the last ditch as a place to battle like Romans and like Romans die.

The Federal armies that had swept the vast East looked with complacency on this bristling bubble, only regretting the time and labor that would be used in bursting it. With Texas in view, we were kept almost continually under marching orders. Every provision was made in the way of supplies of ammunition, rations and the appropriate clothing for a most active campaign. Men were supplied with two pair of shoes—boots being ignored as difficult to march in—while a part of their accouterments consisted of a pick or spade. It seemed that preparations were made to dig up the whole State of Texas, and, fired by the foolish obstinacy of their hotspurs, as well as the wicked assassination of President Lincoln in their interests, and for which at the time they were held responsible, the campaign would certainly have been filled with unheard-of terrors. There probably are few of those then present and prepared for this service that do not now shudder at

the purposes then fixed in their hearts, and who are not thankful that they were frustrated by the timely repentance of the high-handed offenders who, bowing to the stern dictates of fate, "passed under the rod."

Amid all this preparation the longing for returning peace intensified. As the time approached nearer and nearer when we should again "press our native heath," the days passed more sluggishly, until, at last, the wings of time seemed absolutely leaden. Nothing sufficed to break the monotony worthy of consideration, save the following tragic event :

Vast supplies of combustible munitions of war had been accumulated here by the rebels, and stored in a large building formerly used as a cotton-gin. Both because of its immense value and for purposes of safety, this building was guarded with the utmost care, but by some mischance (or, perhaps by some previously arranged rebel device) its ignition occurred. As if all the pent-up thunders were at once loosed, the vast structure rose in a mountain of flame and smoke. Fragments flew thick and far in every direction, and rained down in fierce firebrands, that lighted whatever they fell upon. The heart had scarcely time to resume its beating, when everywhere around that pile of flaming, seething ruins arose a wide circle of conflagration. It seemed a very sea of fire, in which rows of buildings melted like wax, and the boats and vessels lining the wharf were brands in the burning. The unleashed fire-fiend raved madly around that amphitheater, shrouded in flame and smoke. With stout hearts and ready but naked hands the soldiers combated the fierce enemy — a combat that seemed absolutely hopeless, the victory being won only after ten millions in value lay in ashes at their feet. The most terrible suffering must have been entailed on those who not only lost their all but the homes that had sheltered them. Battle, with all its horrors, is, at the time, less painful than the sight of the helpless and dependent fleeing in terror for safety from the destroying element, with grim want awaiting them wherever they may go.

Kept continually tortured "on the ragged edge of expectation" by the prospects of a Texas campaign, enlivened, or rather relieved by reviews and speeches of celebrities, both military and

civil, we lived on until the never-to-be-forgotten 29th day of June, 1865. Three years before, we stood proudly on parade at Camp Delaware, one thousand men, and were mustered into the service for three years or during the war. In the light of our after experience the intervening time seemed distant almost the period allotted to man. Years are crowded into hours, and months into moments, when

*“ You serve the guns in rifle-pits
And sleep beneath the silent sky,
To dream of home and wake to war,
To see a comrade drop and die.”*

Then we little thought how few would remain to answer to their names when the happy day should come for our muster out of the service we had engaged in so ardently, and through which we had periled all for the country and her flag. With this loosening of military fetters there came to us strange sensations of what we had been and what we were soon to be. The tragic part we felt was past, and our names entitled to live in the memory of our grateful countrymen. Having done our duty in the hour of sorest need, our hearts swelled with pride; but amid all this the feeling could not be suppressed that

“ No sound should awake us to glory again.”

The bands were loosening, but we were not yet free. The discipline of the soldier must be maintained until the work was completed by our being formally discharged as we had been formally recruited before being mustered into the service.

Bidding adieu to Mobile and “ the glorious pomp and circumstance of war,” an ocean steamer bore us away for New-Orleans. After a brief delay at this point, we were placed on board one of the old rickety stern-wheel steamers we had become so familiar with in our many journeys up and down the Mississippi. Steaming slowly against the current, we lived on hard-tack and hope until our arrival at Cincinnati.

Our destination was Columbus, Ohio, and the transit from Cincinnati was to be made by cars. Nearly three years before we had left for the front, raw recruits, in unsoiled clothing, with banners fresh and bright. We now return stern veterans, our banner soiled in service, rent and tattered in battle. Then, cushioned coaches, fit for kings, were furnished for our transportation; now, we are all marched on board the most rickety and filthy cattle-cars; why?—perhaps some soulless master of transportation can tell. Indignation ran riot—and an old soldier's indignation is far from being milk-and-water.

But we brought with us an unsullied name and a banner that we had borne through the hell of battle, delivering both to the keeping of our beloved Ohio and our common country on the 29th day of July, when we were formally disbanded. The last reveille had roused, and the last command "forward!" had sent into the death-grapple the 96th Ohio Volunteers.

Parting with comrades tried and true was far from painless, but blessings that we knew awaited at our homes forbade our lingering. Joy thrilled our hearts on greeting father, son and brother, or mother, wife and sister—joy that words cannot express; but alas! for those who clasped only a sad memory to their hearts! Alas! for the many homes in which stood vacant chairs, noticed then with bitter tears because of the return of those who had lived while their dear ones had died. No ray of hope illumined their sorrowful homes save that

"He was a soldier too, and not afraid to die."

Never, as then, had we paused to observe the vacant places in our ranks—the faces that were forever gone. Those bitter tears brought freshly before us the places where they fighting fell. Before us were the graves wherein we buried them on the field of battle. Again we saw those who had sickened and died in rebel prison-pens, whose gaunt forms will haunt our memories and stir our souls as long as hate for malicious wickedness shall remain. Offered on their country's altar in a cause dear as life, green in our

recollections shall ever live our noble comrades in arms, for whom

*“The muffled drum’s sad roll has beat
The soldier’s last tattoo.”*

Having responded to their country’s call and sealed their duty with their lives

*“On Fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.”*

FAREWELL!

Gone our various ways, separated by the duties of peaceful pursuits, we are marching on through life to gray hairs and tottering steps; but our hearts are together bound by many a golden link.

*“Comrades, known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound are we by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be;*

*“And, though spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.*

*“By communion of our banner—
Battle-scared, but victor banner—
By the baptism of that banner,
Brothers of one church are we!*

*“Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us,
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we!”*

In Memoriam.

CAMP OF THE 96TH REGIMENT, O. V. I. }
NEAR BATON ROUGE, LA., July 5th, 1864. }

At a meeting of the Officers of the 96th O. V. I., convened by Lieut.-Col A. H. Brown, to tender the sympathies of the Regiment to the bereaved widow and family of our lamented Colonel,

J. W. VANCE,

and to express our lively interest in their welfare, the following officers were selected, namely: Capt. Leonard, Co. B, Capt. Godman, Co. D, Lieut. Cooper, Co. A, who reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the entire command:

WHEREAS, On the 8th day of April, 1864, in an engagement with the enemy at Sabine Cross-Roads, near Mansfield, Louisiana, our brave and much lamented Colonel, who came out with us as our commander, fell a martyr to his country's cause, while gallantly leading our Brigade, of which at that time he was commander;

AND WHEREAS, In the death of Col. Vance our country loses a bold defender and warm advocate of her cause and interests;

AND WHEREAS, Our Regiment has lost a brave and patriotic leader, and those present a warm and personal friend; therefore,

Resolved, By all present, that we deeply sympathize with Mrs. Vance, the widow of our lamented Colonel, and her family in their irreparable bereavement, and desire to assure them of our best wishes for their peace and prosperity.

Resolved, That we honor the memory of our fallen commander, and will endeavor to emulate his earnest zeal for, and attachment to, his country's cause.

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions be sent to Mrs. Vance, and to the Ohio State Journal, for publication; with the request that Mt. Vernon and other papers in the District will please to copy.



J. W. VANCE,
Col. 96th O. V. I.

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CHAPTER XII.

BLOOMFIELD, OHIO, {
December 21st, 1874. }

T. J. WOODS, M. D., TOLEDO, OHIO :

Dear Sir :—Knowing that you are writing a history of the regiment which I had the honor to command during a portion of its term of service, and having been requested to contribute something for the work, I take this opportunity of doing so, feeling, at the same time, my inability to furnish anything that will be especially interesting.

The events in which we together participated are long past—seemingly much longer than they really are. The participants are scattered far and wide, each pursuing his selected walk in civil life. But neither time or distance can abate my high regard for the men so often tried in the severest ordeal, and who everywhere by their actions showed that no braver or better were recruited during our late war, and who everywhere sustained the high compliment bestowed on them by our mustering officer at Camp Delaware—a compliment which designated them as “A Regiment of Gentlemen.”

It is not my purpose to speak of the regiment before I became its commanding officer; but if our lamented Colonel, J. W. Vance, were still living, what a valuable report *he* could furnish of its officers and men. But he is numbered with those who nobly fell in the discharge of duty.

After I became permanently its commander, the regiment was consolidated to a Lieutenant-Colonel's command of five companies; and I cannot omit this opportunity to renew my thanks to Maj.-Gen. J. J. Reynolds, for his kindness to myself and the members of the regiment in consolidating us into a battalion instead of combining us with some other regiment—a favor shown to no other in the department which he was then

commanding. Great as was this favor and compliment, it prevented the promotion of many a worthy officer and soldier. This was a circumstance by me deeply regretted, as it deprived them of that which they richly merited and had bravely earned.

After the formation of the Battalion, none of the Regimental, Field and Staff Officers remained except myself and Surgeon J. F. Hess.

For myself, I can only repeat the expression of my pride at having led such gallant men, and the hope that I won their kindly feelings as they did mine.

It is but justice to accord to Surgeon Hess the honor of having done his duty both ably and faithfully, at Sabine Cross-Roads voluntarily becoming a prisoner rather than forsake the wounded members of the Battalion under his charge.

Of the Line Officers I can truly say that they deserve more praise than I can possibly bestow. Both faithfully and fearlessly they performed their arduous and responsible duties in such manner as to secure the devotion of their men and my entire confidence and regard.

Of my Staff, both commissioned and non-commissioned, I would that I were competent to render in this article such tribute of praise as they richly deserve.

To Adjutant Lewis H. Mitchell and Sergeant-Major F. S. Burrows is due the credit of all the praise that was given to the Battalion for their promptness in furnishing orders, reports and details asked for from the different headquarters of the army.

Quarter-Master Kline is entitled to great credit for the manner in which the men were supplied with the stores of his department.

The efficiency of an army depends very much upon the thoroughness of its supplies; and no one member of the Battalion contributed more to its efficiency than did Commissary-Sergeant Henry S. Bunker. When the Battalion went into camp, after a hard day's march, I would retire to my tent, after dismissing the command, feeling confident that if there were any rations to be had Sergeant Bunker would have them, and that, too, promptly; and in no instance was I disappointed.

And there was brave John E. Kirk, our Quarter-Master Ser-

geant. Nobly he discharged his duty. Comrades, if you could have seen him as I did at the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads, you, too, would mourn his untimely death. Many acts of gallantry and personal favor rendered my attachment to him very strong, one of which occurred at the engagement above referred to. When we had been twice driven from our position, and I had become so exhausted that it was impossible for me to save myself from death or capture, he, at the risk of his life, where the bullets flew thick and fast, came to my assistance with a horse that he had taken from a retreating cavalryman, which enabled me to reach a place of safety behind the 19th Army Corps; and when I said to him, "for God's sake save yourself," no father ever felt more anxiety for the safety of a son than I did for the safety of Sergeant John E. Kirk.

What little reputation I may have made as the commanding officer of the Battalion, I owe to those who faced the brunt of battle; and the same may be said of all the officers of the command.

Every commander knows full-well that whatever service he may personally render, the rank and file, in return, make the officer. My breast has ever been filled with thanks to them, and their memory will be ever cherished by their sincere friend.

A. H. BROWN.

COLOR-BEARERS.

The colors are an emblem of both cause and country. Wherever floats our stripes and stars on land or sea, a nation of invincible men stand ready to maintain our rights and avenge our wrongs. Entrusted with its keeping, no command can be insensible to the responsibility. Received with imposing forms, saluted by present of arms, it is guarded with jealous care. Its position in battle tells plainly where its guardians are; its fate is often evidence of their glory or disgrace. It, therefore, becomes almost an object of devotion; the highest officers on parade salute

it by reverently baring their heads; and on the true soldier's heart is inscribed: "Wherever thou goest, I will go."

The bearers of the colors, therefore, hold not only a post of honor, but of danger. Entrusted to his care, the warrior's sacred emblem is an evidence of confidence in his soldierly qualities that warrants the insertion of the following brief and imperfect sketch of the color-bearers of the 96th Ohio:

Sergeant Eli B. Miner carried our first flag from Camp Delaware to Covington, Ky., at which point it was placed in charge of Sergeant John Kehwecker.

At Memphis, Tenn., in November, 1862, Dr. Henderson returned home with a beautifully-inscribed banner for the regiment. Our first flag was then sent by Col. Brown to the Governor of the State of Ohio, who acknowledged its receipt by the following graceful letter:

THE STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, {
COLUMBUS, August 2d, 1864. }

LIEUT.-COL. A. H. BROWN,

96th Regiment O. V. I., Baton Rouge, Louisiana:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge yours of the 12th ult., and with it the old flag of your regiment, worn and scarred in the battles through which your command has passed. I have deposited this trophy, with others received by the State, in a room in the capitol, where they will remain as mementoes of the patriotism and heroic conduct of the noble men of the State, who, under the folds of these banners, have periled or laid down their lives to sustain the unity and government of our country. For this tribute to the character and honor of the State, I beg leave to return to you and your regiment my cordial thanks.

In this great contest for the supremacy of free government, the people of Ohio have borne their full share of service and sacrifice. At all times and upon almost every battle-field her soldiers have been foremost and earnest in the conflict; and upon every occasion they have nobly sustained their own and the honor of the State. In heroism, in devotion, and I am sorry to say in sacrifices, your own regiment has borne its part; and while the services of the living are appreciated, the memory of the dead will be cherished by a grateful people. Faded and worn as this battle-

flag comes to us, it will ever constitute an endearing record of the fidelity and patriotism of the men who have borne it in victory and defeat—in life and in death—always with honor.

Very Respectfully,

JOHN BROUGH,

Governor of Ohio

Sergeant Kehwecker was taken sick on July 8th, 1863, while en route for Jackson, and sent to Division Hospital, where he died on the 17th, of diphtheria.

Corporal Amos Fell then took charge of the flag, and on the 1st day of August was promoted to Sergeant. While the regiment was in camp at Carrollton, Louisiana, during the month of September, we obtained a new National flag, that was placed in care of Sergeant Fell—Sergeant Isaac Ivins, of Co. H, taking charge of the banner. In the battle of Grand Coteau, Sergeant Fobes having received a wound that disabled him, Sergeant Ivins exchanged with him the banner for his gun, which he used effectively during the battle, being taken prisoner. Sergeant Fobes, with his wounded hand, carried the banner safely through the action, after which it was delivered to private Ezra D. Shreeve.

On May 19th, 1864, Harrison Doty took charge of the banner, and Sergeant Amos Fell of the National colors.

During the siege of Fort Morgan we received our second National flag, on which was inscribed the names of all the engagements in which the regiment had taken active part up to that time.

These flags and banners are deposited in the Flag-room of the Capitol at Columbus. They are mere fragments, but none the less dear to those who served under them; and it is hoped they will there be preserved with care, that those who come after us may in their fragments read the lessons they so plainly teach.

The following sketch was originally written from facts obtained in a private conversation and for an entirely different purpose. Its insertion here is against the wish of Mr. B., and is made on my own motion and responsibility: w.

COMMISSARY.

A REMINISCENCE.

Few persons save those who have been taught in the school of experience, do justice to the services of the Commissary of an army. The duties are of the least attractive kind, presenting, without glitter, the most elaborate details of pure drudgery. The lines of communication and all the means of transportation must be carefully protected, and in the field the huge wagon-trains are an apparent encumbrance, save at the very moments when they are needed for the issuing of ammunition or rations. The men-at-arms are interested in their special duties, just as the world is watching them. Their concern is in regard to labor, movements, battles and results, just as the world waits for the thrill of news from the front—news of battles fought with victory or defeat, and the list of killed, wounded and missing. None think of the unceasing labor that brings to the battle-line the staff-of-life, the sinew of war. By night, by day, the staunch iron-horse brings forward needed supplies, and the emotionless mule is made to demonstrate that even he is not made in vain. Mankind very generally despise a mule; mankind in many things are very generally unjust. Some how I can not but think that they are unjust to the mule. I concede the want of beauty of form and sweetness of voice, and perhaps of temper—but still “I can’t go back on him.” Usually over-worked, universally treated with cruelty, the demureness of his look as he plods along; his sublime indifference to whips and the most accomplished profanity, strike a campaigner with a peculiar stress; enforcing a kind of respect—for are not his services indispensable. The vocal effort is not so repulsive to a man who knows, when he hears a full chorus, that there are rations at hand! What old campaigner has not lain down at night hungry and exhausted—no rations—when lo! he is awakened by that “chorus.” What sounds were ever sweeter, and

who would exchange them then for the dulcet strains of harp and lute! Under the influence of hunger the bright and beautiful yields to the practical, and even the army mule-team, as it winds along the highway or struggles through morasses, becomes an object of endearment.

It is the business of the Commissary to see that the army is fed. It must be fed—courage rests on crackers. The soul is not, as was once supposed, situated in the stomach, yet the stomach has much to do with the soul. A hungry man may do a rash and desperate thing, but what is glory to one who is starving? It requires a degree of loftiness of purpose, of devotion to principle that is seldom found on earth, to keep a man steadily at work while his whole physical being is crying out for bread. It is not only physical exhaustion, but there is a mental yielding that at last becomes indifference. Nothing but personal danger can sustain a man against the still small voice from within. The cracker-box is the twin brother of the caisson. There are cases where both men and armies have borne cold, fatigue and hunger unshrinkingly, and, true to pride and principle, have smiled at death. In such souls there is something supremely glorious. They are not of common mould, or common discipline. They are heroes, sublimely great as they are rare.

The Commissary train then represents, in a certain sense, the fighting capabilities of an army, and its chief holds in his hands its destiny. Joe Hooker understood this well. He would have supplies. He did not pause to reason with his Commissary "how or why." The supplies *must* come. "If you can't bring them, I'll get a man who *can*." Sherman knew it well. At Atlanta he had no transportation for tracts—all his means were needed for rations and bullets. I do not pretend to affirm that all commissary officers fully appreciated their responsibilities in the "late unpleasantness." Indeed, there is a wide-spread understanding that they did not. Man is very frail, and commissaries were often not of the highest type of man. Those who did their duty well are unknown. The shadows lie heavily on their efforts and their names are quite forgotten. But such there were who lived and labored faithfully, and yet will die and sleep unsung.

It may not have occurred to the members of the 96th Ohio Volunteers that they were especially favored, and that, in recounting the deeds of valor of their comrades, they should not forget the conscientious and toilsome services of their Commissary-Sergeant. They will well-remember the incidents of the retreat that followed after the disastrous battles of Sabine Cross-Roads, Pleasant Hill and the crossing of Cane River. They will call to mind the hurriedness of the march, with all its privations, and the disappointment when they arrived at the latter point to find behind and on either flank rebels in eager pursuit, and the crossing of this broad and deep river contested by the enemy, who had, by some means, marched around them and were now well posted on the shore opposite the only ford available for wagons and artillery. Even to veterans the prospect looked dark and gloomy. Superior in numbers, knowing well the country and all the resources it possessed, and posted on the opposite side of a stream difficult of crossing, it looked like one of those cases in which valor is valueless. Like brave men who knew how to fight, and if need be die, they faced the peril, making a feint at the main crossing, and moving a part of the command up the river to effect a passage there if possible.

The rebels perceived the purpose, and appeared there in force also; but by a route unknown to the enemy, some of our troops effected a crossing. The most severe of the fighting was done by eastern troops, but the 96th shared in the action. Having gained a footing on the opposite shore, they advanced, fighting their way in a circuitous manner to flank the main rebel force, and, after many perils and losses, gained possession of the opposite side of the ford in the evening. They thus prepared the way for the crossing of the ten miles of wagon-trains, and the command which was in its rear and on its flanks, to secure protection from the locust hordes of rebels who attacked every available point, as bent on destruction of our supplies as on victory over our troops.

It is not now my purpose to dwell on the character of the movement, or the feats of valor of this eventful day, but to note one of those minor items that neither find their way into history nor song.

Old campaigners well know the importance of a well-filled haversack, and they equally well know how little is often thought of it, as after a morning repast of crackers and coffee they start for the duties of the day. It is probable that, wearied with exertion and loss of sleep, with the battle certain, and the loss of their wagon-train, all their rations and munitions being as nearly so as even a copperhead could wish, few of them thought that they might not have access to their commissary supplies for a day or two at best, and possibly that they might be deprived of them entirely by their capture—the result of which would be starvation. It was then that the thoughtfulness of their commissary-sergeant served them well. He comprehended the situation, and, while they halted about a mile from the train, voluntarily rode back, obtained crackers, and distributed them in handfuls to the men from his saddle, as they stood in their ranks. One man on a horse, distributing crackers from his saddle to a regiment, is a diminutive commissary-train, but they know its value who have seen the hour when crackers were of more worth than gold, and that day many a man unconsciously did his duty better because of the “reserve” thus placed in his haversack.

It is needless to state that this sergeant was all day with the command, sharing its perils, while his chief, the Quartermaster, stayed calmly and in the apparent composure that betokens happiness, with his wagon-train.

The day with all its vicissitudes wore on. No time had occurred for any refreshments, and, when the ford was gained in the evening, the men were without a mouthful of food or even the ever-cheering cup of coffee.

There was no sign of relief from the hunger that is so terrible, as, utterly exhausted, they lay down on the ground to rest, if not to sleep beneath the sky, well knowing that the morrow must bring new dangers. Having shared with them the toils and perils of the day, the vigilant sergeant swam his horse across the stream about nightfall, and rode back to the train, some six miles in the rear, arriving about ten o'clock at night, and found there no evidence of concern. The heroic quartermaster, rolled up in his blankets as snugly as a cocoon in its robe of silk, was probably

dreaming of elysian fields while the men of his command starved, resting on their arms! Imagine his consternation as he was ruthlessly aroused by the sergeant, and the intonations of the inquiry :

“What do you want?”

“Captain, the men have marched and fought all day, and now have neither crackers nor coffee. I am going to get rations to them.”

“But,” replied the quartermaster, “how are you going to do it?”

“That I don’t know; but it must be done.”

“Well,” said he, *gallantly*, “do it if you can;” and then, yawning, wrapped his blankets around him and lay down to continue his dreams, when our sergeant was alone and at liberty to carry out his purpose.

The difficulty is apparent only when we consider that it was near the midnight of one of the darkest of nights, the distance six miles, and the road already filled with wagons of various kinds, moving slowly to the front—an inexorable law of the teamsters being that every team must fall in behind, and no one venture, on peril of a teamster’s *wrath* and *muscle*, to pass him and his mules. To take his place in this slowly-moving procession would not enable him to reach the regiment until some time the next day, if they remained stationary, but they would surely march at daybreak. After much investigation and dark research, a cart was found, in size a slightly overgrown wheel-barrow, loose in all its joints—one of those tender vehicles that seemed to have been the object of especial attention from that great leveler, Time. Continued research developed a diminutive specimen of a mule that would fit this “relict,” and to which it was fastened by a harness improvised out of a variety of ropes, straps and chains. A supply of crackers and coffee was placed in this uncertain “go-cart,” the horse of the sergeant tied behind it, a soldier leading the mule, and, with the sergeant as guide and pioneer, “the extraordinary march was commenced.”

To go by the road was impracticable, and a flank movement inevitable. This led them through a cotton-field, the rows of cotton running at an acute angle to the route necessarily taken.

adding severe trials to the squeaking joints of the unreliable vehicle, and taxing severely the energies of the animated clay, called, for politeness' sake, a mule.

The upsetting of the cart favored the getting it empty over the obstruction. Reloading, it moved on. A ravine, discovered by the guide as he groped in the dark, compelled them to unload and carry the whole concern over piecemeal—an operation repeated a dozen times before they arrived at a point at which they were compelled to fall in with the train that was, about a half-mile in the advance, passing over the newly-laid pontoon bridge. Here was encountered the inexorable teamster, who forbade any passing in before his team.

Special pleading, however, did its work. A picture of men who had fought all day and were famishing on their arms was too much, and, peering in the dark to discover the unpretentious supply-train, even the teamsters relented and permitted it to pass. Thus, by dint of effort, had the sergeant made his way to the pontoon bridge, having only that to pass when his route would be clear, as he could again take to the fields. Here a new obstacle loomed up before him in the form of an officer, who was in charge of the passage of wagons over the bridge. He was in no amiable mood, and called out: "What concern is this?" as our "supply-train" drove along the passage, and in the same breath ordered his men to "dump it into the river!"

There are occasions when the spirit of desperation will take its course, and the sergeant, seeing in an instant all his efforts about to come to naught, instantly whipped out his "navy," and, calmly presenting it, replied: "You don't dump that concern into the river and live a second!" "Who in the d——l are you?" roared out the officer. "I'm the commissary-sergeant of the 96th Ohio—that's who I am. I'm taking rations to them, and I'm going over or somebody'll die right here." Looking into the muzzle of the revolver the officer remarked: "That's pretty d——d cool," while the speck of a mule tugged away, and the cart squeaked a full chorus of good-byes to the vigilant martinet who was willing to do his duty "wisely," if not "too well." About four o'clock the men were awakened as the sergeant and his little cart moved

down the line, and soon the fresh coffee was drunk, with many an admiring expression for the dainty mule, and blessings on the thoughtful, painstaking and efficient commissary-sergeant of the 96th Ohio Volunteers.

T. J. W.

CHAPLAINS

AND THE

RELIGIOUS BAND.

The surroundings of every-day life have very much influence in making us what we are. Association with the depraved is universally recognized as a school of vice, while the social influence of the good and pure not only sustains the soul's aspirations, but strongly tends to foster their growth.

On one hand religion finds its most congenial soil where temptations are fewest, and, on the other, where there are the most ready hands to clasp our own and lead us upward.

The extent to which these causes modify the religion of our lives is difficult to estimate, but of it we obtain glimpses when exposed to temptations and freed from both the restraint and the aid. It is for this reason that many, who found it easy to walk in the straight and narrow way at home, wandered during their army life into forbidden paths. Exposure, toil and privations will corrode the soul of almost any one, and if the busy tempter be then present, and the guidance and light of home associations gone, it requires the highest moral firmness to walk sinless through the gardens of attractive but forbidden fruits. It is easy in peace and safety to pursue the labors of the week and on Sabbath, repairing to cushioned pews, listen to the swelling notes of the organ and the melody of voices raised in songs of praise to the Most High. It is quite another thing to keep fresh in the heart the spirit of gentleness and love, of Christian meekness and devotion, when you live every moment in the face of deadly peril, enduring cold, hunger and fatigue, where social influences and

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CAPT. SAMUEL COULTER,
Co. E, 96th O. V. I.

Sabbaths are unknown; where, when church-bells are elsewhere chiming, duty may, as it often does, call you to the savage field of carnage. The fact is that active military life afforded so severe a test for the nobler elements of manhood that many were found wanting. All campaigners were astonished by the frequency of distorted lives among those in whom they least expected it, and especially that so large a proportion of the Chaplains should prove themselves not only entirely unfitted for the duties, not only utterly useless in their calling, but frequently positively injurious by their example. The delicate duties required a knowledge of men which they had not, and for the privations and perils they were in no wise prepared. Some did proud honor to themselves and their calling, while many who thought they were strong, there proved themselves weak—found the burden greater than they could bear.

In this strange but true light, the career of those who inflexibly held fast their nobility of soul; who, clad in the armor of their holy faith, walked through the fiery furnace unscathed, became the most brilliant examples of manhood, and of Christian faith the most glittering light. The qualities that exalt a soldier's soul fill him with the highest sense of *duty* and the faith and hope that makes him afraid neither to *live or die*.

Such representatives were furnished by every regiment, and in the 96th Ohio the spiri of religion was so marked and earnest as to merit more than a passing notice, and warrants the insertion of the following papers prepared by Mr. L. Kemerer, himself an active worker in the cause during the entire service of the regiment:

CHAPLAINS OF THE 96TH OHIO VOL.

“The first Chaplain appointed to preside over the moral and religious interests of the regiment, was Rev. Mr. Ketchum, of the M. E. Church. He joined us about the 1st of October, 1862, when on the march to Nicholasville, Ky.

“In due time his resignation was presented and *promptly* accepted.

“Chaplain Ketchum was succeeded by Rev. G. M. Scott, of the

M. E. Church, who entered the service as private of Company C of the same regiment; and for his soldierly bearing was promoted to be First Sergeant of his company, from which grade he became our Chaplain. He accompanied us through many long, wearisome marches and bloody battles.

At the disastrous battle of Mansfield he was taken prisoner while attending to our unfortunate soldiers, among whom was the lamented Captain Coulter, whose eyes he closed after death had done its work. After being exchanged, he rejoined his regiment at Baton Rouge, La., and, in the month of December, 1864, tendered his resignation, which was *promptly* accepted by Maj.-Gen. Canby on the 15th of the same month.

THE CHRISTIAN ARMY BAND.

The resignation of Chaplain Scott left us without an official leader in our devotions. So keenly was this felt, that, in our earnestness, the religious portion of the regiment organized themselves into an association, which they denominated

“THE CHRISTIAN ARMY BAND OF THE 96 OHIO VOLUNTEERS.”

Seventy-Six at once enrolled themselves as members, and, on all proper occasions, sought by worship of God to nurture in their hearts the beauties of our abiding faith and love.

Though many different churches were represented in the Band, yet not a jar or discord of a sectarian character ever disturbed their worship or christian fellowship. In the humble tent, or in the lone forest groves, whether by day or night, and under the most widely varying conditions of comfort, our devotions were earnest and deeply heartfelt. As an evidence of this, the Band was visited on several occasions by a refreshing revival of religion, which strengthened the band of brotherhood, and joined our souls unto one. The members of this Band are now scattered far and wide, but I doubt not they often look back with the happiest feelings to the many places where we bowed in prayer to Him beloved by us, and who Himself is love.”

It is but justice to Mr. Kemerer to state that although a private

-in the ranks, who there did his duty well, he was the leading spirit in the organization of the Christian Band. He was also its active leader, and so lived and labored that his every-day life demonstrated his faith by his works.

KIGHTLINGERS.

The man who attracts the undivided attention of his comrades must be a genius. Whether low or lofty, a philosopher or a harlequin, the qualities that place him above and beyond all others are not to be despised. The oddity that furnishes amusement for associates, when combined with manly honor, is a "pearl of great price" in the tented-field. The regiment that failed to contain such elements had a fair chance to reach a fitness for "treason, stratagem and spoils." From the least chance for such degeneration, the 96th Ohio was saved by the ever-present and never-to-be-forgotten Kightlingers.

Hereditary influences have so much to do with us morally and socially as well as physically, that the question of ancestry and their prominent traits of character become highly important. It is, therefore, necessary here to state that the Kightlingers were "born of honest parents." In marked contrast with many who can boast such royal lineage, they preserved untarnished the more striking and better qualities attaching to their parentage. They were brothers, and appeared on the muster-roll as exactly of the same age. The reason of this lay in the fact of their being twins. This fact also accounted for the circumstance that their resemblance was so perfect that it was very difficult to distinguish one from the other. This similarity of looks was paralleled by their mental constitutions. Their thoughts and actions were so undistinguishable from each other that, the opinion of one obtained, no consultation with the other was necessary. To them the injunction for "brothers to dwell together in harmony" was utterly wasted. Six foot high, with the strangest

facial construction and expression, thoroughly awkward, extremely energetic and honest, keen in trade as the sting of a hornet, with a droll humor that never failed, it is no wonder that among marked men stood prominently our twin brothers. In their early campaigning they failed to acquire a reputation that could be deemed enviable. This did not arise from an unwillingness of soul, but because of a defect in their locomotive apparatus, of which due account was not taken. Soldiers soon "spot" the man whose legs prove treacherous on a battle-field or bring him to the front just after the danger has passed. The latter was the apparent defect in those of the twins, and was attributed to something closely resembling fear. But, by some chance, they were both on time at Sabine Cross-Roads, and astonished their comrades by standing in their places and with the utmost unconcern doing their duty. They seemed to be totally unconscious of the attention they attracted as they deliberately loaded, aimed and fired, and the wonder they excited by so coolly demonstrating that in their souls was not a trace of cowardice. Presently arose an occasion for the advance of skirmishers. The danger was so great that the commanding officer had not the heart to select and order out a company, for it was only to select them to die. He therefore called for volunteers. The life of the man that went was scarcely worth the snap of a finger, but instantly and first of all to step cut as volunteers, were the *Kightlingers*. Not only at this point but during all the scenes of that eventful day, they did their duty nobly. If they were slow to reach the field, they there proved that they were *just as slow to leave*. All questions as to their courage were solved, and many a man then learned the important fact that a rough exterior may hide a *royal heart*.

Their indifference to their personal appearance and strange slovenliness of manner found a ready apology in the fact that they never faltered when "present for duty," nor for a moment lost sight of the fact that at their homes their families not only awaited their return but in the meantime needed from them financial assistance. To meet these domestic requirements their entire energies were put forth. Their similarity held good in their most marked weakness, which, fortunately, they found it possible to

turn to good account. They had no concern as to whether the human soul did or did not reside in the stomach, but they did know that a soldier's stomach never surrenders its craving for *pies*. Devotion to a single aim has never been more fully shown than theirs in what entitled them to the designation of the *Princes of Pie-makers*. No place, however barren, failed to furnish them the requisite material for running their culinary concern, of which the only result was *pies*. The most unmentionable varieties were produced, and at the most unseasonable times and places. No one knew when or how they obtained pie-dishes; but no place was too poor to furnish them. To hide dried apples from them was an utter impossibility. The amount of potatoes they could find in a hill was absolutely miraculous. Every form of vegetable had one common fate, and inexorably became pies, at fifteen, twenty or twenty-five cents apiece, according to the laws that usually govern trade. After military duties, life afforded to them but one worthy aim and, tersely stated, that was *pies*. "In season and out of season" arose in camp the twin voices, chanting in chorus, *pies! pies! pies!* In the pine forests and cypress swamps, on barren sands and fertile plantation, arose the same chorus of *pies! pies! pies!* Such alchemy was never before known as that which, from nothing visible to us, produced those *pies! pies! pies!* In fact the material was usually secured through the aid of passes, when no other man could obtain one. The overpowering necessity gave courage to the twin hearts. Before it all distinctions gave way. They had not the least concern about approaching a General and asking for a pass. Once in the presence of the one clothed with the proper power, off came the hat in the left hand while the right caught into the hair on the fore part of the head, so that, by a comical combination of a pitch and a jerk, a bow was produced, immediately followed by: "General, my name's Kightlinger, 96th Ohio, on the march, and I want a pass." "What do you want a pass for, sir?" "General, I'm poor and have left a family at home; they need more money than I get. I make a little extra by hunting up material and making *pies*. That's what I want a pass for." "That is no business for a soldier; that is not what you are here for." "I know it, General; but I do all my duty. I re-

fer you to Col. Brown—*he* knows *me*. My name's Kightlinger, Company K, 'bloody 96th.' I want to make some *pies*, and I can't do it without a pass. I'm poor, and it isn't any thing wrong for me to try to do the fair thing for my family after I've done my duty in the 96th on the march. You see, General, I need this pass mighty bad, for I must make some *pies*." Not appreciating a rebuff, and in his quaint way repeating this domestic-fidelity argument, usually obtained the coveted pass, followed by a searching investigation by a self-appointed committee that knew nothing of white-washing. Every recess gave up its store, and with surprising promptness arose the voice of the busy tradesmen in camp with—*pies! pies! pies!* The most wearisome walk and dangerous path; neither heat or cold, darkness or storm, ever materially interfered with the efforts that gave us—*pies! pies! pies!*

As long as we shall live to recite the story of our field-service, will be remembered the twin brothers and their—*pies! pies! pies!* Neither will it be forgotten that a dishonorable act never stained their names; that steady and true they performed faithfully their duty to their country, and filled their appointed mission to produce at all times and places their—*pies! pies! pies!*

"DICK."

Dick was only a chicken, and was the property of Col. Brown. The reason why he was the *protected pet* of the regiment we leave to be determined by *Darwin*.

To the general reader it may seem a very trifling, even an unworthy matter, but to the members of the command this sketch would be unpardonably incomplete without a notice of Dick. He was the adopted "chicken" of the regiment. There was a strange earnestness in their attachment to this bird. The very men who were never known to decline "fowl" proceedings to obtain any other *specimen*, would watch this one with jealous care; and any attempt at harming him would have resulted in

rough usage, in which they would have been first to "take a hand." The fact is, that, without other convenient object on which to bestow their tenderness of soul, they lavished it on Dick

Of his early history nothing is known, save that he was "purchased" by Charles Steveson, Orderly of Col. Brown, near Natchitoches, on the 6th of April, 1864. He was then rather juvenile, and, being of the Shanghai "persuasion," was especially remarkable for his old look and pressing need of feathers. In short, he was a very

"Flora McFlinsey, with nothing to wear."

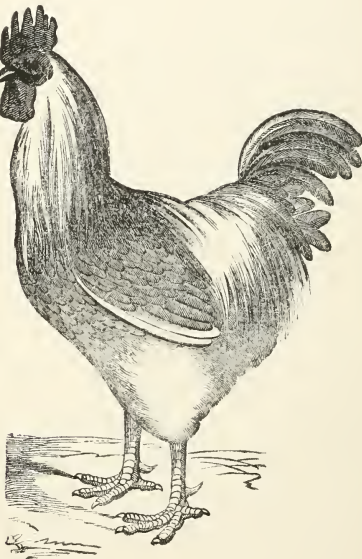
In about six months a short and scraggy coat of feathers covered his body without even then producing any especial beauty of appearance, but he was very large and dignified! He walked about with a firm, measured step that had in it something of the military, just as if he felt and knew that any *other* fowl that could stand on the ground and eat corn off of the top of a barrel, would not there live a minute,

His appreciation of danger was as well marked as his good sense on other matters. The firing of a gun in the enemies' works, when seen by the men would cause them instantly to shout, for the benefit of their comrades, "here she comes, here she comes." Everybody then "hunted their holes." Dick understood this cry as well any of the boys, and gave us much amusement by instantly dropping his head and lighting out for cover, dodging into a tent, under a log, or into any place that would afford even the thinnest protection. His docility was very remarkable, as he could be called and petted like a dog, and often passed through the camp as if to receive the congratulations due to his imperial chickenship.

A succinct statement of Dick's military experience would make him present at the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads, and also at the retreat of the army to Morganza. He was present at the expedition of Forts Gaines and Morgan; and with us from there to Morganza and White River. He was present at the siege of Spanish Fort, and a spectator at the capture of Fort Blakely. He was "in at the death" at Mobile and the skirmish at Whistler; in short, was on every march and "present for duty" at every

action after his connection with the regiment, being with them *mustered out* of the service.

He did not fail to receive at the hands of Col. Brown the attention deserved by his arduous experience, and was taken by him to his home near Mount Vernon, Ohio. "The piping times of peace" illy suited the war-worn veteran, and in a few months the unendurable lassitude was kindly terminated by the untimely death of



DICK.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROSTER OF THE 96th OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

COLONEL—JOSEPH W. VANCE.

Date of Muster, August 12th, 1862; date of Commission, August 12th, 1862. Killed in action at Sabine Cross-Roads, La., April 8th, 1864. Commanded a Brigade during a great portion of his time of service.

LIEUT.-COLONEL—ALBERT H. BROWN.

Date of Muster, August 7th, 1862; date of Commission, August 7th, 1862. Led the Regiment in almost every action in which it was engaged.

MAJOR—CHARLES H. McELROY.

Date of Muster August 8th, 1862; date of Commission, August 8th, 1862; resignation accepted by Major-General Grant July 5th, 1863. A brave and efficient officer.

MAJOR—JOSEPH LEONARD.

Date of Muster, July 23d, 1864; date of Commission, July 13th, 1864. Promoted from Captain, vice McElroy resigned. Mustered out of service Nov. 18th, 1864. Supernumerary at consolidation.

SURGEON—D. W. HENDERSON.

Date of Muster, August 19th, 1862; date of Commission, August 19th, 1862; resignation accepted by Major-General Grant, April 2d, 1863.

SURGEON—JOHN H. HESS.

Date of Muster, Sept. 29th, 1863; date of Commission, April 2d, 1863. Promoted from Ass't Surgeon, vice Henderson resigned.

ASSISTANT-SURGEON—WILLIAM J. SULLIVAN.

Date of Muster, August 19th, 1862; date of Commission, August 19th, 1862; resignation accepted by Major-General Grant, February 28th, 1863.

ASSISTANT-SURGEON—GEO. W. RAMAGE.

Date of Muster, June 12th, 1863; date of Commission, June 2d, 1863.

ADJUTANT—GEORGE N. STARK.

Date of Muster, August 19th, 1862; date of Commission, August 18th, 1862; resignation accepted by Major-General Grant, January 26th, 1863.

ADJUTANT—2d LIEUT. DAVID A. STARK.

Date of Muster, August 9th, 1862; date of Commission, August 9th, 1862; resignation accepted by Major-General Franklin, November 19th, 1863.

ADJUTANT—1st LIEUT. LEWIS H. MITCHELL.

Date of Muster, March 26th, 1864; date of Commission, August 7th, 1863. Appointed Adjutant vice Stark resigned.

QUARTER-MASTER—SILAS BALDWIN.

Date of Muster, July 18th, 1862; date of Commission, July 18th, 1862; resignation accepted by Major-General Franklin, Dec. 5th, 1863. Served for several months upon the staff of Gen'l A. J. Smith, as Division Quarter-Master.

QUARTER-MASTER—JAMES G. HAMILTON.

Date of Muster, July 29th, 1862; date of Commission, July 29th, 1862. Appointed March 18th, 1863, vice Baldwin resigned. Resignation accepted at New-Orleans, La., June 30th, 1864.

QUARTER-MASTER—G. W. KLINE.

Appointed November 1st, 1864, vice Hamilton resigned.

CHAPLAIN—C. W. KETCHUM.

No record. Resignation accepted by Major-General Grant, June 22d, 1863.

CHAPLAIN—G. M. SCOTT.

Appointed June 24th, 1863; resigned at White River Landing, Dec. 15th, 1864.

 NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

JESSE T. BURR, Sergeant-Major, enlisted August 15th, appointed August 19th, 1862. Was in action at Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged for disability at General Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., February 14th, 1863.

FRED. S. BURROWS, Sergeant-Major, enlisted August 15th, appointed February 14th, 1863. In actions of Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, La., Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile, (all except Arkansas Post.) Wounded in the hand at Grand Coteau, La. Appointed Serg't-Major vice Burr discharged.

W. H. H. STROTHERS, Quarter-Master Sergeant, enlisted July 29th, appointed August 19th, 1862. Died at Young's Point, La., February 2d, 1863.

JOHN E. KIRK, Quarter-Master Sergeant, enlisted August 8th, appointed March 1st, 1863. Appointed Q. M. Sergeant, vice Strothers, deceased. Commissioned and mustered as 2d Lieutenant Dec. 16th, 1864. Was in all battles except Grand Coteau, La.

BENJ. J. WILLIAMS, Quarter-Master Sergeant, enlisted August 12th, appointed November 18th, 1864. In the battles of Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Cane River, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Appointed Q. M. Sergeant, vice Kirk promoted. For several months previous to his appointment he was on detached service as chief clerk in the Adjutant General's office of the Brigade and Division. Was with General Burbridge at the battles of Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Jackson and Champion Hills, Miss.

- GEO. H. TILTON, Commissary Sergeant, enlisted August 2d, appointed August 19th, 1863. Discharged at Columbus, O., on account of disability.
- HENRY S. BUNKER, Commissary Sergeant, enlisted August 11, appointed March 4, 1863. Appointed Commissary Sergeant, vice Tilton discharged. In the battles of Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and the remainder in which the Regiment was engaged.
- THOS. F. KIRK, Chief Musician, enlisted August 2d, appointed August 19th, 1862. Mustered out per General Orders from War Department, April, 1863.
- ENOS WARD, Chief Musician, enlisted August 5th, appointed August 19th, 1862. Died at General Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., April 5th, 1863.
- H. W. ALLEN, Hospital Steward, enlisted August 7th, 1862, appointed August 19th, 1862. Died of disease at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, February 12th, 1863.
- H. S. GREEN, Hospital Steward, enlisted August 11th, appointed March 1st, 1863. Appointed Hospital Steward, vice Allen, deceased. Battles include all except Fort Morgan, Ala. Was captured at Sabine Cross Roads, released and joined the regiment, June 18th, 1864. He thoroughly understood his duties and was a valuable assistant to the Surgeon. The sick and wounded who came under his charge will not forget his care, especially at the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads.

COMPANY A.

- WILLIAM MITCHELL, Captain; appointed Captain Co. A July 21, 1862. In battles of Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Resigned March 3d, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- WILLIAM M. YOUNG, 1st Lieutenant; appointed 1st Lieutenant Co. A August 5, 1862; resigned November 26, 1862.
- GEORGE H. TERRY, 2d Lieutenant; appointed 2d Lieutenant Co. A July 23, 1862. Resigned April 11, 1863.
- LEWIS H. MITCHELL, Orderly Sergeant; promoted to 2d Lieutenant November 26, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant March 26, 1864. Transferred to Regimental Staff as Adjutant April 1, 1864. In battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Fort Gaines and Spanish Fort. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase July 29, 1865.

- WILLIAM ROBERTS, 2d Sergeant; August 6, 1862, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Promoted to Orderly Sergeant April 14, 1863. In battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- JOHN M. EWALT, 3d Sergeant; enlisted August 5, 1862. In battle Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged March 25, 1863.
- GEORGE TRONE, 4th Sergeant; August 6, 1862. In battles of Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; wounded at the latter place. Discharged March 18, 1863.
- SPENCER D. LINCOLN, 5th Sergeant; August 2, 1862. Battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson. Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan.
- JOHN H. KNODE, 1st Corporal; promoted to Sergeant October 1, 1863; reduced to Corporal by consolidation November 18, 1864. In battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish; wounded at the latter place.
- GEORGE H. LYBARGER, 2d Corporal; enlisted August 5, 1862; detailed to Pioneer Corps, 13th A. C., February 5, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Port Gibson, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Jackson, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.
- DANIEL N. COOPER, 3d Corporal; enlisted August 2, 1862. Promoted to 3d Sergeant April 14, 1863; promoted to 2d Lieut. December 19, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.
- ALFRED R. MCINTYRE, 4th Corporal; enlisted August 9, 1862; discharged March 20, 1863.
- ALBERT C. WILLIAMS, 5th Corporal; enlisted August 7, 1862; promoted to Sergeant April 14, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.
- EDWARD W. MCGIFFIN, 6th Corporal; enlisted August 2, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; killed at the latter place.
- PERCIVILLE PUMPHREY, 7th Corporal; enlisted August 7, 1862; promoted to Sergeant April 14, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and siege of Vicksburg. Died in hospital in rear of Vicksburg, July 16, 1862.

- GEORGE E. BROWNING, 8th Corporal; enlisted August 1, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg and Grand Coteau. Died February 14, 1864, of wounds received at Grand Coteau, La. ✓
- THOMAS F. KIRK, Musician; enlisted August 2, 1862; transferred to non-commissioned staff as Chief Musician. Mustered out of service at Milliken's Bend, by order of War Department.
- THOMAS R. BOWLAND, Musician; enlisted August 2, 1862; transferred to non-commissioned staff as Chief Musician, November 1, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Died at Mobile, Alabama. June 7, 1865.
- CHARLES H. LAUDERBAUGH, Musician; enlisted February 29, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I. July 6, 1865.
- NEWTON A. CHAMBERS, wagoner, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.

PRIVATES.

- GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and siege of Vicksburg. Discharged August 8, 1863.
- JAMES C. ARMSTRONG, enlisted August 7, 1862; discharged March 6, 1863, by order of Brig.-Gen. Davidson.
- ISAAC W. BEAM, enlisted August 5, 1862; discharged Jan. 23, 1863.
- MARTIN BENDER, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross Roads. Mustered out at Camp Chase July 7.
- D. E. BLOCHER, enlisted October 3, 1864. Battle: Spanish Fort. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I. July 6.
- NATHANIEL B. BORDEN, enlisted August 6, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg. Transferred to Invalid Corps September 1, 1863.
- HENRY C. BOSTWICK, enlisted July 28, 1862. Promoted to Corporal March 1, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Discharged November 11, 1863.

- ISAAC N. BOUNDS, enlisted February 29, 1864. Battle: Fort Spanish. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I. July 6.
- CHARLES BOWERS, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg. Died in General Hospital at Memphis, Tennessee, July 6, 1863.
- ADANIRAM J. BRIGGS, enlisted August 6, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, April 22, 1863.
- WILLIAM BROCK, enlisted August 7, 1862. Wounded in action at Grand Coteau November 3, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg and Grand Coteau. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- ROLLAND P. BROWNING, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability July 17, 1863.
- GEORGE A. CARSON, enlisted August 5, 1862. Died at Lexington, Kentucky, of typhoid fever November 20, 1862.
- AARON CASE, enlisted August 4, 1862. Detailed at brigade headquarters October 26, 1862, by order of Brig.-Gen. S. G. Burbridge. Now living in Mount Vernon, Ohio; totally blind from causes incident to service.
- DANIEL CHADWICK, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died at St. Louis, Missouri, July 4, 1863.
- JAMES H. CLEMENTS, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; died of wounds received at the latter place January 11, 1863.
- MADISON COUGER, enlisted August 4, 1862. Discharged at Columbus, Ohio, on surgeon's certificate of disability January 7, 1863.
- ALBERT CUMMINS, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase July 29, 1865.
- JAMES W. DEVOE, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner at the latter place, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- JOHN W. DEWITT, enlisted August 9, 1862. Transferred to Invalid Corps, (date unknown.)
- JUDSON DISNEY, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau. Died May 21, 1864.

- LEVI N. DODD, enlisted August 7, 1872. Promoted to Corporal June 7, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase July 29, 1865.
- ALBERT EMMENS, enlisted August 9, 1862. Battles: Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, and Spanish Fort. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- GEORGE W. FINNARTY, enlisted August 6, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou; supposed to have been drowned at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, January 22, 1863.
- WILLIAM FORDNEY, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Died July 17, 1863, at St. Louis, Missouri.
- GEORGE S. FULLER, enlisted February 28, 1864. Battle: Spanish Fort. Transferred to 77th O. V. I. July 6, 1865.
- JAMES K. P. GRAFF, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died February 27, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- WILLIAM GREEN, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, and Forts Gaines and Morgan. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase July 29, 1865.
- OLNEY K. HAYES, enlisted August 8, 1862. Transferred to Marine Brigade January 1, 1863, by order of War Department.
- JAMES H. HERRINGTON, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- GEORGE E. HILDRETH, enlisted August 6, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- HENRY M. HILDRETH, enlisted August 28, 1862. Detailed as Division teamster October 26, 1862, by order of Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith; returned to company January 15, 1864; detailed as Division teamster March 16, 1864, by order of Brig.-Gen. F. E. G. Ransom. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- VELOSCOE HILDRETH, enlisted August 1, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; killed at the latter place January 11, 1863.

- LEVI L. HOFFMAN, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died at Young's Point, Louisiana, February 15, 1863.
- JAMES M. HOFFMAN, enlisted August 9, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner at the latter place; exchanged December 25, 1863,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- JAMES T. HUTTON, enlisted July 29, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; died of wounds received at the latter place January 16, 1863.
- JOHN W. JACKSON, enlisted August 9, 1862; promoted to Corporal January 15, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads.
- HENRY KARROR, enlisted October 3, 1864. Battle: Spanish Fort. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I. July 6.
- JOHN KELLER, enlisted August 9, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- EBEN B. KIRBY, enlisted August 9, 1862. Died at Covington, Kentucky, October 11, 1862.
- JOHN E. KIRK, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Transferred to non-commissioned staff as Quartermaster's Sergeant, by order of Col. J. W. Vance, March 4, 1863. Afterwards promoted to 2d Lieutenant of Company E.
- MCNEIL KNODE, enlisted August 2, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged August 8, 1863, by order of Maj.-Gen. E. O. C. Ord.
- ISAAC KRING, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Died in rear of Vicksburg, July 2, 1863.
- ALVIN LAMSON, enlisted August 8, 1862; promoted to Corporal June 7, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross-Roads. Died at Chicago, Illinois, August 18, 1864.
- HUGH LAUDERBAUGH, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.

- PETER LAWTON, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point, Louisiana, April 30, 1863.
- JOHN MAGAW, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battles: Grand Coteau, (was taken prisoner and paroled December 25, 1863, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- JOEL R. P. MARTIN, enlisted August 2, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner at the latter place, paroled December 25, 1863, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- WILLIAM C. MARTIN, enlisted July 31, 1862. Battles: Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner at the latter place, paroled December 25, 1863, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Forts Gaines and Morgan.
- BARNEY McCULLOCH, enlisted August 2, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, (taken prisoner at the latter place, and exchanged October 23, 1864,) and Spanish Fort. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- JOHN McELROY, enlisted February 21, 1864. Died at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, July 20, 1864.
- DANIEL W. McGRADY, enlisted July 28, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- WILLIAM MCGRAW, enlisted August 1, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, (detailed to Pioneer Corps, 13th A. C.,) Port Gibson, Champion Hills and Vicksburg. Taken prisoner while on the way to Jackson, Mississippi—date unknown; supposed to be dead.
- WILLIAM A. MCGREW, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner at the latter place, paroled December 28, 1863, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Fort Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- NORTON A. MEEKER, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, (was wounded at the latter place,) Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, (where he was again wounded,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.

- CHARLES E. MITZGER, enlisted October 3, 1864. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I. July 6.
- JOHN R. MOODY, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau.
- AARON B. MOORE, enlisted August 6, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (was taken prisoner at the latter place, paroled December 25, 1863, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish.
- ISAAC PIERCE, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged March 18, 1863, by order of Maj.-Gen. John A. McClernand.
- HENRY PENROSE, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died at Young's Point, Louisiana, March 5, 1863.
- THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, enlisted August 5, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Discharged at Columbus, Ohio, December 3, 1863.
- WILLIAM PORTER, enlisted August 1, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- EBENEZER PITKIN, enlisted August 1, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point, February 1, 1863.
- PHILO PREMIER, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- GEORGE RIGLER, enlisted August 5, 1862. Discharged—date unknown.
- BENJAMIN RIZOR, enlisted August 1, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died at Young's Point, on board the Hospital Boat. J. C. Swan, January 20, 1863.
- JESSE P. ROBERTSON, enlisted August 5, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post, (wounded at the latter place.) Discharged at Memphis, Tennessee,—date unknown.
- GEORGE ROUPE, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Transferred to Invalid Corps February 15, 1864, by order of War Department.
- JACOB ROUPE, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at St. Louis, Missouri, July 11, 1863.

- MICHAEL ROUPE, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Mustered out of service at Cincinnati, O., May 30, 1865.
- SAMUEL SMALE, enlisted February 21, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I. July 6.
- WILMOT SPERRY, enlisted August 5, 1862; promoted to Corporal March 1, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, and Fort Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- BRALEY SPRAGUE, enlisted August 19, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner at the latter place, paroled December 25, 1863, and exchanged May 28, 1864.) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- GEORGE W. STULL, enlisted Feb. 24, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I., July 8.
- JOHN TARR, enlisted August 9, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Died of sunstroke, at Jackson, Mississippi, July 18, 1863.
- EDWIN E. TATHWELL, enlisted Aug. 5, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau; discharged on account of wounds received at the latter place—date unknown.
- JOHN W. TAYLOR, enlisted August 2, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, (detailed to 17th Ohio Battery, April 1, 1863,) Port Gibson, Champion Hills, Black River, Charge of Vicksburg, (returned to Company May 23, 1864.) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- MANOAH L. TERRILL, enlisted August 9, 1862; promoted to Corporal November 18, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (wounded at the latter place,) Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- EUGENE I. THOMPSON, enlisted July 30, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, (detailed to 17th Ohio Battery April 1, 1863,) Port Gibson, Champion Hills, Black River, Charge of Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (Veteranized in Battery—date unknown; returned to Company April 8, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.

- GEORGE H. TILTEN, enlisted August 2, 1862. Transferred to non-commissioned staff August 19, 1862, as Commissary Sergeant. Sent home sick, and received his discharge early in 1863.
- THOMAS H. TRIMBLE, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.
- HARVEY VANCE, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died at Memphis, Tennessee, March 9, 1863.
- JONAS WARD, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died at Young's Point, March 2, 1863.
- CHARLES H. WARDEN, enlisted August 9, 1862. Discharged April 9, 1863, by order of Captain Albert Dod.
- NATHANIEL D. WATKINS, enlisted August 5, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged March 18, 1863, by order of Maj.-Gen. John A. McClernand.
- JOSEPH B. WELCH, enlisted March 29, 1864. Died on Transport John H. Grosbeck, September 22, 1864.
- WALTER S. WHITNEY, enlisted August 2, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg, (taken prisoner on his way to Jackson.)
- LEWIS H. WILLIAMS, enlisted January 2, 1864. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads and Fort Spanish. Transferred to 77th O. V. I. July 6.
- JOSIAH WOODS, enlisted July 3, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died at Milliken's Bend, March 19, 1863.
- GEORGE WRIGHT, enlisted August 9, 1862. Died at Memphis, Tenn., December 1, 1862.
- JOSEPH P. WRIGHT, enlisted August 9, 1862. Battle: Arkansas Post. Transferred to Invalid Corps—date unknown.
- ANDREW J. ZIMMERMAN, enlisted August 9, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (wounded at latter place,) Sabine Cross-Roads. Detailed as clerk at Headquarters 13th A. C. Feb. 20, 1865. Mustered out at Mobile July 7; discharged at Camp Chase.

COMPANY B.

- JOSEPH LEONARD, appointed Captain July 21st, 1862. Mustered into the United States Service July 21st, 1862. Transferred to field and staff by promotion to Major July 23d, 1864. Engaged at Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Ark., Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, La., Forts Gaines and Morgan, Ala. Mustered out on consolidation of regiment Nov. 23d, 1864.
- HENRY P. BENNETT, appointed 1st Lieutenant August 12th, 1862. Transferred as Captain Co. A, 96th Regiment O. V. I. May 15th, 1863. Was honorably discharged from the service by the Secretary of War, August 19th, 1864.
- WILLIAM S. WING, 2d Lieutenant, appointed July 23d, 1862. Resigned. Resignation accepted by Secretary of War, March —, 1863.
- PHINEAS A. FAUCETT, 1st Sergeant, appointed August 11th, 1862. In battles of Chickasaw Bluff and Fort Hindman. Died February 23d, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- M. J. BENNETT, 2d Sergeant, appointed August 15th, 1862. Left sick in hospital at New Albany, Ind. Discharged at Columbus, O., April 1st, 1863.
- HENRY L. BADGER, 3d Sergeant, appointed July 25th, 1862. In battles of Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Sent from Young's Point, La., to Hospital, Louisville, Ky., January 22d, 1863. Discharged February 26th, 1863.
- GEORGE W. LORE, 4th Sergeant, appointed August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Taken prisoner at Grand Coteau November 3d, 1863. Exchanged May 9th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile. Discharged at Camp Chase.
- WILLIAM H. MAST, 5th Sergeant, appointed August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Sent to hospital February 23, 1862. Discharged April 3d, 1863.
- JOSEPH T. JACOBS, 1st Corporal, appointed August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross Roads, La. Taken prisoner November 3d, 1863, at Grand Coteau, La. Exchanged November 25th, 1863. Promoted to Sergeant April 4th, 1863.

- DAVID BONAR, 2d Corporal, appointed August 11th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Arkansas Post, January 14th, 1863.
- HENRY B. SNIDIKER, 3d Corporal, appointed August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died March 3d, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- DANIEL G. ANDERSON, 4th Corporal, appointed July 25th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Sent from Young's Point, La., January 22d, 1863, to hospital at Louisville, Ky. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 1st, 1864.
- THORNTON F. BLACK, 5th Corporal, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Reduced at Paris, Ky., October 25th, 1862.
- JOHN T. TRUSDELL, 6th Corporal, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Hindman, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Promoted to Sergeant May 1st, 1863. Mustered out at Mobile. Discharged at Columbus.
- WILLIAM E. BURK, 7th Corporal, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged at Columbus, by Captain Albert B. Dod.
- JOHN A. PEOPLES, 8th Corporal, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Sent from Young's Point, Ala., January 22d, 1863, to St. Louis. Died February 3d, 1863, at Jefferson Barracks.
- WILLIAM S. MCGINLEY, Musician, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Taken prisoner November 3d, 1863. Exchanged May 9th, 1864. Transferred to non-commissioned staff, by promotion, 2d Chief Musician, November 1st, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile. Discharged at Camp Chase.
- COLUMBUS D. POPHAM, Musician, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Left sick at Milliken's Bend, La., April 14th, 1863.
- WILLIAM H. WRIGHT, Wagoner, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Mustered out at Mobile. Discharged at Camp Chase.

PRIVATES.

- JONAS BECK, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman.

- LYMAN W. BLACK, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Sent to hospital at Memphis, Tenn. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15th, 1864.
- ZIBA B. BARKER, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Left Sick at Milliken's Bend, La., April 14th, 1863. Discharged at Columbus, O., August 25th, 1863.
- THOMAS J. BALL, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Left sick at New Albany, Ind., November 18, 1862. Returned to regiment February 9th, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Taken prisoner November 3d, 1863. Exchanged December 25th, 1863. Promoted to Corporal October 1st, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- THEODORE L. BEERS, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Left sick at Covington, Ky., October 8th, 1862, and discharged December 24th, 1862.
- WILBERT E. BARNES, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Left in hospital April 14th, 1863. Returned to regiment June 6th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- WILSON BARNES, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Sent to hospital at Memphis, Tenn., August 20th, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
- PATTERSON BARKER, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Sent to hospital at Memphis, Tenn., July 12th, 1863. Died at Memphis, Tenn., July 31st, 1863.
- JOHN N. BALL, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Died at Young's Point February 19th, 1863.
- JAMES BENNETT, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Died on hospital boat, Nashville, March 8th, 1863.
- FREDERICK S. BURROWS, enlisted August 15th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman, Ark. Promoted to Corporal October 25th, 1862. Transferred to non-commissioned staff as Sergeant-Major, January 27th, 1863. (See non-commissioned staff.)

- JESSY T. BURR, enlisted August 15th, 1862. Transferred to non-commissioned staff as Sergeant-Major, August 19th, 1862. (See non-commissioned staff.)
- EVEN CARPENTER, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 15th, 1864.
- ANDREW CALHOUN, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Died April 12th, 1863, on hospital boat, D. A. January, of typhoid fever.
- JOHN H. CRAVEN, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Sent home on sick furlough for sixty days, October 3d, 1863. Returned December 14th, 1863. Mustered out with regiment.
- WILLIAM H. COLWILL, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Died in Camp Hospital at Vicksburg, Miss., July 30th, 1863.
- FRANK CRAFT, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Sent to Division Hospital, rear of Vicksburg, July 7th, 1863. Returned to duty November 28th, 1863. Mustered out with regiment.
- NATHAN CRAIG, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Put on Hospital Boat, J. C. Swan, January 23d, 1863. Died January 29th, 1863.
- ALFRED J. DICKISON, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Sent home on sick furlough of thirty days, August 20th, 1863. Returned to duty December 3d, 1863. Sabine Cross Roads, Fort Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- NORMAN DAVIS, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Left sick at Delaware, Ohio, Sept. 1st, 1862. Never rejoined regiment.
- WILLIAM B. DOWDS, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Left sick at Covington, Ky., October 8th, 1862. Discharged at Columbus, O., April 4th, 1863.
- BENJAMIN DURBIN, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point, La., February 3d, 1863.

- CALVIN DUSH, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Discharged at Van Buren Hospital, Milliken's Bend, La., 1863.
- JESSY K. EDGAR, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Left sick at Memphis, Tenn., December 19th, 1862. Discharged March 28th, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn.
- HYRAM EGGLESON, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Sent to Division Hospital in rear of Vicksburg, July 4th, 1863. Died at St. Louis, Mo., July 27th, 1863.
- WILLIAM R. FOBES, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Left sick at Nicholasville, Ky., November 11th, 1862. Returned to regiment February 7th, 1863. Appointed 1st Sergeant April 1st, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Mustered out November 24th, 1864, by consolidation.
- VALENTINE FARQUHAR, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Put on Hospital Boat, D. A. January, March 6th, 1863. Discharged November 17th, 1863, at Columbus, O.
- JACOB FEASTER, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Left sick at Carrollton, La., October 3d, 1863. Returned to duty November 22d, 1863. Died of wounds received in battle of Sabine Cross Roads, June 12th, 1864.
- BARNET B. GRENLEE, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Sent to Division Hospital in rear of Vicksburg, July 4th, 1863. Discharged November 21st, 1863, at Columbus, O.
- GEORGE W. HEWELER, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Left sick at Milliken's Bend April 14th, 1863. Died April 28th, 1863, of consumption.
- JOBE HARDIN, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Discharged March 24th, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, La.
- SAMUEL M. HOBBS, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Left sick at Covington, Ky, October 8th, 1862. Discharged March 13th, 1863, at Cincinnati, O.
- SOLOMAN HARDIN, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Put on Hospital Boat J. C. Swan, January 23d, 1863, at Young's Point. Died January 29th, 1863, of typhoid fever.

- GEORGE HARDINGER, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Put on Steamer Fanny Bullet, January 12th, 1863. Died on Steamer while going up river, January 24th, 1863.
- JOHN H. H SS, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.
- THOMAS HIBBITTS, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point, La., February 15th, 1863, of typhoid fever.
- JOHN HARDIN, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Detailed to 17th Ohio Battery, April 1st, 1863. Fort Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Big Black. Returned to Company June 17th, 1864. Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.
- DANIEL HENRY, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Forts Hindman and Vicksburg. Detailed to Pioneer Corps September 3d, 1863. Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads. Returned to Company July 13th, 1864. Forts Gaines and Morgan. Detailed March 10th, 1865, to Pioneer Corps. Fort Spanish and Mobile, Ala. Returned to Company, and mustered out with regiment.
- SAMUEL A. HESS, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.
- DAVID D. IRIAND, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg and Jackson. Sent home on sick furlough, August 20th, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
- WILLIAM KRING, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Sent to hospital June 23d, 1863. Returned to regiment February, 1864. Wounded in battle at Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864. Forts Gaines and Morgan. Transferred to Company E, 96th Battalion, O. V. I., November 18, 1865.
- DANIEL KEEFFR, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Promoted to Corporal March 1st, 1863. Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.

- WILLIAM P. LAFEVER, enlisted August 10th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg and Jackson. Sent to hospital August 20th, 1863. Returned to duty December 15th, 1863. Detached as guard and sent to New Orleans, La., March 13th, 1864. Returned May 26th, 1864. Forts Gaines and Morgan. Transferred to Company D, 96th Battalion. O. V. I., November 18th, 1864, by consolidation.
- GEORGE LEMMAR, enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg and Jackson. Taken prisoner at the battle of Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863. Exchanged December 25th, 1863. Taken prisoner at the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864. Exchanged October 23d, 1864. Fort Spanish and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.
- WILLIAM LINK, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Sent to hospital in rear of Vicksburg, June 23d, 1863. Returned to duty November 22d, 1863. Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out of service June 6th, 1865. Discharged at Mobile, Ala.
- WILLIAM MC H. LAFFEREE, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Left sick at Carrollton, La., October 3d, 1863. Discharged December 8th, 1863.
- MILFORD LEWIS, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Discharged March 24th, 1863.
- JAMES MYERS, enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Died at Young's Point, La., February 21st, 1863, of typhoid fever.
- GEORGE MCCURG, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Promoted to Corporal October 25th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Promoted to Sergeant May 1st, 1863. Received commission as 2d Lieutenant May 15th, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross-Roads. Mustered as 1st Lieutenant June 14th, 1864. Home on furlough June 15th, 1864. Returned August 31st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan. Mustered out with regiment.
- SAMUEL MORRISON, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Left sick at Milliken's Bend, La., April 14th, 1863. Discharged December 14th, 1863.

NATHAN W. MINARD, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Vicksburg. Taken prisoner at Grand Coteau November 3d, 1863. Exchanged May 9th, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgans. Transferred to Co. E, 95th Battalion. O. V. I., November 18th, 1864, by consolidation.

JEREMIAH OXLEY, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Promoted to Corporal March 1st, 1863. Battle: Vicksburg. Died at Division Hospital, rear of Vicksburg, July 9th, 1863, of conjestive chills.

MORRIS PENROSE, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg and Jackson. Received a furlough of thirty days, August 1st, 1863. Returned September 4th, 1863. Taken prisoner at battle of Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863. Exchanged May 9th, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan. Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala.

IRA M. PHILLIPS, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Sent to hospital in rear of Vicksburg July 4th, 1863; returned to duty December 9th, 1863; detached as guard with division supply train March 15th, 1864. Battle of Sabine Cross-Roads. Returned to regiment July 22d, 1864. Battles of Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.

THOMAS PARKER, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Young's Point, La., February 16th, 1863, of typhoid fever.

BENJAMIN RHODES, enlisted August 2d, 1862. Left sick at Nicholasville, Ky., November 11th, 1862. Died January 26th, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., of typhoid fever.

MARQUIS D. L. REDDING, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.

JOHN R. ROWLEY, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Left sick at Milliken's Bend, La., April 14th, 1863. Returned to regiment June 1st, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.

- JOHN RICE, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Died on board hospital boat D A. January, March 8th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.
- JOHN P. REYNOLDS, enlisted July 25, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg, Jackson. Received a furlough of thirty days August 1st, 1863. Returned September 4th, 1863. Taken prisoner at battle of Grand Coteau November 3d, 1863. Exchanged May 9th, 1864. Battle of Forts Gaines and Morgan. Detailed as Printer of the Army of the Southwest February 16th, 1865.
- SQUIRE ROBINSON, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Put on hospital boat J. C. Swan Jan. 22d, 1863. No official notice; supposed to be dead.
- SAMUEL STOKES, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman and Vicksburg. Sent to hospital June 23d, 1863. Returned November 8th, 1863. Taken prisoner at Sabine Cross-Roads April 8th, 1864. Exchanged October 23d, 1864. Transferred to Company E November 18th, 1864.
- LORING L. SEVERNS, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Left sick at Covington, Ky., October 8th, 1862. Returned November 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.
- BENJAMIN SHIRK, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Detailed to 17th Ohio Battery April 1st, 1863. Battles: Raymond, Port Gibson, Jackson, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau. Returned to company June 17th, 1864. Sent to hospital, New-Orleans, La., July 20th, 1864. Returned to duty September 6th, 1864. Transferred to Company D November 18th, 1864.
- JOHN G. SMITH, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Left sick at Nicholasville, Ky., November 11th, 1862. Died November 13th, 1863, of typhoid fever.
- HENRY H. SEVERNS, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Sent to general hospital at Fort Gaines August 27th, 1864. Returned to company May 15th, 1865.
- JOHN SLAYMON, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg and Jackson. Sent to hospital at Memphis, Tenn., August 20th, 1863. Died September 1st, 1863.

WILLIAM H. SCARBROUGH, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Promoted to Corporal April 1st, 1863. Engaged at Vicksburg. Sent to hospital rear of Vicksburg July 4th, 1863. Returned to company July 19th, 1863. Battle of Grand Coteau. Promoted to Sergeant December 22d, 1863. Engaged at Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Wounded at battle of Grand Coteau. Mustered out with regiment.

ROBERT T. STILLEY, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Left at Covington, Ky., October 8th, 1862. Returned June 6th, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.

JOHN C. TRESSEL, enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg and Jackson. Detailed as guard at Berwick City October 8th, 1863. Returned to company November —, 1863. Taken prisoner in battle of Sabine Cross-Roads April 8th, 1864. Exchanged October 22d, 1864. Battles of Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Sent to hospital at Mobile April 19th, 1865. Returned to company June —, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.

GEORGE W. TISH, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Promoted to Corporal March 1st, 1863. Battles at Vicksburg and Jackson. Taken prisoner in battle of Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863. Exchanged May 9th, 1864. Battles of Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.

ALFRED A. THAYER, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg and Jackson. Sent to hospital at Memphis, Tenn., August 20th, 1863. Returned to duty December 1st, 1863. Sent to hospital at New-Orleans March 16th, 1864. Returned to company September 6th, 1864. Battles of Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.

ISAIAH J. THAYER, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Died at Milliken's Bend, La., April 2d, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.

CHARLES TRESS, enlisted July 25th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Put on boat J. C. Swan January 23d, 1863. Died January 28th, 1863. Disease unknown.

DAVID WRIGHT, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Died on steamer Louisville, January 24th, 1863. Chronic diarrhea.

- WILLIAM A. WRIGHT, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Put on hospital boat D. A. January March 6th, 1863. Died March 10th, 1863. Chronic diarrhea.
- ZACHARIAH WORKMAN, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Left sick at Covington, Ky., October 8th, 1862. Returned to company January 29th, 1863. Put on hospital boat D. A. January March 6th, 1863. Battle: Vicksburg. Taken prisoner at Grand Coteau November 3d, 1863. Exchanged May 9th, 1864. Sent to hospital at New-Orleans July 30th, 1864. Returned to company January —, 1865. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.
- GEORGE WEIRICH, enlisted August 13th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Left in hospital at Fort Gaines August 9th, 1864.
- JOHN W. WALKER, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Left at Covington, Ky., October 8th, 1862. Returned October 14th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman. Left sick at Milliken's Bend, La., April 14th, 1863. Returned to regiment May 8th, 1863. Sent to Young's Point, La., May 30th, 1863. Died at St. Louis, Mo., June 25th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.
- ORIN L. WALTER, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau. Promoted to Corporal January 1st, 1864. Killed in battle at Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864.
- CVRENIUS WHEATCRAFT, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Put on hospital boat J. C. Swan January 22d, 1863. Died January 28th, 1863.
- JACOB YOUNG, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Promoted to Corporal March 1st, 1863. Promoted to Sergeant May 15th, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. Killed in battle at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863.
- JOHN W. WALTER, enlisted January 16th, 1864. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Transferred to Company E November 18th, 1864.
- GEORGE A. WALTER, enlisted February 11th, 1864. Battle: Sabine Cross-Roads. Sent to hospital at Baton Rouge, La., July 20th, 1864. Transferred to company D November 18th, 1864.
- FRANKLIN HILL, enlisted February 2d, 1864. Died in camp hospital at Baton Rouge, La., June 13th, 1864.

COMPANY C.

LEVI REICHELDERFER, Captain. Was engaged in the battles of Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Resigned commission March 26th, 1863.

THOMAS E. SHUNK, 1st Lieutenant. Was in the battle of Chickasaw Bluffs. Died March 27th, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, La.

DAVID A. STARK, 2d Lieutenant. In the engagements at Chickasaw Bluffs, siege of Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau, La. Appointed Adjutant June 26th, 1863; resigned commission.

MORRIS BURNS, 1st Sergeant. No battles. Discharged for disability March 11th, 1863, at Young's Point, La.

JOHN W. GODMAN, 2d Sergeant. Participated in the battles at Chickasaw Bluffs, Miss., Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Was taken prisoner at Grand Coteau, November 3d; exchanged December 25th, 1863. Promoted to 1st Lieutenant March 27th, 1863, vice Shunk, deceased. Transferred to Co. E, 96th O. V. I., November 18th, 1864. Was at the siege of Spanish Fort, La., and the capture of Mobile, Ala.

CHARLES O. OLDFIELD, 3d Sergeant. Was promoted to 2d Lieutenant January 26th, 1863, and to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 18th, 1864. Was at the battles of Chickasaw Bluffs, siege of Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and the capture of Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1863.

HUGH G. RODGERS, 4th Sergeant. Was at Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged for disability February 11th, 1863.

ELI B. MINER, 5th Sergeant. Was at the battle of Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged November 23d, 1863, for disability.

JOHN KEHRMECKER, 1st Corporal. Was promoted to Sergeant September 20th, 1862. Battles of Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and siege of Vicksburg. Died July 17th, 1864, at Vicksburg, Miss.

HARRISON DOTY, 2d Corporal, was promoted to Sergeant March 1st, 1863. Battles of Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Port Gibson, Black River and siege of Vicksburg. Was captured at the battle of Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; exchanged December 25th, 1863. Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Discharged at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.

- GEORGE M. SCOTT, 3d Corporal. Promoted to 1st Sergeant, March 27th, 1863; promoted to Regimental Chaplain, June 24th, 1863. Battles: Siege of Vicksburg, Jackson,—was captured in the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1863, and paroled June 1st, 1863,—Forts Gaines and Morgan. Resigned Commission.
- ROBERT P. DEMUTH, 4th Corporal. Died February 7th, 1863, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
- AMOS FELL, 5th Corporal. Battles: Siege of Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Cane River, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- GEORGE S. SINGER, 6th Corporal. Battles of Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, siege of Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Was discharged at Mobile, Ala., May 24th, for disability.
- JACOB W. DALRYMPLE, 7th Corporal. Was promoted to Sergeant March 27th, 1863, to 1st Sergeant April 30th, 1864, and 2d Lieutenant December 16th, 1864. Battles of Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort, Ala., and capture of Mobile, Ala. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- CLIFTON M. WOOD, 8th Corporal. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, for disability, April 8th, 1864.
- WILBTR F. BARR, 1st Musician. Discharged for disability June 10th, 1863.
- JOHN G. METZNER, 2d Musician. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile, Ala. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- JACOB R. LYON, Wagoner. Accompanied the Regiment as teamster on the Red River expedition, to Spanish Fort Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.

PRIVATES.

- REUBEN ALDRICH. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, May 28th, 1863.
- DAVID BARBER. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died January 22d, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- CICERO D. BRENIZER. Discharged October 10th, 1862, at Columbus, Ohio.

- JOSHUA BROKAW. Died at Bowling Green, Ky., January 20th, 1863.
- SMITH BARRETT. Discharged at Columbus, Ohio, December 19th, 1862.
- NEWTON M. BEACH. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post.
- JOHN F. BURDINE. Battle: Siege of Vicksburg. Taken prisoner at the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads, exchanged ———. Battles of Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- JOHN F. BENNETT. Discharged at Memphis, Tenn., January 15th, 1863.
- THOMAS BARBER. Discharged January 14th, 1864, at New-Orleans, La.
- HAMPTON BROWN. Died near Vicksburg, Miss., January 2d, 1863.
- ALFRED J. BEATTY, Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, siege of Vicksburg and Jackson. Wounded at the battle of Grand Coteau, La., November 3d, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 8th, 1864.
- PETER BATTEY. Battles: Siege of Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile, Ala. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- SPENCER BOOHER. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, siege of Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- ROBERT T. BARGE. Siege of Vicksburg, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- HENRY S. BUNKER. Employed at Regimental Commissary. Appointed Commissary Sergeant, March 4th, 1863. Participated in all the engagements of the Regiment. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- GEORGE W. BARNHARD. Battle: Arkansas Post. Died February 3d, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- WILLIAM BARNHARD. Died December 28th, 1863, near Vicksburg, Miss.
- JAMES A. CUNNINGHAM. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died, April, 1863, near Memphis, Tenn.
- GEORGE W. CURREN. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Wounded at Arkansas Post, from the effects of which he died January 26th, 1863.

- FRANCIS M. CURREN. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, siege of Vicksburg, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile, Ala. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- JAMES H. COOMER. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died April 2d, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, La.
- ALBERT S. COOMER. Died January 12th, 1863, near Arkansas Post, Ark.
- GILBERT G. CRONK. Battles: Siege of Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile, Ala.
- LEWIS C. CROWL. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, November 10th, 1863.
- ELLIOT CARHART.
- BENSON A. CONWAY. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged March 25th, 1863.
- JACOB P. CRATT. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Young's Point, La., February 9th, 1863.
- JOHN H. CLICK. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died at Milliken's Bend, La., April 26th, 1863.
- ALBERT G. CARIS. Died near Cario, Ill., December 11th, 1862.
- JAMES W. CLARK. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged at Young's Point, La., March 11th, 1863,—since died.
- CYRUS DEVORE. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Killed in the battle of Arkansas Post, January 11th, 1863.
- ELISHA EVERTS. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died near Arkansas Post, January 10th, 1863.
- WILLIAM FARIS. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, siege of Vicksburg and Jackson. Discharged for disability arising from wounds received by explosion of the steamboat City of Madison at Vicksburg.
- EDWIN FROST. Died at Memphis, Tenn., December 30th, 1863.
- JAMES J. GILKISON. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau. Killed at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, La., April 8th, 1863.
- HENRY S. GREEN. Promoted to Hospital Steward March 1st, 1863. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- JOSIAH T. HOWARD. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Young's Point, La., January 29th, 1863.

- JESSE H. HUDSON. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- ANDREW HART. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Captured in battle at Grand Coteau, La., November 3d, 1863; exchanged December 25th, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- OSCAR N. HARVEY. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg.
- GEORGE W. HENRY. Discharged at Columbus, Ohio, July 2d, 1863.
- JEFFERSON HARRIS. Discharged at Columbus, Ohio, December 23d, 1863.
- COLEMAN HOLLINGSWORTH. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson.
- LARKIN HOBBS. Battle: Siege of Vicksburg. Discharged August 8th, 1863.
- FRANCIS M. HARRIS. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, (wounded at Grand Coteau) Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- SILAS E. IDLEMAN. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. Captured at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; exchanged December 25th, 1863. Battles: Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- GEORGE T. JAMISON. Discharged at Columbus, O., January 31st, 1863.
- CHARLES JONES. Discharged April 3d, 1863.
- SAMUEL L. KEMERER. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- DANIEL LINDER. Battles; Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post; at the latter was killed January 11, 1863.
- GEORGE B. LEE. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson. Was captured at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; paroled December 31st, 1863; exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- LEROY LAWHEAD. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged March 22d, 1863.

- CHANCY LEWIS. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson. Was captured at Grand Coteau. November 3d; paroled December 25th, 1863; exchanged May 1, 1864. Battles: Forts Gains and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- DANIEL McCLARY. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gains and Morgan. Was taken prisoner by the enemy near Fish River, Ala., March 9th, 1865. Lost by burning of steamer Sultana, April 28th, 1865.
- JOSEPH WETHENY. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Died May 25th, 1863, at James' Plantation, La.
- JOHN B. MAY. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Sabine Cross-Roads, Cane River, Vicksburg, Jackson, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out of service at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- DAVID C. MARVIN. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala. July 7th, 1865.
- LEVI MILLER. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Vicksburg. Was captured at Grand Coteau. Paroled December 25th, 1863. Exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to Company E November 18th, 1864.
- PELEG B. PURVIS. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged May 7th, 1863.
- OLIVER P. PHILLIPS. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died February 5th, 1863, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
- OBED ROEGERS. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died May 17th, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, La.
- EZRA D. SHREVE. Battles: Siege of Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Cane River, Forts Gaines and Morgan and Spanish Fort. Transferred to company D, 96th Battalion Ohio Volunteers.
- MATTHEW D. SMITH. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile July 7th, 1864.
- DAVID SELLERS.
- DE WITT C. SANFORD. Promoted to Corporal March 15th, 1863; to Sergeant August 1, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Cane River, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Mustered out of service November 24th, 1864.

- HENRY SANDERSON. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Fort Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out July 7th, 1865.
- FORTUNATUS SHERMAN. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died February 13th, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- ALPHEUS SCOFIELD. Battles. Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile July 7th, 1865.
- RICHARD A. ST. CLARE. Discharged November 3d, 1862.
- CHESTER THOMPSON. Battles: Siege of Vicksburg, Jackson, Chickasaw Bluffs, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile July 7th, 1865.
- ANDREW UNDERWOOD. Discharged March 20th, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, La.
- CALEB UNDERWOOD. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died March 9th, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- WILLIAM WHEELER. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg and Jackson. Killed in battle of Grand Coteau, La., November 3d, 1863.
- GEORGE W. WOLF. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile. Mustered out of service July 7th, 1865.
- ELIAS WHITE. Died March 21st, 1863. at St. Louis, Mo.
- ALBERT D. WHITE. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died at Milliken's Bend, La., March 22d, 1863.
- PETER D. WILSON. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Port Gibson, Black River. Detailed in Pioneer Corps. Battles: Champion Hills and Vicksburg. Was captured near Edward's Station, Miss., ————. Battle: Grand Coteau. Wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- WILLIAM WEVER. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg; captured in the engagement at Grand Coteau, La., November 3d, 1863; paroled December 25th, 1863; exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 7th, 1865.
- JOHN WAITS. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg.

JULIUS V. WOOD. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Jackson and Vicksburg. Wounded in the engagement at Grand Coteau and discharged January 10th, 1864.

HENRY C. WELLS. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Discharged May 24th, 1865.

RECRUITS.

JOHN W. MYERS. Enlisted January 5th, 1864. Died at Brashear, La., March 9th, 1864.

JAMES N. MILLER. Enlisted December 28th, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to the 77th Ohio Infantry Veteran Volunteers July 7th, 1865.

ANDREW J. REED. Enlisted January 4th, 1864. Died July 10th, 1864, at New-Orleans, La.

COMPANY D.

W. M. DWYER, Captain; appointed July 20, 1862. Resigned January 28, 1863.

J. B. WILLIAMS, 1st Lieutenant; appointed August 8, 1862. Promoted to Captain January 25, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Resigned March 4, 1864.

THOMAS LITZENBURG, 2d Lieutenant; appointed July 20, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Resigned March 22, 1863.

J. M. GODMAN, 1st Sergeant; promoted to 1st Lieutenant January 26, 1863; promoted to Captain March 4, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Resigned November 18, 1864.

R. F. BARTLETT, 2d Sergeant; promoted to 1st Sergeant January 21, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, (wounded in head Arkansas Post,) Vicksburg and Carrion Crow; (wounded at latter place; left arm amputated.) Discharged January 25, 1864.

D. BACHELDER, 3d Sergeant; promoted to 2d Lieutenant March 23, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Transferred to Co. K, 96th O. V. I.

- J. W. HAMNER, 4th Sergeant. Discharged at Columbus, Ohio, October 27, 1863.
- J. C. SILLIK, 5th Sergeant. Discharged at Keokuk, Iowa, February 25, 1863.
- WM. REED, 1st Corporal. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, (transferred to 17th Ohio Battery March, 1863,) Grand Gulf, Champion Hill and Black River Bridge; wounded in the head at Vicksburg. Discharged at Memphis, Tennessee, September 5, 1863.
- B. F. IRWIN, 2d Corporal; appointed Sergeant February 28, 1863; appointed 1st Sergeant February 28, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Discharged November 18, 1864.
- A. B. MCGOWAN, Corporal; appointed Sergeant February 28, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Mobile, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish.
- I. EALY. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, (accidentally wounded,) Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- G. W. MONTGOMERY. Battles: Chickasaw, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Discharged at Carrollton, La., September 16, 1863.

PRIVATES.

- D. L. SMITH. Died at Memphis April 25, 1863.
- W. H. MESSINGER.
- R. F. JACOBS.
- C. NICHOLS, Musician. Battles: Chickasaw, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, and Sabine Cross-Roads. Transferred to Company E, 96th O. V. I.
- M. WALKER, wagoner. Battles: Chickasaw and Arkansas Post. Discharged at Milliken's Bend March 13, 1863.
- D. R. BENDER, appointed Corporal September 23, 1862; appointed Sergeant February 25, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Transferred to V. R. Corps January 15, 1864.
- D. BUTLER. Battles: Chickasaw, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, (captured at Grand Coteau November 3, 1863; exchanged December 25, 1863,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.

- T. J. BAGGS. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged November 30, 1864, at mouth of White River, Arkansas.
- W. H. BRIGGS. Transferred to V. R. Corps November 28, 1863.
- R. W. BUSBY. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at St. Louis July 1, 1863.
- A. G. BARGER. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, (captured at Grand Coteau November 3, 1863; exchanged December 25, 1863; slightly wounded in left hand,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- M. BLANEY.
- L. H. BREESE. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, (captured at Grand Coteau November 3, 1863; exchanged December 25, 1863,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- I. P. BIRD. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Discharged at Milliken's Bend, March 21, 1863.
- G. BLOW. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Milliken's Bend, March 26, 1863.
- G. BROWN. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, (wounded in right thigh,) Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort, and Mobile.
- J. BALZIE. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Fort Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- CHARLES BAYNTON. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Vicksburg, August 16, 1863.
- G. BLANCHARD. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau; killed at the latter place, November 3, 1863.
- D. COLMERY. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. F. CROW.
- J. W. COE; promoted to Corporal January 1, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- H. O. COOPER. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died at Milliken's Bend, March 26, 1863.

- J. C. CAMPBELL. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Ark. Post, Vicksburg and Grand Coteau; wounded at the latter place November 3, 1863; died November 4, 1863.
- N. CLARK. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; wounded at the latter place. Discharged April 18, 1863.
- S. R. DILLE; promoted to Corporal May 1, 1864. Battles: Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- A. DAKEN. Died at Keokuk, Iowa, January 10, 1863.
- W. F. DENNIS. Died at Milliken's Bend, April 4, 1863.
- A. J. DENNIS. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point, February 7, 1863.
- J. DEVOLT. Died on Yazoo River, January 1, 1863.
- J. M. DEWITT. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- A. DAVIS. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- W. W. DALRYMPLE; discharged at St. Louis, May 25, 1863.
- S. P. EASTERDAY. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged at St. Louis, March 12, 1863.
- J. C. EAGER.
- D. FERGUSON; died near Napoleon, Arkansas, January 17, 1863, on steamer Hiawatha.
- J. B. FISHER; promoted to Corporal March 1, 1863; promoted to Sergeant September 1, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- H. FEEVERE. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau; wounded at the latter place in both legs—left leg amputated. Died at New-Orleans, November 18, 1863, by reason of wounds received in action.
- J. N. GEYER. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post. Wounded by shell while sleeping in his tent at Vicksburg; died July 16, 1863.
- A. HALTERMAN. Discharged at Columbus April 29, 1863.
- A. M. HARPER. Transferred to V. R. Corps, February 15, 1864.
- J. H. HENNY. Battles: Arkansas Post, Port Gibson, Champion Hill, Black River, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.

- J. HINAMAN. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged at St. Louis, Mo., June 23d, 1864.
- J. HALL. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- G. H. JONES. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- H. KILE. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died on steamer J. C. Swan, January 26th, 1863.
- E. KELLER. Battles: Jackson, (captured at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863, exchanged May 1st, 1864,) Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- B. KENNEDY. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point, March 6th, 1863.
- C. H. KENDLE. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Killed in action at Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th 1864.
- J. LYNCH.
- JAS. LYNCH.
- JOHN LYNCH.
- J. LOGSDON. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- R. D. McDONALD. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- B. W. McDONALD. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point on steamer Nashville, March 15th, 1863.
- C. MINOR. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Killed by the blowing-up of the steamer City of Madison at Vicksburg, August 19th, 1863.
- J. H. MIRACLE. Died near Memphis, April 11th, 1863.
- THOS. MADON. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point, La., February 10th, 1863.
- J. M. MARVIN. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou. Wounded at Arkansas Post, January 11th, 1863. Died of wound January 18th, 1863.
- M. MANN. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died on steamer Nashville, near Milliken's Bend, La., March 22d, 1863.
- D. MAY. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Wounded at Arkansas Post, January 11th, 1863. Discharged September 21, 1863. Right arm amputated.

- J. MOORE. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point, La., January 29th, 1863.
- C. R. MYLES. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg; wounded in head at Jackson, wounded in thigh at Grand Coteau. Transferred to Company E.
- S. A. NUMBERS. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, (captured at Grand Coteau, exchanged May 1st, 1864,) Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. PINEYARD. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- W. H. F. PARKER. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Discharged at Vicksburg August 8th, 1863.
- A. PIKE. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged at Milliken's Bend, March 21st, 1863.
- A. D. REED. Discharged at St. Louis, Mo., September 20th, 1863.
- W. W. RUSSELL. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, (captured at Grand Coteau, exchanged May 1st, 1864,) Forts Gaines and Morgan. Mustered out of service June 19th, 1865, at Fort Gaines, Ala.
- E. A. REED. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died on steamer Nashville, at Young's Point, La., March 12th, 1863.
- D. W. REED. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson; wounded in right groin and taken prisoner at Grand Coteau. Died in hands of the rebels November 4th, 1863, of wounds received.
- A. RAMEY. Discharged at St. Louis, March 24th, 1863.
- W. ROBERTS. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Discharged at Carrollton, La., September 15th, 1863.
- ALEXANDER REED. Died December 4th, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn.
- J. H. SMITH. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson.
- G. W. SLICK. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Date unknown.
- GEORGE SIMPSON. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged February 17th, 1863, at St. Louis, Mo.

- H. J. SMITH: Battle: Vicksburg. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 1st, 1863.
- M. SHIELDS. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died at St. Louis, April 19th, 1863.
- JOHN SHOFFNER. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Died at Memphis, Tenn., August 25th, 1863.
- M. B. TALMAGE. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala.
- WM. VANATTE. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, (captured at Grand Coteau, exchanged May 1st, 1864,) Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- C. A. VIRDEN. Battle: Vicksburg. Discharged November 3d, 1864, at mouth of White River, Ark.
- THOS. WATSON. Battles: Vicksburg. Captured at Grand Coteau. Exchanged December 25th, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
- J. M. YOUNG. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Died on steamer Nashville, March 12th, 1863.
- THOS. F. ZUCK. Appointed Corporal September 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- H. W. FRANKS. Appointed Corporal September 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson. Wounded at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863. Died November 4th, 1863.

RECRUITS.

- G. P. O'NEIL. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- WM. CAMPBELL. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- JAS. DUNNING. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- C. TOTTINGHAM. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala.

COMPANY E.

- SAMUEL COULTER**, Captain. Appointed July 24th, 1862. Participated in the following battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Died of wounds received at the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads. April 8th, 1864.
- MINARD J. LEFEVRE**, 1st Lieutenant. Appointed July 25th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Resigned on account of disability, July 24th, 1863.
- HENRY T. VAN FLEET**, 2d Lieutenant. Appointed July 24th, 1862. Resignation accepted February 4th, 1863.
- VOLENTINE LAPHAM**, 1st Sergeant. Enlisted July 26th. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines. Promoted to 1st Lieutenant September 9th, 1863. Mustered out as supernumerary at the consolidation of the regiment at the mouth of White River, Ark., Nov. 8th, 1864. Was wounded in the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads.
- JAMES DE WOLFE**, Sergeant. Enlisted July 26, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Promoted to 2d Lieutenant March 1st, 1863. Resigned August 10th, 1863. Disability.
- WILLIAM M. COULTER**, Sergeant. Enlisted July 24th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross-Roads. Killed in the last named engagement.
- BENJAMIN LITTLE**, Sergeant. Enlisted July 31st, 1862.
- BLOOMFIELD W. MARTIN**, Sergeant. Enlisted August 4th, 1862. Discharged for disability March 27th, 1863.
- JOHN W. FRIBLEY**, Corporal. Enlisted July 31st, 1862. Died of measles, at Memphis, Tenn., December 26th, 1862.
- THOMAS H. CARTEP**, Corporal. Enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant February 4th, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 15th, 1864.
- SAMUEL TERPANY**, Corporal. Enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of disease at Young's Point, La., January 23d, 1863.

- JOHN J. ULSH, Corporal. Enlisted August 2d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of disease at St. Louis, Mo., February 12th, 1863.
- HENRY GILDEN, Corporal. Enlisted August 4th, 1862.
- L. D. BOWEN, Corporal. Enlisted August 1, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Discharged for disability March 17th, 1863, at Columbus, Ohio.
- WILLIAM R. WHITMARSH, Corporal. Enlisted July 24th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Promoted from Corporal to Sargeant March 1st, 1863. Taken prisoner in the engagement at Sabine Cross-Roads April 8th, 1864. Exchanged October 23d, 1864. Discharged at Mobile, Ala.
- CLARK M. WILSON, Corporal. Enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Discharged at Mobile, Ala.

PRIVATES.

- JOSEPH C. ARNOLD, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Promoted to Corporal February 4th, 1863. Resigned November 18th, 1864. Discharged at Mobile, Ala.
- WM. H. BALLANTINE, enlisted July 3d, 1862. Died of disease at Louisville, Ky., November 17th, 1862.
- JAMES BRATTON, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort, Mobile, Vicksburg, Jackson and Sabine Cross-Roads. Discharged at Mobile.
- JUSTIN H. BUNKER, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Died of disease January 29th, 1863, at Island Eighty-two.
- COLLINS BLAKELY, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Promoted from private to Corporal November 5th, 1863. Discharged at Mobile.
- CHARLES BALDWIN, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Discharged at Mobile.

- JOSEPH BURT, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Discharged at Mobile.
- MATTHEW H. BURT, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Killed in action at Arkansas Post.
- JOHN F. BURT, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Sabine Cross-Roads and Cane River. Discharged for disability May 2d, 1865, at New-Orleans.
- JOHN CHAMBERS, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged February 18th, 1863, for disability, at St. Louis, Mo.
- NATHAN CORWIN, enlisted July 26th, 1862. Died of disease at St. Louis, Mo., March 28th, 1863.
- BENJAMIN CAMM, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Discharged July 29th, 1863, at Vicksburg, for disability.
- MARION F. CORNE, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of disease at St. Louis, Mo., February 10th, 1863.
- SAMUEL R. DUMBLE, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged March 17th, 1863, at Columbus, O.
- GEORGE B. DURFEE, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Died of disease February 13th, 1863, at Marion, O.
- SILAS DICKERSON, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged August 15th, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn., for disability.
- WESLEY DICKERSON, enlisted August 14th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of disease February 6th, 1863, at Young's Point.
- JOHN DICKERSON, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of disease April 16th, 1863, at Milliken's Bend.
- WILLIAM Z. DAVIS, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Discharged February 24th, 1863, at Columbus, O.
- HENRY DOWDY, enlisted August 6th, 1862.
- PUGLE B. EATHERTON, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to Company E.
- DAVID FOLLETT, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Discharged December, 24th, 1862, at Cincinnati, O.

- SAMUEL FINK, enlisted July 29th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of disease, February 7th, 1863, at Young's Point.
- JAMES H. FOSTER, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Discharged at Mobile.
- CHARLES W. FIELDS, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines. Died of small-pox, March 3d, 1865.
- AMOS GOCHENOUR, enlisted July 30th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15th, 1864.
- HENRY S. GOODRICH, enlisted August 2, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross-Roads. Died of disease at Baton Rouge, July 25th, 1864.
- HENRY GLENN, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- WILLIAM GARVIN, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Discharged at Mobile.
- SIMON GIESSEMAN, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Promoted to Sergeant February 4th, 1863. Promoted to 1st Sergeant June 30th, 1864. Promoted to 2d Lieutenant November 18th, 1864.
- DAVID J. HUMPHREY, enlisted August 1st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads. Transferred to Company A November 18th, 1864. Discharged at Mobile.
- GEORGE M. HEFFLEBOWER, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau. Transferred to Co. E November 18, 1864. Discharged.
- WILLIAM K. HUFF, enlisted July 30th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Discharged March 21st, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, La., for disability.

- MICHAEL HUFFMAN, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged for disability May 2d, 1863, at Columbus, O.
- ISRAEL IREY, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Taken prisoner in the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864. Exchanged June 16th, 1864. Discharged at Mobile.
- LEANDER IREY, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of disease April 30th, 1863, on board steamer D. A. January.
- HARRISON IREY, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, and Spanish Fort and Mobile. Discharged at Mobile.
- SYLVANUS L. JOHNSON, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged at Vicksburg, August 1st, 1863, for disability.
- MATTAEW JENKINS, enlisted August 4th, 1862.
- EDWARD JEFFREY, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Discharged at Mobile.
- JAMES WALTER, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau. Transferred to Signal Corps April 10th, 1863.
- GEORGE W. KNOWLES, enlisted July 31st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross Roads, La. Killed by the enemy at Marksville, La., May 16th, 1864.
- DANIEL KIBLER, enlisted August 2, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of Disease February 14th, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- ANDREW J. KNAPP, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Forts Gaines and Morgan. Promoted to Corporal February 4th, 1863. Discharged at Mobile.
- JAMES W. KNAPP, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross-Roads. Taken prisoner in the last-mentioned battle, April 8th, 1864. Exchanged June 16th, 1864. Promoted to Corporal February 4th, 1863. Discharged at Mobile.

- CHARLES A. KING, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of disease February 30th, 1864, at Young's Point, La.
- JOHN A. KELLEY, enlisted August 6th, 1862.
- JOHN LOVE, enlisted August 2, 1862.
- ANDREW J. MONROE, enlisted August 2d, 1862. Discharged for disability August 16th, 1863, at Vicksburg, Miss.
- ROBERT MCWILLIAMS, enlisted August 1st, 1862. Battles, Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Died of disease November 7th, 1863, at Marion, O.
- ISAAC N. MOUSER, enlisted August 5th, 1862, Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died of disease March 6th, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- WILLIAM MCMURRAY, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged April 13th, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, La.
- RICHARD T. MILLS, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Discharged at Vicksburg, Miss., July 29th, 1863.
- ALVIN M. NORTRUP, enlisted August 1st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Transferred to Vetrean Reserve Corps, March 15th, 1864.
- LEVI NIXON, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 15th, 1864.
- ANDERSON OLIVER, enlisted August 6th, 1862.
- HENRY H. PAYNE, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Discharged for wounds received in battle of Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864, at Columbus, O., October 20th, 1864.
- GEORGE L. PHELPS, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads and Forts Gaines and Morgan. Discharged at Mobile.
- ASA QUEEN, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Discharged December 24th, 1862, at Memphis, Tenn., for disability.
- BENJAMIN RHOADS, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to V. R. C., November, 1864.
- ISAAC J. RILEY, enlisted July 26th, 1862. Died of disease, March 6th, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- HENRY J. SHEPHERD, enlisted August 8th, 1862. Transferred to Signal Corps, March 28th, 1864.
- WILLIAM G. SHUTE, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, January 15th, 1864.

- HENRY SOWERS, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died of disease January 11th, 1863, at Arkansas Post.
- FRANCIS M. SCRIBNER, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Discharged at St. Louis, Mo., March 10th, 1863, from wounds received at Arkansas Post.
- JOSEPH SULT, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads and Forts Gaines and Morgan. Mustered out at Greenville, La., May 25th, 1865.
- STOKES SMITH, enlisted August 6th, 1862.
- WILLIAM W. SQUIBB, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died of disease March 3d, 1863, at Young's Point, La.
- GEORGE W. SQUIB, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross-Roads. Taken prisoner at the latter named battle, April 8th, 1864. Exchanged October 23d, 1864. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile. Discharged at Mobile.
- RALPH F. SYKES, enlisted July 30th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged for disability, May 2d, 1864, at Rochester, New York.
- CHARLES SHOWERS, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out at Mobile.
- JOSIAH V. STEVENSON, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross Roads. Wounded and taken prisoner in the last-named battle. Exchanged June 16th, 1864. Promoted to Corporal February 4th, 1863. Promoted to Sergeant April 1st, 1864.
- PETER C. SNYDER, enlisted July 27th, 1862. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan and Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to Co. D. Mustered out at Mobile.
- IRA TUCKER, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died of disease May 5th, 1863, at Milliken's Bend.
- WILLIAM H. TUCKER, enlisted August 6th, 1862.

- JOSIAH VOORHIES, enlisted July 30th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Sabine Cross Roads and Forts Gaines and Morgan. Transferred to Co. E, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile.
- HENRY VAN BOSKIRK, enlisted July 30th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Taken prisoner at Sabine Cross-Roads April 8th, 1864. Exchanged October 23d, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile.
- BENJAMIN J. WILLIAMS, enlisted August 12th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads. Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to non-commissioned staff November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile.
- CHRISTOPHER B. WILKINS, enlisted July 29th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Transferred to Co. A, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile.
- JAMES A. WATSON, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau. Died of wounds received in action at Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864.
- JAMES M. WEST, enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Fort Spanish and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- JACOB G. WORTMAN, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Fort Spanish and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- JOHN WADE, enlisted August 2d, 1862. Died of disease March 1st, 1863, at Young's Point.

RECRUITS.

- NATHAN BETTS, enlisted October 22d, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Discharged June 6th, 1865, at Mobile, for disability.
- PHILLIP PLUMMER, Musician. Enlisted January 4th, 1864. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I. at Mobile.

JONATHAN ROGERS, enlisted February 17th, 1864. Battle: Sabine Cross-Roads. Taken prisoner April 8th, 1864. Exchanged October 23d, 1864. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I., at Mobile.

ISAAC WILSON, enlisted October 24th, 1864. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to 77th O. V. V. I., at Mobile.

COMPANY F.

SOLOMON B. WEISER, Captain. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Resigned March 17, 1863.

EMERY M. EASTMAN, Captain; appointed 2d Lieutenant July 28, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant December 2, 1862; promoted to Captain, and transferred from Company G to Company F, 96th O. V. I. April 1. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, (wounded in right hand,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Company A, 96th Regiment O. V. I. (battalion) by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.

JOHN N. DUNLAP, 1st Lieutenant; appointed 1st Lieutenant July 21, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, (detailed as Acting Adjutant January 10, 1862,) Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point, Louisiana, March 17, 1863.

HENRY C. ASHWILL, 2d Lieutenant. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Resigned March 17, 1863.

BENJAMIN F. WILLIAMS, Orderly Sergeant. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at St. Louis, January 28, 1863. Appointed Orderly Sergeant August 19, 1862.

LEVI SIEGFRIED, enlisted July 31, 1862; appointed Sergeant August 19, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Promoted from 2d Sergeant to Orderly Sergeant March 17, 1863; commissioned as 1st Lieutenant March 17, 1863. Never mustered. Died at Milliken's Bend, July 26, 1863.

JOHN A. F. CELLAR, enlisted August 7, 1862; appointed Sergeant August 19, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner and exchanged December 25, 1863,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Commissioned and mustered as 1st Lieutenant, and transferred to Company A, by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.

- JOSEPHUS McCAY, enlisted August 5, 1862; appointed Sergeant August 19, 1862. Battles: Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.
- BENJAMIN F. HIGH, Sergeant; enlisted July 29, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; killed at the latter place, January 11, 1863.
- JAMES H. HARRISON, 1st Corporal; enlisted July 27, 1862. Battle: Sabine Cross-Roads. Discharged at Columbus, Ohio—date unknown.
- JOHN HIPPLE, 2d Corporal; enlisted August 5, 1862; appointed Corporal August 19, 1862; promoted to Sergeant May 10, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, and Spanish Fort. Transferred from Co. F to Co. A, (battalion) by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.
- DAVID SHERMAN, 3d Corporal; enlisted July 28, 1862. Battle: Sabine Cross-Roads. Died at the mouth of White River, Arkansas, January 25, 1865.
- GEORGE DIVEN, 4th Corporal; enlisted August 5, 1862; appointed Corporal August 19, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died on hospital boat, City of Memphis, June 28, 1863.
- DAVID DEPPEN, 5th Corporal; enlisted July 30, 1862; appointed Corporal August 19, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Discharged at Vicksburg August 15, 1863.
- GEORGE WHITE, 6th Corporal; enlisted August 7, 1862; appointed Corporal August 19, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (appointed Sergeant April 4, 1864,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, and Spanish Fort. Transferred from Co. F to Co. A, (battalion), and reduced from Sergeant to Corporal, by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.
- MARION McCAY, Corporal; enlisted August 13, 1863.
- JOHN A. HARTER, 8th Corporal; enlisted July 29, 1862. Appointed Corporal August 19, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan and Spanish Fort. Transferred from Company F to Company A, (battalion), by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.

ALBERT L. WEISER, Musician; enlisted August 20, 1862. Age 13.

PRIVATES.

WILLIAM H. GOSLINE, Wagoner; enlisted July 29, 1862. Transferred to Co. A, (battalion) by consolidation, November 18, 1863; transferred from Co. A to Co. E, (battalion), in compliance with Regimental order No. 14. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.

MARION ABRAMS, enlisted August 5, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died on hospital boat, Nashville, May 1, 1863.

WILLIAM AYRES, enlisted August 7, 1862. Discharged at Camp Chase, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1863.

SAMUEL H. BAKER, enlisted August 3, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Transferred to Invalid Corps January 25, 1864, by order of Secretary of War. Discharged at Cincinnati, Ohio—date unknown.

THOMAS B. BELL, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Forts Gaines and Morgan, and Spanish Fort. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.

JAMES P. BRYNDS, enlisted July 29, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, (appointed Corporal September 1, 1864,) and Spanish Fort. Transferred to Co. A, (battalion) by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Discharged at Columbus, Ohio, about August 1, 1865.

ALBERT M. BURROUGH, enlisted August 6th 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Milliken's Bend, June 8th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.

JAMES W. BURROUGHS, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died on hospital boat Nashville, March 9th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.

DANIEL BURROUGHS, enlisted August 8th, 1862. Discharged at Columbus, April 1, 1863, by order of Capt. A. B. Dodd.

JOHN BREPSE, enlisted August 14th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Vicksburg. Transferred to Invalid Corps December 1, 1863; transferred from Invalid Corps to Veteran Reserve Corps March 31st, 1864. Date or place of discharge not known.

SAMUEL BRAUMILLER, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles. Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Young's Point, February 16th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.

- GEORGE C. CELLER, July 26th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Wounded in left leg, in knee and ankle, and sent to hospital. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau. Appointed Corporal April 4th, 1864. Battles, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan, and Spanish. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile.
- ERVIN P. CRUIKSHANK, enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau. Killed in action at Sabine Cross-Roads.
- GEORGE W. CUNNINGHAM, enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died on hospital boat City of Memphis, March 20th, 1863, of typhoid fever.
- RANSOM CAMPBELL, enlisted July 31st, 1862. Detailed as regimental carpenter August 12th, 1862, by order of Colonel J. W. Vance. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile.
- THOMAS L. CARNEY, enlisted August 7th, 1862. Died at Young's Point, January 31st, 1863, of typhoid fever. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs.
- MATTHIAS CROY, enlisted July 30th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died June 13th, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, of chronic diarrhea.
- JAMES M. DUTTON, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Memphis, July 13th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.
- JOHN H. DUTCHER, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Discharged at Vicksburg, June 13th, 1863, for general debility.
- WILLIAM EDELBLUTE, enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Died at Vicksburg, August 13th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.
- ANTHONY EDELMANN, enlisted August 18th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.
- JOSEPH D. FLEMING, enlisted July 29th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864; transferred from Company A. to Veteran Reserve Corps, New-Orleans, December 21st, 1864. Discharged at New Orleans about June 15th, 1865.

- THOMAS A. TRYMAN, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile; discharged at Camp Chase.
- SIDNEY FELKEY, enlisted August 2, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Wounded in right thigh and sent to hospital. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Company A. Mustered out at Mobile.
- JAMES H. FARRIS, enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged at Columbus, April 22, 1863, by order of Captain A. B. Dodd.
- GEORGE A. FERRIS, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Young's Point, January 21st, 1863.
- BURROUGHS FREESE, enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Discharged at Milliken's Bend, April 1st, 1863, for general debility.
- LEWIS FREESE, August 15th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Died on hospital boat Nashville, March 13th, 1863, of bronchitis.
- OLIVER T. GREY, enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Died at Milliken's Bend, March 13th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.
- GEORGE HOUSEWOTRH, enlisted July 30th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile.
- FRANK D. HOWARD, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Spanish Fort. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Mobile.
- HENRY HUMMEL, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau. Taken prisoner; exchanged December 25th, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Discharged at Columbus on or about June 20th, 1865.
- HENRY HOLLENBAUGH, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Detailed teamster in September, 1863, and under fire in engagements at Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Champion Hill, Black River; returned to Company July 22d, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Company A. November 18th, 1864. Mustered out at Camp Chase.

- ANSFEL D. HAVENS, enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged at Memphis, March 13th, 1863, by order of J. C. Batdorf, Surgeon in charge of general hospital.
- WILLIAM W. JONES, enlisted July 31st. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Wounded in left hip and sent to hospital; discharged from effects of wounds at St. Louis, December 10th, 1863.
- SAMUEL D. JONES, enlisted July 30, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, (wounded—contusion, by explosion of shell,) Vicksburg and Spanish Fort. Transferred to Co. A, (battalion) by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- FORD KEELER, enlisted July 29, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner, paroled December 25, 1863, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Forts Gaines and Morgan, and Spanish Fort. Transferred to Co. A. November 18, 1864. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- JACOB L. KLEIN, enlisted July 31, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, (appointed Sergeant April 1, 1863,) Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Promoted to 1st Sergeant March 1, 1864. Transferred to Co. A, November 18, 1864. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- ISAAC W. KELCHNER, enlisted August 7, 1862. Died at Covington, Kentucky, October 24, 1862.
- WILLIAM A. LEAR, enlisted August 6, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner, paroled December 25, 1863, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Co. A, November 18, 1864. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- JAMES A. MILLER, enlisted August 6, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau, (wounded in left groin.) Transferred to Invalid Corps, New-Orleans—date unknown. Appointed Corporal October 5, 1862. Discharged at New-Orleans about June 1, 1865.
- HENRY B. MAIN, enlisted July 29, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner, paroled December 25, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Co. A, November 18, 1864. Mustered out with the Regiment.

- ISAAC R. PLUNKETT, enlisted July 28, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (wounded in right thigh; taken prisoner, and exchanged November 4, 1863,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Spanish. Transferred to Co. A by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- JACOB F. PETTIT, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner, paroled, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Fort Spanish. Transferred to Co. A, by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- MARTIN A. POWERS, enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner, paroled December 25, 1863, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Spanish and Morgan. Transferred to Company A, by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- SAMUEL ROGERS, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg and Grand Coteau, (wounded at the latter place, in right hip, and discharged from the effects of it, at New Orleans, by order of Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks—date unknown.)
- LORING L. ROBINSON, enlisted August 7, 1862. Died at Young's Point, La., January 27, 1863.
- ABRAHAM STINAR, enlisted August 6, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Grand Coteau, (wounded in both thighs,) and discharged at Columbus, Ohio, June 20, 1864.
- JAMES SHERMAN, enlisted July 29, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Co. A, by consolidation, November 18, 1864. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- AMOS SCHNOKE, enlisted August 4, 1862. Died at Memphis, Tenn., March 1, 1863.
- EZRA SHEETS, enlisted August 5, 1862. Died at Memphis, Tenn., March 1, 1863.
- GEORGE STRAWSER, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross-Roads. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, New Orleans, Dec. 21, 1864; discharged at same place—date unknown.
- WILLIAM H. SHEETS, enlisted August 1, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Co. A.

- PETER SULTS, enlisted August 7, 1862. Discharged at Louisville, Ky., January 21, 1863.
- CHRISTOPHER TRICKEY, enlisted August 6, 1862. Died at Bowling Green, Ky.,—date unknown.
- JOHN W. TRAXLER, enlisted August 5, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 3, 1863.
- IRWIN THRALL, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post; wounded in right arm, below elbow, and discharged from the effects of it, at Memphis, Tenn., April 6, 1863.
- DANIEL TROUTMAN, enlisted August 4, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged at hospital in St. Louis, Mo., April 1, 1863.
- SOLOWON W. THOMPSON, enlisted August 17, 1862. Died at Memphis, Tenn., December 14, 1862.
- WILLIAM H. WEBSTER, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Co. A November 18, 1863. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- JOSEPH P. WEBSTER, enlisted August 7, 1862. Died on hospital boat Nashville, March 27, 1863.
- CYRUS N. WISSE, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, (wounded in left arm, below elbow,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- JOSEPH E. WILCOX, enlisted July 29, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post; killed at the latter place, January 11, 1863.
- EBEN WILLIAMS, enlisted July 30, 1862.
- WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner, paroled December 25, and exchanged May 28, 1864,) and Fort Spanish. Mustered out with the Regiment.
- WILLIAM P. WIGTON, enlisted August 7, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post; killed at the latter place.
- BENEVEL WALBERT, enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau. Taken prisoner; paroled December 25th, 1863; exchanged May 28th, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out with the regiment.

WESLEY WATTERS, enlisted July 30th, 1862. Battle: Chichasaw Bluffs. Died at Young's Point, February 12th, 1863, of typhoid fever.

CORNELIUS WALDRON, enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Cane River, Fort Spanish. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Mustered out with the regiment.

SILAS T. WARD, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Transferred to Company A, November 18th, 1864. Discharged at Columbus, February 25th, 1865.

WILLIAM WELCH, enlisted August, 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Wounded in left leg, above ankle, and taken prisoner; exchanged November 4th, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Transferred to Company A. Mustered out with the regiment.

RECRUITS.

JOHN I. CARPENTER, enlisted January 4th, 1864. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads. Wounded in right arm, below elbow, and discharged from its effects at Columbus, September 26th, 1864, by order of Brigadier-General Heintzelman.

ALFRED JORDAN, enlisted May 29th, 1864. Discharged at New Orleans, May 17th, 1864.

COMPANY G.

J. H. KIMBALL, Captain. Appointed July 28, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Siege of Vicksburg. Taken prisoner at Grand Coteau, La., Nov. 3d, 1863; exchanged Dec. 26th, 1863. Battle: Sabine Cross Roads. Left sick at New Orleans, July 30th, 1864. Resigned on account of protracted ill health Aug. 3d, 1864.

E. L. BAIRD, Captain. Appointed July 29th, 1862, as 2d Lieutenant of Co. H; promoted to 1st Lieutenant of same Co., June 20, 1864; promoted to Captain Co. D, Nov. 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, and Jackson. Taken prisoner at battle of Grand Coteau, Nov. 3d, 1863; exchanged Dec. 20th, 1863. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Fort Spanish and Mobile.

- H. J. JARVIS, 1st Lieutenant. Appointed July 21st, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant, July 28th, 1862. Died in hospital at Memphis, at 2 o'clock and 40 minutes, P. M., Dec. 2d, 1862.
- E. M. EASTMAN, Captain. Appointed July 28th, 1862, as 2d Lieutenant; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 2d, 1862; promoted to Captain April 1st, 1863, and transferred to Co. F. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, (where he was wounded in right hand,) Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- O. W. CHAMBERLAIN, 1st Lieutenant. Enlisted Aug. 6th, 1862; appointed Sergeant Aug. 18th, 1862; promoted 1st Lieutenant, March 19th, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Fort Hindman, Vicksburg, and Jackson. Went home on furlough from Vicksburg. Died at Mt. Vernon, Aug. 22d, 1863.
- L. S. HUNTLEY, 1st Lieutenant. Enlisted Aug. 6th, 1862; promoted 4th Sergeant Aug. 18, 1862; promoted 2d Lieutenant, Dec. 2d, 1862; promoted 1st Lieutenant Jan. 19, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine-Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Fort Spanish and Mobile.
- PETER MARMON, 2d Lieutenant. Enlisted Aug. 4th, 1862, as 1st Sergeant of Co. H; promoted 2d Lieutenant, Nov. 18th, 1864. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou, (wounded in battle of Fort Hindman, Ark., Jan. 11th, 1863,) Vicksburg, Jackson. Taken prisoner in action at Grand Coteau, La., Nov. 3d, 1863; exchanged June 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.

PRIVATES.

- Irwin B. Arnold—enlisted August 6th, 1862; appointed Corporal September —, 1862; declined to serve; reappointed November 1st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg and Jackson; taken prison in battle near Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; exchanged December 25th, 1863; promoted to Sergeant April 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Charles R. Arnold—enlisted August 6th, 1862; promoted to Corporal February 14th, 1863. Battle: Arkansas Post. Promoted to Sergeant May 1st, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. Granted sick leave August 20th, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 14th, 1864.

- Heman W. Allen—enlisted August 7th, 1862; appointed Hospital Steward August 23d, 1862; died February 12th, 1863, at St. Louis, of typhoid pneumonia.
- David Atkinson—enlisted August 8th, 1862; wounded in battle at Arkansas Post; died September 1st, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn., of chronic diarrhea.
- Henry Barnes—enlisted August 2d, 1863; appointed Corporal August 18th, 1862; left sick on steamer Ohio Belle, at Young's Point; sent to hospital at St. Louis; died about February 10th, 1863.
- Charles O. Bockover—enlisted August 1st, 1862. Battle: Vicksburg. Lost his speech on or about the 20th of February, 1863; left company for home July 30th, 1863; discharged for disability September 30th, 1863.
- Andrew Boston—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Edwin R. Blaney—enlisted August 8th, 1863; died in hospital at St. Louis, February 14th, 1863.
- Daniel Baker—enlisted July 29th, 1862. Battle: Vicksburg. Sent to hospital June 23d, 1863; returned to his Company and went home on sick leave August 20th, 1863; admitted to hospital at Camp Chase, O., October 15th, 1863. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan. Mustered out of service at Camp Dennison about July, 1865.
- Rufus C. Brooks—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Fort Hindman. Detached to join 17th Ohio Battery April 1st, 1863. Battles: Port Gibson, Champion Hill, Black River, Vicksburg and Grand Coteau. Mustered out of 96th O. V. I. December 1st, 1863, to enlist as Veteran in 17th Ohio Battery; order revoked, and he returned to regiment for duty. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, and Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Fletcher L. Brown—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Left sick in hospital at Nicholasville November 6th, 1862. Discharged January 6th, 1863.
- James Berry—enlisted July 30th, 1862. Detached as brigade-wagoner March 1st, 1863; returned to Co. April 4th, 1863; detached as wagoner April 27th, 1863. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.

- Alfred H. Bardwell—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Promoted to Corporal November 10th, 1862; promoted to Sergeant January 1st, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Promoted to 1st Sergeant May 1st, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. Wounded and taken prisoner in battle of Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; exchanged November 4th, 1863; sent to hospital in New-Orleans November 12th, 1863; returned to duty March 6th, 1864; taken prisoner in action at Sabine Cross-Roads April 8th, 1864; exchanged October 23d, 1864. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Oscar W. Chamberlin—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Appointed 2d Sergeant August 18th, 1862; promoted to 1st Sergeant January 1st, 1863. Battle: Arkansas Post. Promoted to 1st Lieutenant March 19th, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. Furlough August 6th, 1863.
- James H. Chamberlin, Musician—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Carrión Crow Bayou, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.
- John M. Cryder—enlisted July 30th, 1862. Appointed 3d Sergeant August 18th, 1862; left sick in hospital at Albany, Ind., November 18th, 1862; returned January 28th, 1862; left sick in hospital at Milliken's Bend, La., April 15th, 1863; returned August 7th, 1863. Battle: Grand Coteau. Mustered out at consolidation.
- William Carns—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads and Fort Morgan.
- George Case—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. Went home on sick leave for thirty days, July 30th, 1863; returned November 6th, 1863; died at Pass Cavallo, Texas, February 28th, 1864.
- Peter Courter—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Sent to hospital at Memphis, August 20th, and from there home on sick furlough; returned to company October 19th, 1863; taken prisoner in battle near Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Cicero Conklin—enlisted July 29th, 1862; died on board steamer J. C. Swan, January 31st 1863, probably of typhoid fever.

Emmons Courter—enlisted August 4th, 1862; left sick at Nicholasville November 6th, 1862; discharged at Columbus, April 11th, 1863.

Oscar J. Case—enlisted August 4th, 1862; detached brigade wagoner December 28th, 1862; returned to company April 4th, 1863; detached as teamster June 8th, 1863; returned September —, 1863; left in convalescent camp at New-Orleans October 3d, 1863. Battles: Fort Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.

Robert Conroy—enlisted August 8th, 1862; detached brigade wagoner January 14th, 1863; returned to company April 4th, 1863. Battle: Vicksburg. Sent to division hospital; returned to company November 23d, 1863. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.

Lucius Carhart—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Promoted to Corporal April 22d, 1864. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.

John L. Davy—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Promoted to Corporal February 14th, 1863; sent to hospital boat at Young's Point March 6th, 1863; returned June 19th, 1863. Battle: Vicksburg. Sent home on sick furlough for sixty days, October 2d, 1863. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan. Detached from Pioneer Corps March 11th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.

Samuel Dunham—enlisted August 8th, 1862; left sick at Nicholasville, Ky., November 6th, 1862; returned to company December 15th, but was never fit for duty. Died of chronic diarrhoea at Young's Point, February 28th, 1863.

Franklin Dixon—enlisted August 7th, 1863; detached brigade wagoner January 14th; returned to company March 31st, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Detached ambulance driver, March 16th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.

George Evarts—enlisted July 29th, 1862; died January 30th, 1863, on steamer J. C. Swan, probably of measles.

Patrick M. Elliott—enlisted August 2d, 1862; detached hospital attendant November 7th, 1862; returned to company August 18th, 1863; wounded in battle near Grand Coteau; sent to hospital at New-Orleans, November 12th, 1863; died of wounds November 30th, 1863.

- Henry M. Fuller—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, (taken prisoner at Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads,) Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- David G. Farrier—enlisted August 6th, 1862; died March 25th, 1863, in hospital at St. Louis, probably of typhoid fever.
- David A. Finley—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. Detached to join Pioneer Corps, September —, 1863. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Sent to hospital June 1st, 1865.
- William C. Flagg—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, (taken prisoner in battle near Grand Coteau,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Melville C. Flagg—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Detached to join Pioneer Corps, February 6th, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg, Port Gibson, Champion Hill and Black River. Captured July 16th, 1863, and paroled near Jackson, Miss.—parole not recognized; returned from parole camp, Columbus, Ohio, September —, 1863; detached for duty with Medical Director at corps headquarters. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- William H. H. Farris—enlisted August 7th, 1862; left sick in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., December 20th, 1863; discharged—date unknown.
- Jacob Freshwater—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Jackson. Went home on sick furlough August 20th, 1863; returned to company November 29th, 1863; wounded in thigh and missing in action at Sabine Cross-Roads. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Herbert Gregory—enlisted Aug. 4th, 1862; appointed 5th Sergeant Aug. 18th, 1862; left sick in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 20th, 1862; died at Memphis, Feb. 8th, 1863, of typhoid pneumonia.
- Samuel S. Gammill—enlisted Aug. 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Sick in hospital from Jan. 1st, 1863 to March, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. Went home on furlough for 30 days, July 30th, 1863; returned to Co. Sept. 15th, 1863. Battles: Grand Coteau, Mansfield, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.

- Fowler Grummon—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Josephus Gregg—enlisted August 7th, 1863; promoted Corporal Oct. 1st, 1862; left sick in hospital at Miliken's Bend, La., April 15th, 1863. Battle: Arkansas Post. Died May 20th, of chronic diarrhœa, near Cairo on his way home on sick leave.
- Joseph G. Griggs—enlisted Aug. 7th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Sick in quarters until Aug. 20th, 1863. Battle: Vicksburg, (sent to hospital at Memphis, Aug. 20th, 1863,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort, and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- William C. Garey—enlisted Aug. 6th, 1862; promoted Corporal Feb. 14th, 1863; discharged per order of Gen. McClernand for disability, March 17th, 1863. Battle: Arkansas Post.
- James H. Galloway—enlisted Aug. 8th, 1863. Died Jan. 25th, 1863, at Young's Point, La., on steamer J. C. Swan.
- Lyman S. Huntley—enlisted Aug. 6, 1862; appointed 4th Sergeant Aug. 18th, 1862; promoted 2d Lieutenant, Dec. 2d, 1862; mustered as Lieutenant, April 1st, 1863. Battles: Grand Coteau, and Sabine Cross-Roads.
- James Harbottle—enlisted Aug. 18th, 1862; appointed 7th Corporal, Aug. 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Promoted Sergeant, Feb. 14th, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, and Grand Coteau. Sent home to recruit, Dec. 6th, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Joseph Hoover—enlisted July 31st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Taken prisoner in battle near Grand Coteau, La., Nov. 3d; exchanged Dec. 25th, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Fort Spanish and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Oscar F. Hoover—enlisted August 7th, 1862; detailed regimental farage-master Oct. 13th, 1862; detached to report to Quartermaster Baldwin, March 21st, 1863; Detached Jan. 12th, 1864; relieved from duty in New-Orleans, March 3d, 1865; returned to Co. for duty April 15th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.

- Seth L. Hoover—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, and Jackson. Promoted Corporal April 1st, 1864. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Fort Spanish and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Norton Hornbeck—enlisted July 28th, 1862. Detailed as regimental butcher October 13th, 1862; returned to Co. November 11th, 1862; sent to hospital at Young's Point March 6th, 1863; returned May 5th, 1864. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile; wounded at Jackson. Mustered out with regiment.
- Watson Hall—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Sent to hospital at Young's Point January 27th, 1863. Transferred to Invalid Corps September, 1863, at Fort Pickering, Tenn.
- Gilson Humphrey—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Died January 26th, 1863, of typhoid fever, on steamer J. C. Swan, Young's Point, La.
- Hezekiah H. Helphrey—enlisted August 1st, 1862. Battle: Arkansas Post. Died April 11th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea, at Milliken's Bend, La.
- Benjamin Jennings—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battle: Arkansas Post. Left sick in hospital at Milliken's Bend, April 13th, 1863; discharged June 30th, 1863, at St. Louis, Mo.; died soon after.
- Erastus Jenkins—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Died in hospital at St. Louis, Mo., April 5th, 1863, of chronic diarrhea.
- Thomas Johnson—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Left in convalescent camp at New-Orleans, October 3d, 1863; returned November 23d, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Fort Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- James W. Jackson—enlisted July 29th, 1862. Detailed regimental blacksmith at Camp Bates, Ky., October —th, 1862; taken prisoner at Grand Coteau, La.; returned June 6th, 1864; discharged for disability December 12th, 1864.
- Anthony Johnston—enlisted August —, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Charles Kempton—enlisted August 2d, 1862; died in hospital at Nicholasville, Ky., November 27th, 1862.

- Philander P. Kelsey—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Port Gibson, Champion Hill, Big Black River and Vicksburg (received wound in neck at Sabine Cross-Roads), Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Joseph P. Landon—enlisted August 7th, 1862; appointed Corporal August 18th, 1862; left sick at Lexington, Ky., November 6th, 1862; discharged on certificate of disability.
- Jasper W. Longshore—enlisted July 31st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg. Left in convalescent camp, New-Orleans, October 3d, 1863; returned to company December 16th, 1863. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- David Layman—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Henry Littick—enlisted August 8th, 1862; sent to hospital at Carthage, La., May 1863; returned to company for duty; missing at Sabine Cross-Roads (wounded); died in rebel hospital near Mansfield, La. April 6th, 1864.
- James C. Lowrey—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg. Sick in ambulance and captured at Sabine Cross-Roads. Died of small-pox at Fort Morgan, March 8th, 1865.
- Adolphus W. McFarland—enlisted August 8th, 1862; appointed Corporal August 18th, 1862. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- William McDonald—enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (wounded in neck in action at Sabine Cross-Roads). Sent to hospital at New-Orleans. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- William C. Nafus—enlisted August 1st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Cyrus Newkirk—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Levi Olney—enlisted August 5th, 1862; appointed 1st Corporal August 18th, 1862. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan and Spanish Fort. Mustered out July 15th, 1865.

- Joel Olney—enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Samuel Osborn—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Port Gibson, Champion Hill, Black River, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- George G. Patrick—enlisted August 6th, 1862; discharged March 10th, 1863, at Young's Point, for disability.
- Nathan E. Patrick—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Left sick in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., December 20th, 1862; discharged for disability resulting from chronic bronchitis, at Cairo, May 6th, 1863.
- Isaac Pace—enlisted July 31st, 1862. Died March, 7th, 1863, of wounds received in battle of Arkansas Post, January 11th, 1863.
- Nathan Pace—enlisted August 1st, 1862. Wounded in battle of Arkansas Post, January 11th, 1863; discharged at Memphis, Tenn., June 19th, 1863.
- Charles Parmer—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Died February 5th, 1863, in hospital at St. Louis, Mo.
- Orlando H. Roloson—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Appointed 4th Corporal August 18th, 1862; on detached duty during greater part of term of service.
- James S. Ramsey—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Mansfield, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.
- Giles H. Roberts—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battle: Vicksburg. Sent to Division hospital and thence to St. Louis, Mo. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 22d, 1864.
- Lemuel Roloson—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Left in hospital: promoted Corporal April 22d, 1863; discharged August 15th, 1863; died soon after at Columbus, O.
- John Rader—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- George Styer—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Appointed 2d Corporal August 18th, 1862; died in hospital at St. Louis, February 7th, 1863.
- George L. Sackett—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Appointed 5th Corporal August 18th, 1862; discharged at Columbus, Ohio, September —, 1863.

- Charles Smith—enlisted July 31st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Mustered out with regiment. On detached duty during most of his term of service.
- William Smith—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala.; sent to hospital at Mobile, Ala., June 1st, 1864.
- George W. Smith—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battle: Arkansas Post. Sent to hospital at Memphis, and there died August 15th, 1863.
- William R. Stockard—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson and Sabine Cross-Roads. Mustered out with regiment.
- John Smith—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg and Jackson. Taken prisoner at Grand Coteau. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile, Ala. Mustered out with regiment.
- Michael Slattery—enlisted July 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Missing from steamer Continental after going on picket near Milliken's Bend, January 30th, 1863; taken prisoner January 30th, 1863; taken to Jackson, Miss.; given a parole February 28th, and sent to Chattanooga, Tenn., in May; escaped from the rebs and came through our lines and was sent to Camp Chase in July; exchanged in September, and returned to Co. November 28th, 1863; promoted to Corporal April 1st, 1864. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Horace F. Smith—enlisted July 28th, 1862. Battle: Arkansas Post. Missing from steamer Continental, near Milliken's Bend, January 30th, 1863; paroled in August, 1863; sent to hospital and discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, from marine hospital, New-Orleans. April 11th, 1864.
- William W. Townley—enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg and Jackson. Taken prisoner at Grand Coteau. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile; wounded at Spanish Fort. Mustered out with regiment.
- Abram Van Wormer—enlisted July 31st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Mustered out with regiment.
- Marritt Van Fleet—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Sent home on sick furlough; mustered out with regiment.

- Ethan A. Willey—enlisted July 28th, 1862. Appointed 1st Sergeant August 18th, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
- Simon Wilcox—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Died at Young's Point January 23d, 1863, of typhoid fever.
- Josiah Warner—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile; mustered out with regiment.
- Isaac K. White—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Arkansas Post. Promoted to Corporal May 1st, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. On the 30th of July went home on furlough. Killed in battle near Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863.
- George M. Williams—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Left sick in hospital at Milliken's Bend, La., April 15th, 1863. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

RECRUITS.

- Emmit Carns—enlisted January 22d, 1864. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to 77th O. V. I., July 7th, 1865.
- Derostus F. Dicks—enlisted December 3d, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to 77th O. V. I., July 7th, 1865.

COMPANY H.

- WM. B. NIVEN, Captain. Commissioned July 29th, 1862; resigned at Milliken's Bend, April 15th, 1863.
- JAMES G. HAMILTON, 1st Lieutenant. Commissioned July 29th, 1862. Battle: Arkansas Post. Detailed as Regimental Quarter-Master March 18th, 1863; resigned at New-Orleans June 30th, 1864.
- ELI L. BAIRD, 2d Lieutenant. Commissioned July 29th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau; taken prisoner at latter place November 3d, 1863; exchanged December 26th, 1863. Detached on duty in camp of paroled prisoners, New-Orleans, from March 8th to June 19th, 1864. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant March 3d, 1863. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan. Assigned as Captain of Company D. Battles: Spanish Fort and the capture of Mobile.

- Peter Marmon, 1st Sergeant. Enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, (wounded at Arkansas Post,) Vicksburg, Jackson. Taken prisoner at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; paroled December 25th, 1863; exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan. Commissioned 2d Lieutenant November 16th, 1864. Battles: Mobile, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile.
- Isaac Ivins, 2d Sergeant. Enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson; captured at the battle of Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; paroled December 25th, 1863; exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, capture of Mobile.
- Daniel Roof, 3d Sergeant. Enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Discharged at the mouth of White River November 28th, 1864, for disability.
- Stephen H. Moore, 4th Sergeant. Enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, capture of Mobile.
- George W. Sanders, 5th Sergeant. Enlisted August 11th, 1862. Detailed to Pioneer Corps at Young's Point, February 5th, 1863. Discharged June 19th, 1863, at St. Louis, for disability.
- William H. Seaman, 1st Corporal. Enlisted August 4th, 1862. On duty in the Quarter-Master Department.
- Edward Brown, 2d Corporal. Enlisted August 4th, 1862. Detailed to the Commissary Department, November 1st, 1862; returned to the Company in 1863. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson. Detached to Pioneer Corps at Carrollton, 1863; returned to Company. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, capture of Mobile.
- Thomas Rosebrough, 3d Corporal. Enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou; sent to hospital; discharged at Camp Dennison, June 19th, 1863, for disability.
- Robert Huston, 4th Corporal. Enlisted August 8th, 1862. Detailed to hospital as nurse; discharged at St. Louis, February 20th, 1863, for disability.
- Eli Hostetler, 5th Corporal. Enlisted August 8th, 1862. Appointed Corporal August 18th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died on steamer Louisiana, of diphtheria and typhoid fever, January 17th, 1863.

- Hiram Underwood, 6th Corporal. Enlisted August 8th, 1872. Appointed Corporal August 18th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson. Captured at Grand Coteau; escaped from the enemy at Alexandria, December 13th, 1863; reached Union gun-boats on Mississippi River, December 24th, 1863, and rejoined his regiment at Decrow's Point, Texas, January 23d, 1864. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and capture of Mobile.
- Cyrus E. Emery, 7th Corporal. Enlisted August 8th, 1862. Appointed Corporal August 18th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died on hospital boat, on Arkansas River, January 18th, 1863, of measles.
- William J. Horn, 8th Corporal. Enlisted August 14th, 1862. Appointed Corporal August 18th, 1862. Battle: Vicksburg. Detached to ambulance train, September 1st, 1863. Died at Carrollton, October 9th, 1863, of erysipelas.
- Enos Ward, Musician. Enlisted August 5th, 1862. Transferred to non-commissioned staff September 1st, 1862, as principal musician. Sent to hospital from Young's Point, March 6th, 1863; died in same at St. Louis, April 5th, 1863, of general debility.
- R. Cook James. Musician. Enlisted August 5th, 1862.
- William H. Cockwill, Wagoner. Enlisted August 14th, 1862. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan.

PRIVATE.

- Matthew M. Alexander—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Sent to hospital, at Covington, October 8th, 1862; returned to the Company at Young's Point, February, 1863. Died on the passage to St. Louis, of typhoid fever.
- David Anderson, enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post. Died on hospital boat, Mississippi River, January 31st, 1863, of typhoid fever.
- John Amspoker—enlisted August 9, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; wounded at the latter place, in left leg—amputated above the knee. Sent to hospital at Memphis, but died before reaching there (January 23, 1862,) from the effects of his wounds.
- John Burkhart—enlisted August 8th, 1862, Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Discharged January 19th, 1864.

- James Baldwin—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, (taken sick at the latter place, and sent to the hospital; returned to the Company November 5th, 1863,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort, and capture of Mobile
- Stephen H. Baldwin—enlisted August 11, 1862. Discharged at Milliken's Bend, La., March 23d, 1863.
- Harvey Brinser—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Died at Cairo, Ill., January 24th, 1863.
- Samuel Brinser—enlisted August 11, 1862. Sent to hospital at Camp Dennison, October 8, 1862.
- Andy H. Beach—enlisted August 8th, 1862; assigned to Adjutant's and Division Headquarters. Discharged September 30th, 1863.
- John E. Cooper—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner at the latter place November 3d, 1863, paroled December 25th, 1863, and exchanged May 1st, 1864.) Spanish Fort, and capture of Mobile.
- John Collins—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and capture of Mobile.
- Simon W. Daily—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and the capture of Mobile.
- Peter Detrick, jr.—enlisted August 9, 1862. Sent to hospital from Milliken's Bend, April —, 1863; discharged at Columbus, Ohio.
- Samuel Deardorff—enlisted August 8, 1862. Battles: Vicksburg and Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged August 8th, 1863, at Vicksburg.
- John W. Dennis—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Discharged at Covington, Ky., December 23d, 1862.
- Jacob C. Emery—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Died in camp at Young's Point, La., February 28, 1863.
- John Edwards—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile.
- John Ewing—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Appointed 5th Sergeant, September 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and capture of Mobile.

- Amos Ely—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg. Died in the rear of Vicksburg, August 10th, 1863.
- William J. Early—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Drove team from organization of the regiment.
- Frank J. Edwards—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Discharged at St. Louis, March 13th, 1863.
- Harmon Elliott—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, (detailed to 17th Ohio Battery, April 1, 1863,) Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hills, Black River, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (returned to Company, June 14th, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and capture of Mobile.
- Isaac Eades, jr.—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, (taken prisoner April 8th, 1864, and exchanged —, 1864,) Spanish Fort and capture of Mobile.
- Peter Farris—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, May 7th, 1864.
- Thomas W. Garwood—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Discharged March 19th, 1863.
- Anthony Heffner—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Taken sick during the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, and died at the mouth of White River, January 7th, 1863.
- Martin L. Hampsher—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and capture of Mobile.
- Michael L. Houts—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson, (taken prisoner at battle of Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863, and exchanged May 1, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan, Spanish, and Mobile.
- Samuel M. Hostetler—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Transferred to Invalid Corps, September 30, 1863.
- James M. Higgins—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Died at Jefferson Barracks, February 15th, 1863.
- George S. Harner—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died in camp at Young's Point, La., February 14th, 1863.

- Henry C. Harbaugh—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; wounded in the head at the latter place, January 11th, 1863, and died in hospital at Memphis, February 2d, 1863, from wounds.
- William Jenkins—enlisted August 9th, 1862; appointed Corporal September 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg and Jackson. Died August 5th, 1863, in camp at Vicksburg.
- Daniel Kautzman—enlisted August 8th, 1862. At the siege of Vicksburg from June 1st until death, June 18, 1863; disease, jaundice and congestion.
- Edward Kirk—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson. Mortally wounded at Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864; died at Mansfield April 9th, 1864.
- James D. Lamb—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg. Discharged at Vicksburg August 15th, 1863.
- Vernango Leymaster—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died in floating hospital, Mississippi River, March 16th, 1863.
- Cornelius Leymaster—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson. Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, Mobile.
- William C. McClure—enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post. Appointed Corporal January 23d, 1863; Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson. Appointed 5th Sergeant August 30th, 1863. Taken prisoner at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; paroled December 25th, 1863; exchanged May 1, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish. Wounded in hand at latter place.
- Thomas McArter—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died January 27th, 1863, at Young's Point.
- Samuel McClain—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Sent to hospital at Camp Dennison, October 8th, 1862. Discharged March 2d, 1863, at Cincinnati.
- Thomas Wm. McAry—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died January 2d, 1863.
- Jonathan W. McAltee—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, Mobile.
- George C. McCracken—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died in camp, at Young's Point, March 2d, 1863.

- Joseph M. Moore—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died on floating hospital, Mississippi River, April 17th, 1863.
- Cyrus A. Moore—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged January 31st, 1863, and mustered into the Marine Brigade
- Henry C. Nash—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post. Died in hospital boat, Mississippi River, March 12th, 1863.
- William H. Packer—enlisted August 8th, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg. Died October 28th, 1863, at Columbus, Ohio.
- Charles Paxon—discharged at Camp Delaware, August 31st, 1862.
- Salathiel Prater—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan, Spanish and Mobile.
- Nathaniel F. Rarick—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles; Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Detached with Pioneer Corps. Battles: Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hills, Black River, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Robert Rosebrook—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Died August 1st, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, of consumption.
- James Raley—enlisted August 7th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg; taken prisoner at Sabine Cross-Roads April 8th, 1864, and exchanged October 25th, 1864. Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- James L. Rochelle—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Abel T. Reames—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg. Taken prisoner at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; paroled December 25th, 1863, and exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan. Appointed Corporal November 15th. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- John B. Rife—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Mobile.
- Jerry Reames—enlisted August 15th, 1862. Died at Milliken's Bend April 27th, 1863, of typhoid fever.

- Jesse Stanfield—enlisted July 31st, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Appointed Corporal January 23d, 1863. Battles: Vicksburg and Jackson. Killed at Grand Coteau.
- Lewis Shigley—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battle: Vicksburg. Discharged at Vicksburg, August 15th, 1863.
- John W. Seaman—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post. Discharged at Milliken's Bend, April 27th, 1863.
- William J. Shawon—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Joseph B. Stevenson—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Fort Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau and Fort Morgan.
- James D. Stanton—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post.
- William H. H. Strother—appointed and mustered as Quartermaster's Sergeant. Died at Young's Point, La., February 24th, 1863.
- Marion Schwyhart—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, (wounded in the hip, taken prisoner; exchanged August 21st, 1864.) Forts Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- William R. Stephenson—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Died December 31st, 1862, on Yazoo River, Miss.
- Elias Strattan—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner, Nov. 3d, 1863, and exchanged May 1st, 1864.) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- Hiram B. Shepherd—enlisted August 11, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died on hospital boat, March 21, 1863.
- David B. Slonecker—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg Jackson, Grand Coteau, (wounded in the thigh,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- Daniel Shuler—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died March 12th, 1863, on hospital boat.

- Usal B. Sessler—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post; killed at the latter place, January 11th, 1863.
- Thomas O. Taylor—enlisted August 2d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou and Vicksburg. Discharged at Vicksburg, August 15th, 1863.
- James D. Titus—enlisted August 9th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (taken prisoner Nov. 3d, 1863, and exchanged May 1, 1864,) Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- John Vanmeter—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Discharged Feb. 10th, 1863.
- Edward B. Wilcox—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Died in hospital at Memphis, September 3d, 1863.
- Nicholas Williams—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau; wounded in right arm at the latter place, and discharged on account of wound, June 14th, 1864.
- William E. Wright—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- Enos B. Williams—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Discharged December 9th, 1862.
- Harrison Wright—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died March, 1863.
- Joseph Wilkins—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Died on hospital boat, May 23d, 1863.
- John W. Wakins—discharged Sept. 30th, 1862.
- David Weatherby—enlisted August 11th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Died February 2d, 1863, on hospital boat.
- Andrew Yates—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bayou. Discharged at Milliken's Bend, La., March 14th, 1863; died on the passage home.
- John T. Welch—enlisted January 29th, 1864; Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Transferred to Co. A, November 18th, 1864.

COMPANY I.

- W. W. BEATTY, Captain. Resigned his commission August 29th, 1862.
- FRANKLIN KENDALL, 2d Lieut. Appointed July 29th, 1862; promoted to Captain August 29th, 1862; Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Vicksburg. Discharged August 7th, 1863.
- W. H. CHANDLER, 2d Lieutenant. Appointed Aug. 23d, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant August 29th, 1862; promoted to Captain August 7th, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, (captured November 3d, 1863, exchanged December 25th, 1863,) Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- G. W. KLINE, 2d Lieutenant. Appointed August 29th, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant February 10th, 1864; Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Promoted to Regimental Quarter-Master November 1st, 1864.
- Ira Richards, 1st Sergeant. Discharged September 8th, 1863, by Surgeon's certificate of disability.
- Andrew Vance, 2d Sergeant. Appointed August 23d, 1862. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- C. W. Humphrey, 3d Sergeant. Appointed August 23d, 1862; appointed 1st Sergeant November 1st, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Wm. Black, 4th Sergeant. Appointed August 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Wm. Bell, 5th Sergeant. Appointed August 23d, 1862; promoted to 1st Sergeant September 24th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Fort Gaines and Morgan. Died at Fort Gaines August 25th, 1864.
- John H. Beatty, 1st Corporal. Appointed August 23d, 1862; discharged at Columbus, O.; re-enlisted February 25th, 1864. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- S. B. Martin, 2d Corporal. Appointed August 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Died in Logan county, Ohio, May —, 1864.

- John Campbell, 3d Corporal. Appointed August 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, (wounded at Grand Coteau through both legs). Discharged at New-Orleans, April 25th, 1864, on account of wounds.
- G. W. Rigby, 4th Corporal. Appointed August 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- W. H. Wishart, 5th Corporal. Appointed August 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Discharged September 21st, 1863.
- G. W. Davis, 6th Corporal. Appointed August 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Vicksburg. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 10th, 1864.
- W. V. B. Ducker, 7th Corporal. Appointed August 23d, 1862. Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, (wounded in action at Grand Coteau in right wrist and left hand,) Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. P. Wishart, 8th Corporal. Appointed August 23d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.

PRIVATES.

- S. R. Arbuckle—Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Hugh Andrews—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died January 16th, 1863.
- J. W. Black—appointed 5th Sergeant September 24th, 1862; discharged at Memphis, February, 1863.
- L. Brown.
- John Brown.
- John Bickham—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. G. Bruner—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died January 6th, 1863.
- R. Brunson—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, February 15th, 1864.
- W. H. H. Black—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Perry Bottles—appointed 5th Sergeant March 1st, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, (taken prisoner at Grand Coteau, exchanged December 25th, 1863,) Sabine Cross-Roads. Captured April 8th, 1864, exchanged October 23d, 1864.

- H. C. Carr—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- H. Caxtron.
- I. C. Cookston—Battle: Chickasaw Bluff. Died at Young's Point, February 21st, 1863.
- J. Casebolt—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Died on steamer J. C. Swan, January 31st, 1863.
- J. A. Cooper—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson. Killed in action at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863.
- B. B. Cross—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Died at Young's Point February 1st, 1863.
- J. Cox—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish.
- S. A. Cole—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, Mobile.
- W. A. Davis—Discharged at Cincinnati, on Surgeon's certificate of disability, May 5th, 1863.
- Erwin S. Davis—Discharged on Surgeon's certificate of disability, January 3d, 1863.
- H. S. Edgeington—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Died at St. Louis, May 24th, 1863.
- F. Fisher—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at St. Louis, April 17th, 1863.
- H. Faler—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Young's Point, January 27th, 1863.
- G. Foltz.
- L. Girard—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Detailed in the 17th Ohio Battery, April 6th, 1863. Battles: Grand Gulf, Champion Hill, Black River Bridge, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau. Returned to his regiment June 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, Mobile.
- William Girard—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died on steamer J. C. Swan, January 31st, 1863.
- H. Hazle.
- J. Hunt—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, September 1st, 1863.
- H. Hill—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg. Died at Vicksburg, August 8th, 1863.

- A. Hopkins—Died at home, in Logan County, Ohio, March 2d, 1863.
- J. W. Johnson—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs. Arkansas Post, Vicksburg. Transferred to Company D.
- M. Jones—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Milliken's Bend, May 21st, 1863.
- R. Jacobs—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, Mobile. Transferred to Company E.
- S. S. Kline—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged at Milliken's Bend, April 10th, 1863, by order of General Grant.
- William Knox—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged at Young's Point, March 10th, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
- C. Lippencott—Discharged at Columbus, March 20th, 1863.
- L. Linge.
- M. Linge.
- J. R. Lambert—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads. Captured at Marksville, May 16th, 1864, exchanged October 23d, 1864. Battles: Spanish Fort, Mobile.
- D. L. Moots—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau. Wounded in left arm. Captured November 3d, 1863; exchanged November 4th, 1863. Battles: Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, Mobile.
- J. W. May—Battles; Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg. Discharged at Columbus on Surgeon's certificate of disability, September 17th, 1863.
- P. Mattox.
- James Miller—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, Mobile.
- John Miller—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Died at Benton Barracks, July 14th, 1863.
- A. H. Mefford.
- T. McKenney—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Providence, Miss., January 19th, 1863.
- C. B. Mustain—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Forts Gaines and Morgan.
- M. G. Milligan—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Milliken's Bend, March 20th, 1863.

- N. D. Nichols—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, Mobile.
- S. P. Patrick—Discharged at Keokuk, February 20th, 1863.
- M. Pence—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Jefferson Barracks, February 7th, 1863.
- R. H. Petty—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, Mobile.
- J. M. Paysell—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, and Jackson. Captured in action at Grand Coteau, La., November 3d, 1863; exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- A. Rowand—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, and Jackson. Died at U. S. hospital New-Orleans, La., Nov. 25th, 1863.
- L. Reed.
- J. W. Rairdon—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, and Jackson. Captured at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; exchanged May 1st, 1864. Died at New-Orleans, La., May 25th, 1864.
- G. W. Rairdon—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, and Vicksburg. Died at St. Louis, Mo., July 28th, 1863.
- Jno. Stockmyer—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- C. W. Stevenson—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- H. Swartz—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., February 7th, 1863.
- M. F. Stone—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Milliken's Bend, La., May 18th, 1863.
- J. F. Shumate—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- H. A. Shugh—Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- D. N. Sowlès—Battle: Sabine Cross-Roads. Transferred to Co. A.
- G. F. Shumate—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau. Captured at Sabine Cross-Roads, La., April 8th, 1864; exchanged October 23d, 1864. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile.

- A. Thompson—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. Taylor.
- J. M. Taylor—Died at Keokuk, Iowa, January 10th, 1863.
- W. Taylor—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Vicksburg. Captured at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- S. Taylor—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads. Captured April 8th, 1864; exchanged October 23d, 1864. Battles: Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- H. Vanness—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died at Milliken's Bend, La., March 17th, 1863.
- S. P. Wood—Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- A. L. Williams.
- J. J. Wright—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg and Jackson. Captured at Grand Coteau; exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- M. W. Wright—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. A. Watt—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- C. L. Zeigler—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Transferred to V. R. Corps, September 1st, 1863.
- D. Zeigler—Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.

COMPANY K.

- HORATIO C. HAMILTON, Captain. Appointed August 7th, 1862; resignation accepted August 9th, 1863.
- JONAS KLINE—1st Lieutenant. Appointed August 7th, 1862; promoted to Captain April 1st, 1863; resignation accepted March 18th, 1864.
- THOMAS L. EVANS, 2d Lieutenant. Appointed August 7th, promoted to Captain, and assigned to Co. C.

- W. J. Maines, 1st Sergeant. Enlisted July 21st, 1862; discharged for disability March 9th, 1863.
- William W. Laughead, 2d Sergeant. Enlisted August 6th, 1862; died of fever November 28th, 1862.
- A. J. Smith, 3d Sergeant. Enlisted August 6th, 1862; Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau. Mustered out November 18th, 1864.
- J. Painter, 4th Sergeant. Enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines and Morgan. Mustered out Nov. 18th, 1864.
- L. Hill, 5th Sergeant. Enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Grand Coteau. Transferred to Co. C November 18th, 1864.
- G. Mitchell, 1st Corporal. Enlisted July 28th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- G. Butler, 2d Corporal. Enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to Co. C November 18th, 1864.
- M. W. Judy, 3d Corporal. Enlisted August 6th, 1862; discharged for disability March 24th, 1863.
- D. Edwards, 4th Corporal. Enlisted August 6th, 1862; discharged for disability February 20th, 1863.
- H. Shunnamon, 5th Corporal. Enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Forts Gaines and Morgan and Spanish Fort; transferred to Co. C November 18th, 1864.
- J. F. Shearer, 6th Corporal. Enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Vicksburg; transferred to Co. E November 18th, 1864.
- Abraham Cobb, 7th Corporal. Enlisted July 28th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson and Grand Coteau: promoted to Sergeant March 1st, 1863; killed in battle of Grand Coteau.
- William Smith, 8th Corporal. Enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs; discharged for disability April 14th, 1863.
- J. H. Barnes—enlisted August 2d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hill, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile; transferred to Co. C November 18th, 1864.

- J. W. Barnes—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to Co. A November 18th, 1864.
- S. Blue—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died of measles February 11th, 1863.
- S. G. Beem—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Died January 17th, of wounds.
- J. N. Burroughs—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to Co. C November 18th, 1864.
- L. Beltz—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged for disability March 16th, 1863.
- F. Beltz—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to Co. C November 18th, 1864.
- R. Bowie—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged for disability February 24th, 1863.
- B. Bowie—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged for disability February 16th, 1863.
- William Boyles—enlisted July 26th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to Co. D November 18th, 1864.
- G. J. Brown—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Promoted to Corporal November 1st, 1863; promoted to Sergeant December 25th, 1863; died of diarrhoea June 22d, 1864.
- W. Blue—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died of measles January 13th, 1863.
- J. Culver—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died of measles January 27th, 1863.
- J. R. Carter—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile. Transferred to Co. C November 18th 1864.
- R. Clark—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died of diarrhoea June 9th, 1863.

- A. Coolidge—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post. Promoted to Corporal March 1st, 1863; Died April 12th, 1863.
- D. B. Croy—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died of diarrhea January 30th, 1863.
- E. Dobbins—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan and Spanish Fort and Mobile. Promoted to Corporal March 1st, 1863; Promoted to Sergeant November 4th, 1864.
- J. R. Elliott—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Discharged February 16th, 1863, for disability.
- E. Eaton—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Died February 23d, 1863.
- J. W. Eppes—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died July 10th, 1863.
- William Eppes—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- R. D. Finley—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Co. E November 18th, 1864. Battles: Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- J. Finley—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Company E November 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- N. Gibson—enlisted August 2d, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Sabine Cross-Roads. Died of wounds received at the latter place, April 16th, 1864.
- J. Grow—Enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post.
- J. N. Gosnell—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Co. C November 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau and Sabine Cross-Roads. Discharged December 6th, 1864, on account of wounds.
- A. D. Gowan—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- M. Gladhill—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Captured at Grand Co. eau, November 3d, 1863, and exchanged December 25th, 1863. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Fort Spanish and Mobile.

- J. Hommans—enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged March 16th, 1863, for disability.
- W. T. Howsmon—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864. Captured at Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864, and exchanged October 23d, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. Hommans—enlisted August 6th, 1864. Transferred to Co. D, November 18th, 1864. Captured at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863, and exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines, Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- R. Johnston—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post and Vicksburg. Discharged August 8th, 1863.
- S. L. Johnston—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, December 30th, 1864.
- A. Kightlinger—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Spanish, and Mobile.
- William Kightlinger—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Morgan and Spanish, and Mobile.
- C. H. Kinney—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- William Kent—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged December 24th 1862.
- F. M. Kline—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Co. C November 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- A. Lentz—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs.
- S. Lentz—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died of measles, January 27th, 1863.
- B. Lentz—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post.

- R. A. Liggett—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Promoted to Corporal March 1st, 1863; promoted to Sergeant August 19th, 1863; promoted to 1st Sergeant September 1st, 1863. Detached on recruiting service December 6th, 1863; returned to regiment March 13th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- W. Matthews—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Co. C, Nov. 18th, 1864. Captured at Sabine Cross-Roads April 8th 1864; paroled June 16th, 1864; exchanged June 8th, 1865; discharged May 30th, 1865. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, and Sabine Cross-Roads.
- D. McNeal—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Co. C, Nov. 18th, 1864. Captured at Grand Coteau, November 3d, 1863; exchanged May 1st, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau. Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. G. Marks—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, and Sabine Cross-Roads. Died at Columbus, Ohio.
- S. Moore—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died of measles January 13th, 1863.
- James Martin—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Died of fever April 27th, 1863.
- J. Mackey—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps August 1st, 1863.
- J. Martin—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died of fever June 3d, 1863, at Lexington.
- J. McCampbell—enlisted August 8th, 1862. Discharged for disability, June 4th, 1863.
- B. F. McCrary—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died of measles, January 27th, 1863.
- D. McIntire—enlisted August 1st, 1862. Mustered out May 25th, 1865. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. W. Morford—enlisted August 1st, 1862. Transferred to company C, November 8th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.

- G. W. Mitchell—enlisted August 1st, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died February 12th, 1863.
- J. Nunnenmaker—enlisted August 1st, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died January 20th, 1863.
- S. Nash—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died January 22d, 1863.
- J. S. Perry—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died January 9th, 1863.
- G. W. Ruehlin—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg and Jackson. Died October 4th, 1864.
- T. Reed—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died February 14th, 1863.
- J. L. Reed—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died February 2d, 1863.
- W. D. Spain—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died January 21st, 1863.
- B. Shirk—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to company C. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- J. Stephenson—enlisted August 5th, 1862. Died March 20th, 1863.
- G. B. Smith—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to company C. November 18th, 1864; discharged October 27th, 1864.
- B. T. Stubert—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to company C, November 18th, 1864; promoted to Corporal October 20th, 1862; captured at Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864; exchanged October 23d, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- E. Spain—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to company C, November 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- William T. Sterlin—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Company E, November 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson.
- A. Turner—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Transferred to Company C, November, 1864. Captured at Sabine Cross-Roads, April 8th, 1864; exchanged October 23d, 1864, at mouth of Red River. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg, Jackson, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Spanish and Morgan, Mobile.

- I. Turner—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Discharged for disability July 27th, 1863.
- J. M. Tucker—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg. Discharged for disability August 18th, 1863.
- A. Turner—enlisted August 4th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson. Killed in action at Jackson, July 10th, 1863.
- W. H. Turner—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Promoted to Corporal November 1st, 1862; to Sergeant, December 20th, 1862; to 1st Sergeant, March 9th, 1863. Supposed to have died on hospital boat Nashville.
- J. H. Tanner—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battles: Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Spanish Fort, Mobile. Captured at Sabine Cross-Roads April 8th, 1864; exchanged October 25d, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Vicksburg. Promoted to Corporal March 1st, 1863.
- James Wilber—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died February 1st, 1863.
- A. Webster—enlisted August 5th, 1862. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post. Discharged for disability August 25th, 1863.
- S. R. Westlake—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Died at Lexington, February, 14th, 1863.
- T. Wheeler, August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Discharged for disability February 17th, 1863.
- Jas Williams—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Vicksburg. Discharged for disability August 18th, 1863.
- D. Wells—enlisted August 5th, 1862. Died April 26th, 1863.
- T. Young—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Battle: Chickasaw Bluffs. Died January 22d, 1863.
- J. Blake—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Promoted to Corporal, to date from enlistment. Died April 5th, 1863.
- H. P. McAdams—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to company C, November 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Wm. Walke—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

- M. M. Griffin—enlisted August 6th, 1862. Transferred to company C, November 18th, 1864. Battles: Chickasaw Bluffs, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Coteau, Sabine Cross-Roads, Forts Gaines and Morgan, Spanish Fort and Mobile.
- Wellington Armstrong—enlisted December 30th, 1863. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864.
- Edgar G. McGill—enlisted February 13th, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864.
- Matthew Webb—enlisted February 12th, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864.
- Wm. Green—enlisted February 23d, 1864. Drowned at Algiers, La.
- Leander Hobert—enlisted February 29th, 1864. Transferred to Co. D, November 18th, 1864.
- Lorenzo Hobert—enlisted February 15th, 1864. Transferred to Co. E, November 18th, 1864.
- Alfred P. Liggett—enlisted February 11th, 1864. Died September 15th, 1864.
- Samuel Webb—enlisted February 20th, 1864. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, June 19th, 1864.
- Wm. M. Liggett—enlisted February 29th, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864.
- David H. Woodburn—enlisted February 29th, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864.
- Alvin Stone—enlisted February 29th, 1864. Died March 27th, 1864, at Memphis, Tenn.
- Thompson O. Cole—enlisted February 29th, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864.
- George McIntyre—enlisted August 22d, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, November 18th, 1864.

ERRATA.

On page 43, seven lines from top, and on page 46, five lines from bottom, Charley Stanfield should read Jesse Stanfield.

On page 186, eleven lines from top, Joseph Wetheny should be Joseph Metheny.

It may be that, in the foregoing list of officers and men, errors in dates and names occur, which it has been impossible to correct for want of time in completing the work by January 12th, 1875.

DISTANCES TRAVELED BY THE 96TH O.V.I.

ON FOOT.

	MILES.
Covington, Ky., to Camp Bates, September 8, 1862,	4
Camp Bates, Ky., to Falmouth, October 8 to 11, 1862,	45
Falmouth, Ky., to Cynthiana, October 20, 1862,	25
Cynthiana, Ky., to Paris, October 23, 1862,	14
Paris, Ky., to Sutton's Pond, October 28, 1862,	20
Sutton's Pond, Ky., to Camp Price (near Nicholasville) Oct. 31, 1862,	16
Camp Price to Louisville, October 11 to 16,	85
Milliken's Bend, La., to Dallas Station, December 25 and 26,	50
Johnson's Landing, Miss., to Chickasaw, December 27,	7
Return, January 1, 1863,	7
Landing to Arkansas Post, Ark., and return, January 10 to 13,	12
Landing at Young's Point to Camp,	4
Greenville, Miss., to Widow Buckner's and return, February 17,	16
River to Red Fork Bayou and return, February 19 and 20,	24
Greenville to Judge Dixon's Plantation and return, Febr'y 23 and 24,	30
Milliken's Bend to Holmes' Plantation, April 15 and 16,	20
Holmes' Plantation to Smith's, April 24,	8
Carthage to Perkins' Plantation, April 25,	6
Warrenton, Miss., to Vicksburg, May 30,	12
Vicksburg, Miss., to Jackson, July 5 to 10,	45
Jackson, Miss., to Dry Creek, July 18,	4
Dry Creek to Bryan's Station and return, July 19 and 20,	30
Dry Creek to Vicksburg, July 20 to 23,	41
Manning's Plantation (12 miles out and 20 miles back) Sept. 25 and 26,	32
Berwick, La., to Grand Coteau, October 7 to 15,	88
Grand Coteau, La., to Barnes' Landing (via Opelousas and return direct).	30
Grand Coteau to New Iberia, November 6 to 8,	40
New Iberia, La., to Berwick, December 7 to 10,	48
Decrow's Point, Texas, to Fort Vance, January 20 to 25,	92
Fort Vance to Decrow's Point,	7
Berwick, La., to camp near Franklin, March 7 and 8,	30
Franklin, La., to Alexandria, March 16 to 26,	163
Alexandria, La., to Natchitoches, March 28 to April 2,	80
Natchitoches, La., to Pleasant Hill, April 6 and 7,	35
To Battle-Ground of Sabine Cross-Roads, La., and return, April 8,	36
Pleasant Hill, La., to Grand Ecore, April 6 to 11,	35
Grand Ecore, La., to Alexandria, April 22 to 25,	84
Alexandria, La., on Grand Ecore road to skirmish and return, May 2 to 8,	18
Alexandria, La., to Old River, May 13 to 21,	100

Mouth of Old River to Morganza and trip back, May 22,	30
Morganza, La., to Atchafalaya and scout, October 18 to 28, 1864,	50
Scout at Gaines' Landing on way to White River, November 6,	12
Fort Morgan, Ala., to Fish River, March 17 to 23,	46
Fish River to Spanish Fort, March 26 and 27,	14
Spanish Fort, Ala., to Blakely, April 9,	7
Blakely, Ala., to Stark Landing, April 11,	11
Catfish Landing to Mobile, April 12,	5
Mobile, Ala., to Whistler, April 13,	6
Whistler to Nannahubah Bluffs, near mouth of Tombigbee, Apr. 19 to 21	35
Scout from McIntosh and return,	24

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BY RAILROAD.

Delaware, O., to Cincinnati, Sept. 1, 1863,	143
Algiers, La., to Brashear City, October 3, 1863,	85
Brashear to Algiers, December 13,	85
Algiers to Brashear, March 4, 1864,	85
Cincinnati to Columbus,	119

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BY WATER.

Louisville, Ky., to Memphis, Tenn., November 20 to 27,	600
Memphis to Milliken's Bend, La., December 21 to 24,	400
Milliken's Bend to Johnson's Landing, Miss., December 27,	26
Johnson's Landing to mouth of White River, January 1 to 8,	245
Mouth of White River to Arkansas Post, Ark., December 9,	70
Landing near Arkansas Post to Young's Point, Miss., January 13 to 21,	325
Young's Point to Greenville, Miss., February 15 to 16,	142
Greenville to Cypress Bend, 25 miles below Napoleon, Feb. 18, 1863,	50
Near Napoleon, Arkansas, to Greenville, February 21 and 22,	50
Greenville to Young's Point, February 25 and 26,	142
Young's Point to Milliken's Bend, March 12,	17
Str. Empire City, from Smith's to Carthage (swamps, &c.) March 25,	2
Perkin's Plantation, La., to Warrenton, Miss., May 28 and 29,	27
Vicksburg, Miss., to Carrollton, La., August 23 to 26,	400
Carrollton to Manning's Plantation, 2 miles below Donaldsonville, Aug. 25	70
Return from Manning's Plantation to Carrollton, September 28,	70
Carrollton, La., to Algiers,	7
Algiers, La., to Decrow's Point, Tex., December 18 to 21,	500
Decrow's Point to Algiers, February 28 to March 3, 1864,	500
Morganza to Baton Rouge, La., May 28,	43

Baton Rouge to Algiers, La., July 20,	140
Algiers, La., to Dauphine Island, (coast),	220
Fort Gaines to Navy Cove,	10
Fort Morgan to Cedar Point, Ala.,	12
Cedar Point, Ala. to Morganza, La.,	402
Morganza to mouth of White River, Ark., November 1 to 8,	480
Mouth of White River to Kennerville, La., February 5 to 8, 1865,	630
Kennerville, La., to Navy Cove, Ala., February 16 to 18, (direct),	212
Stark Landing to Catfish Landing, April 12,	12
Nannahubbah Bluffs, Ala., to McIntosh Bluffs, April 26,	10
McIntosh, Ala., to Mobile, May 9,	55
Mobile to New-Orleans,	180
New-Orleans to Cairo, Ill,	1077
Cairo to Cincinnati,	560

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RECAPITULATION.

Traveled on Foot,	1683
Traveled by Railroad,	517
Traveled by Water,	7686
	<hr/>
Total Miles,	9886

